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THIRTY VOLUMES

VOL. XXV

NEW YORK

R. S. PEALE AND J. A. HILL

PUBLISHERS

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TORQUATO TASSO.

TORQUATO TASSO

(1544–1595)

BY J. F. BINGHAM

THE most prominent literary figure of the last half of the sixteenth century, and the last of the great four Italian poets, — familiarly called, the world over, merely "Tasso," though his father Bernardo Tasso was a poet of some distinction, and is still read, — was born under the soft breezes and among the orange and lemon groves of Sorrento, the very ancient Roman watering-place standing on the high rocks which bound the Bay of Naples to the south. The house in which he was born, and the rocky foundations on which it stood, have long since been washed away by the dashing waves from the north; but may still be seen through the clear water below the cliff on which stands to-day the Albergo del Tasso. His sister Cornelia's house — his frequent refuge during all his troubled life, for refreshment and comfort, and whither especially in his last great distress, when he broke away from his imprisonment, he fled in the disguise of a shepherd and found solace in a sister's unchanging love — is still pointed out.

His life — drawn from a strain of nobility, and always passed among the great — began, advanced, and ended, in troubled splendor. Bernardo Tasso, while holding office near the person of the then Prince of Salerno, Ferrante Sanseverino, met and married at Naples a lady of the Neapolitan nobility, Porzia de' Rossi, — a family originally from Pistoia. Her first child was a daughter, Cornelia; her second, a boy baby, Torquato, which died a few days after birth; her third, a son who received the name of the babe that died, and became our illustrious Torquato.

The family at the time were in a kind of retreat at Sorrento, whither the father had fled from the court at Salerno, for the quiet of study and for completing a poem he was then composing. But at the time of our poet's birth — the 11th of March, 1544 — he was not at home, being in response to his official duty at the war in Piedmont; and afterward attending upon his royal master in the Netherlands, where the terms of peace were negotiating. Returning to his home, the father saw for the first time — in January 1545, the child being then ten months old — the baby which was to bring such renown and such misery to his house.

The retreat in Sorrento continued till 1550. Here the little boy enjoyed the care of a most affectionate and exemplary mother; the instruction of the learned chaplain of the family, Don Giovanni d'Angeluzzo; and above all, the devoted attention of his wise and brilliant father. But in Torquato's sixth year, the father — having in connection with his princely master fallen into the disfavor of Spain, on matters concerning the Inquisition — was obliged to flee. He being unable to take his family with him, — having lost his own fortune by confiscation, — the family was transferred to Naples to exist upon the mother's dower. In the loving care of his excellent mother, Torquato attended the Jesuit schools, lately established there, for four years longer; making under these skillful masters astonishing progress in the Latin and Greek languages. In his tenth year the dower, by some fiction of law, was virtually revoked. The family means having now utterly vanished, Torquato was sent to Rome to share the exile of the father; the mother and Cornelia took refuge in the convent of San Festo. The separation of the mother and little son was heart-rending to both. From the effects of it the mother died in the convent two years later, and Tasso to his dying day never recovered. He refers to it thirty years afterwards in tearful words in the 'Ode to the River Metauro,' some stanzas of which are given at the end of this article. At the death of the mother, Cornelia was transferred to the care of an uncle. She was married early, with no dowry but her goodness, accomplishments, and beauty, to Marzio Sersale, a gentleman of Sorrento, of good family but of slender fortune. Husband and wife were worthy people, and passed their lives happily together.

At Rome, under the care of his father and the best teachers, Torquato continued to make the most remarkable progress in study. In his thirteenth year, having already mastered the Latin and Greek languages, he was entered a student at the University of Padua; and at seventeen graduated with honors in the four departments of Civil Law, Canon Law, Theology, and Philosophy.

During these years, however, he had devoted himself with an intense and loving zeal to poetry; "in stolen hours," as he says, and certainly to the strong disapproval of his father. Before graduation at Padua he visited and studied at various universities of northern Italy; and especially at Venice, where the father was then residing; and where, in its musical and voluptuous atmosphere, his literary opportunities were greatest of all, and his poetical inspirations stimulated by poetical associations and environments. But while still a student at Padua, he sent to his father at Venice the manuscript of his 'Rinaldo'; an epic poem, having for material the legends of Charlemagne and the Moors. In irresistible admiration of the production, —

and fortified by the judgment of the best critics of the day, who declared it to be a marvelous work for one so young,—the father now laid aside the former disapproval of his son's poetical studies, and gladly permitted the poem to be published at Venice in 1562, before the young poet had completed his eighteenth year.

It was received with unmeasured applause; and the young author was soon known throughout Italy by the name of Tassino (our dear little Tasso). From this moment his fame was assured. The father foresaw and predicted, with undisguised exultation, the coming glory of his son; and it was evident to all that a new star of the first magnitude had arisen in the firmament of letters. Torquato remained for three years more (till he should reach his majority) at Padua, Bologna, Mantua, and other universities, continuing the most diligent study of philosophy, rhetoric, and poetry. The father then, notwithstanding the bitter experiences of his own life in connecting his fortune with the favor of princes, consented that his son should enter upon the *via dolorosa* of the courtier.

The fame of 'Rinaldo' easily obtained for him access to the court of Ferrara, first as a gentleman in the suite of the Prince Cardinal Luigi d'Este (with whom he made his celebrated journey to France, where he gained the lifelong and fruitful friendship of the King, Charles IX., and of the great Ronsard, the then favorite and laureate of the French); afterward and most important of all, as attaché to Alphonso II., brother of the Cardinal and reigning Duke of Ferrara. Nothing could be more splendid and gay than the beginning of this courtly career. He was caressed by the duke, assigned beautiful lodgings and an ample pension, and exempted from any specified duties, in order that he might in leisure and tranquillity finish the great poem on which it was known that he had been already some years engaged; and for which, in the young poet's mind, the 'Rinaldo' had been only a tentative precursor. He was welcomed by the sisters of the duke, Lucretia and Eleonora, and by the ladies of the court; and was admitted by them into great familiarity.

After five years of such stimulated labor on his great poem, Tasso took a recess of two months; and in this playtime, wrote for the amusement of the great ladies the pastoral drama 'Aminta,'—a poem of such beauty that if he had written nothing else, it would have made his name immortal. It was represented, at the expense of the duke, with the greatest splendor, and received with enormous éclat. It is a play of five acts in blank verse, varying from five to eleven syllables, with intervening choruses; a translation of one of the most celebrated of which—'The Golden Age'—is given at the end of this article. The theme, indeed, is not new,—a young girl averse to love, who, conquered finally by the proofs of fidelity and sacrifice exhibited

toward her by her lover, consents to espouse him. But the perfect construction of the story, the exquisite conceits never exceeding pastoral simplicity, the melody of the verse, the fascinating expression of affection, met with such favor from the age, that many editions in Italy and several translations into the Romance languages followed in quick succession. From the great difficulty of transfusing its soft-flowing melodies into the Gothic and Germanic speech, it has been but little translated and little known in the North.

During the ten years of such glittering fortune, he at last brought to a conclusion his magnificent poem on the great Crusade. Almost from this moment began the sad series of sorrows, suspicions, neglect, imprisonment, and untold miseries, which from now on overshadowed his life with ever-increasing gloom. Many times he left the court and wandered through Italy; but an irresistible force always brought him back to Ferrara. Discontent at a less welcome reception there than formerly (or the fantasies of a growing insanity) led him into such extravagances, even towards the ladies and the very princesses, that the duke shut him up as a lunatic in the Hospital of St. Anna. In this dreary abode (a shocking cell, said to be that occupied by him, is still shown), surrounded by the most appalling sights and sounds of human misery, he was for more than seven years — 1579–86 — confined, notwithstanding the most urgent intercessions of the princesses and of some of the most eminent persons in Italy for his liberation. In this gloomy period were written numberless letters still preserved for their literary value, a book of Classic Dialogues of extreme elegance, a book of Moral Discourses, a large part of more than a thousand sonnets, and admirable replies to the assailants of his epic. His now published works fill more than thirty volumes.

Tasso, liberated at last through the continued pressure of the intercessions of his friends, — and especially by that of Vincenzo Gonzaga, the enlightened and generous Duke of Mantua, the Mæcenas of his age, — left Ferrara forever. He now resided for a time at Mantua, at Florence, at Naples (his sister at Sorrento died two years after his liberation, but before his arrival at Naples), and finally found a welcome and repose under the shade of the "holy keys." He was now protected by the Princes Aldobrandini; especially by the Cardinal Cinzio, and by his uncle Pope Clement VIII. This pontiff, proud to have for his guest the world-renowned songster of 'La Gerusalemme,' was preparing for him the laurel crown; when poor Tasso, worn out at last by his intolerable vexations and miseries, died on the 25th of April, 1595, an eminently Christian death, — clasping the crucifix, and with the words "Into thy hands, O Lord," on his lips. The "cell" in which he lived and passed away — a large and comfortable room in the convent of St. Onofrio, near St. Peter's, on the brow of

Janiculum — is now sacredly preserved; and contains a bust of the poet taken from a waxen cast, his autograph, his inkstand and pens, the chair in which he used to sit, the crucifix — an heirloom of his father's — before which he made his devotions, and many other mementos of his early and later days.

His funeral honors were unique, and paralleled only by those of Petrarch. Robed in a Roman toga, and crowned with the laurel wreath he was to have received in life, the body was borne by torchlight through the principal streets of Rome, amidst thousands crowding to catch a last look at the features of the dead. The body was interred, according to his desire, in a chapel of the Church of St. Onofrio. A third successive monument (each more lavish than the preceding),— most exquisitely wrought in white marble, surmounted by a bust of the poet, and inscribed with appropriate verses from the great poem,— raised by Pope Pius IX. in 1857, now glorifies the spot.

Though Tasso's great poem was from the first received by most of every class with infinite delight, and was pronounced by all Italy the most beautiful epic of modern times, and though the poet himself could not but know that it had gained for him a seat in the first rank of literary immortals,— yet the adverse criticisms which began at once and continued for many years to pour in upon him, added gall to the overflowing cup of mingled bitternesses which he was forced to drink during all his later years. The controversy which arose among the Italian literati for and against the 'Gerusalemme' occupies many volumes of Tasso's works; and although he did not accept many of the objections that were pressed both by envious foes and by avowed friends, he was compelled to admit and defend himself against certain questionable ornamentations and an apparent (and to the critics of that day, damning) violation of the "three unities."

'Jerusalem Delivered' obviously contains three actions; but two so subordinated to the principal, that they all seem one. This principal subject is the pious Geoffrey, Duke of Lorraine, who leads the expedition to Jerusalem; resists the voluptuous seductions of Armida; calms the oft-occurring discords of his own army; provides against its necessities, as from time to time they arise; obtains from God relief for its thirst; sends to recall Rinaldo, who had been banished for a homicide, and by means of him, overcomes the incantation of the forest, and supplies material for his engines. He fights in person like a hero; and the sacred city having fallen, and the war with the King of Egypt having been won, he pays his conqueror's vow in the temple of Delivered Jerusalem.

A second action has for its subject Rinaldo himself, a legendary character among the ancestors of the house of Este; a very brave youth who runs away from home to join the Crusaders. Offended in

his *amour propre*, he kills the haughty Gernando, his fellow-soldier; and to escape the penalty, forsakes the camp and sets free the Crusading champions who had been enslaved by the sorceress Armida. He himself afterwards falls into the power of this sorceress. Geoffrey sends to liberate him, and has him brought back to the camp. In overcoming the incantation of the forest, and in slaying the fiercest enemies, he bears a principal part in the final triumph.

A third action is hinged on Tancred,—a historic character, one of the principal Normans born in Italy,—the type of a bold and courteous warrior; who is enamored of Clorinda, a hostile female warrior, but without response from her. He has a duel with Argantes, the mightiest of the Mussulman champions, and comes off wounded. The beautiful Erminia, a saved princess of conquered and sacked Antioch, once his prisoner and now free in Jerusalem, impelled by a most passionate love goes to him to cure him. He, through her disguise believing that she is Clorinda, follows her steps, and is left a slave of Armida. Freed from Armida's snares with her other victims, by the prowess of Rinaldo, he returns to the camp. He afterwards by mistake kills Clorinda herself, who has come disguised—in armor with false bearings—to set on fire a wooden tower of the Christians. In despair he meditates suicide, but by Peter the Hermit is persuaded to resignation. In the final and successful assault upon Jerusalem, having been cured of his wounds by Erminia, though still weak he kills Argantes, and contributes his full share to the ultimate triumph of the Crusaders.

Besides this, the "machinery" of the poem—the intervention of the supernatural—is made up on the one hand, of the plots of every kind which Satan, with the advice and aid of an assembled council of demons, prepares against the Christians,—loves, arms, storms, incantations; on the other hand, of the miraculous doings of the angels, who by Divine command oppose themselves to the Infernal king.

Here were plainly three actions, although woven into one unbroken and indivisible web; and three heroes, two of them officially subordinated to Geoffrey, but not inferior to him, perhaps even his superiors in their exploits. This multiplicity, which was pleasing to the multitude because they found in the 'Jerusalem' almost the variety of romance, did not seem rhetorically right to the learned critics, and still less to Tasso himself. First, it seemed to an unjustifiable degree to sacrifice the "unity of action." The "unity of place" as well was offended in making Rinaldo go into the island of Armida, situated on the extreme boundary of the world. Still further, so many loves, often very tenderly described,—of Christians for Armida, of Armida for Rinaldo, of Tancred for Clorinda, and of Erminia for Tancred,—were adjudged unsuited to the gravity of the heroic poem and

HOUSE OF TASSO
SORRENTO, ITALY

CHAMBER OF TASSO

to the sanctity of the argument. Beyond this, the dissatisfied critics found that the poet had wandered too far from the facts of history; and that even his style was in some parts mannered, labored, and dry, and in others had an overplus of lyric ornamentation, which was unsuited to epic gravity.

These and similar censures, piled mountain-high by the severe critics, from the first and long afterwards, on this magnificent and delightful poem, never for a moment persuaded the multitude of readers: but alas, it did persuade Tasso himself; and while Italy and all Christendom was ringing with delight and applause over the poem as it was, the distressed author set himself in the last years of his life to make over the poem. He began with the very title, which had been criticized, and produced the 'Gerusalemme Conquistata' in twenty-four books; four more than were contained in the 'Liberata,' which the whole world has nevertheless gone on reading and applauding, while the 'Conquistata' is almost forgotten. How far the world and the centuries have been justified in their own delight and in their applause of the poet, the reader will be surely able to judge for himself from the following selections.

FROM 'JERUSALEM DELIVERED'

The Crusaders' First Sight of the Holy City

The purple morning left her crimson bed,
And donned her robe of pure vermilion hue;
Her amber locks she crowned with roses red,
In Eden's flowery gardens gathered new:
When through the camp a murmur shrill was spread;
Arm, arm! they cried; arm, arm! the trumpets blew;
Their merry noise prevents the joyful blast:
So hum small bees, before their swarms they cast.

Their captain rules their courage, guides their heat,
Their forwardness he stays with gentle rein:
And yet more easy, haply, were the feat,
To stop the current near Charybdis's main,
Or calm the blustering winds on mountains great,
Than fierce desires of warlike hearts restrain:
He rules them yet, and ranks them in their haste,
For well he knows disordered speed makes waste.

Feathered their thoughts, their feet in wings were dight;
Swiftly they marched, yet were not tired thereby,
For willing minds make heaviest burdens light:
But when the gliding sun was mounted high,
Jerusalem, behold, appeared in sight,
Jerusalem they view, they see, they spy;
Jerusalem with merry noise they greet,
With joyful shouts and acclamations sweet.

As when a troop of jolly sailors row,
Some new-found land and country to descry;
Through dangerous seas and under stars unknown,
Thrall to the faithless waves and trothless sky;
If once the wishèd shore begin to show,
They all salute it with a joyful cry,
And each to other show the land in haste,
Forgetting quite their pains and perils past.

To that delight which their first sight did breed,
That pleasèd so the secret of their thought,
A deep repentance did forthwith succeed,
That reverend fear and trembling with it brought.
Scantly they durst their feeble eyes dispread
Upon that town where Christ was sold and bought,
Where for our sins he, faultless, suffered pain,
There where he died, and where he lived again.

Soft words, low speech, deep sobs, sweet sighs, salt tears,
Rose from their breasts, with joy and pleasure mixt;
For thus fares he, the Lord aright that fears,—
Fear on devotion, joy on faith is fixt;
Such noise their passions make, as when one hears
The hoarse sea-waves roar hollow rocks betwixt;
Or as the wind in hoults and shady greaves
A murmur makes among the boughs and leaves.

Their naked feet trod on the dusty way,
Following th' ensample of their zealous guide;
Their scarfs, their crests, their plumes, and feathers gay,
They quickly doft and willing laid aside:
Their molten hearts their wonted pride allay,
Along their watery cheeks warm tears down slide;
And then such secret speech as this they used.
While to himself each one himself accused:—

"Flower of goodness, root of lasting bliss,
Thou well of life, whose streams were purple blood
That flowèd here, to cleanse the foul amiss
Of sinful man,—behold this brinish flood,
That from my melting heart distillèd is;
Receive in gree these tears, O Lord so good:
For never wretch with sin so overgone
Had fitter time or greater cause to moan."

Translation of Edward Fairfax.

Episode of Olindo and Sophronia

[An image of the Virgin Mary is stolen from one of the Christian churches, and set up in the royal mosque. The statue is stolen. The Moslem king, unable to discover the thief, threatens to massacre all his Christian subjects. Sophronia, a young Christian lady of great beauty and virtue, willing to sacrifice herself for her people, accuses herself to the king as the thief, and is ordered to be burnt alive. Her lover Olindo contradicts her, declares himself the perpetrator, and wishes to suffer in her stead. They are both bound, naked and back to back, to the same stake. The flames are kindled; but by the arrival of Clorinda they are saved, and married in the presence of the crowd of spectators on the spot.]

Among them dwelt, her parents' joy and pleasure,
A maid whose fruit was ripe, not over-yeared;
Her beauty was her not-esteemèd treasure,—
The field of love, with plow of virtue eared.
Her labor goodness, godliness her leisure;
Her house the heaven by this full moon aye cleared,—
For there, from lover's eyes withdrawn, alone
With virgin beams this spotless Cinthia shone.

But what availed her resolution chaste,
Whose soberest looks were whetstones to desire?
Nor love consents that beauty's field lie waste:
Her visage set Olindo's heart on fire.
O subtle love! a thousand wiles thou hast,
By humble suit, by service, or by hire,
To win a maiden's hold;—a thing soon done,
For nature framed all women to be won.

Sophronia she, Olindo hight the youth,
Both of one town, both in one faith were taught:
She fair,—he full of bashfulness and truth,
Loved much, hoped little, and desirèd naught;

He durst not speak, by suit to purchase ruth,—
She saw not, marked not, wist not what he sought;
Thus loved, thus served he long, but not regarded,—
Unseen, unmarked, unpitied, unrewarded.

To her came message of the murderment,
Wherein her guiltless friends should hopeless serve.
She that was noble, wise, as fair and gent,
Cast how she might their harmless lives preserve:
Zeal was the spring whence flowed her hardiment,
From maiden's shame yet was she loth to swerve;
Yet had her courage ta'en so sure a hold,
That boldness shamefast, shame had made her bold.

And forth she went,—a shop for merchandise,
Full of rich stuff, but none for sale exposed;
A veil obscured the sunshine of her eyes,
The rose within herself her sweetness closed.
Each ornament about her seemly lies,
By curious chance or careless art composed;
For what she most neglects, most curious prove,—
So beauty's helped by nature, heaven, and love.

Admired of all, on went this noble maid
Until the presence of the king she gained;
Nor for he swelled with ire was she afraid,
But his fierce wrath with fearless grace sustained.
"I come," quoth she,—"but be thine anger stayed,
And causeless rage 'gainst faultless souls restrained,—
I come to show thee and to bring thee, both,
The wight whose fact hath made thy heart so wroth."

Her modest boldness, and that lightning ray
Which her sweet beauty streamèd on his face,
Had strook the prince with wonder and dismay,
Changèd his cheer and cleared his moody grace,
That had her eyes disposed their looks to play,
The king had snarèd been in love's strong lace:
By wayward beauty doth not fancy move;
A frown forbids, a smile engendereth love.

It was amazement, wonder, and delight,
Although not love, that moved his cruel sense.
"Tell on," quoth he: "unfold the chance aright;
Thy people's lives I grant for recompense."

Then she: "Behold the faulter here in sight:
This hand committed that supposed offense;
It took the image; mine that fault, that fact,
Mine be the glory of that virtuous act."

This spotless lamb thus offered up her blood
To save the rest of Christ's selected fold:
O noble lie! was ever truth so good?
Blest be the lips that such a leasing told.
Thoughtful awhile remained the tyrant wood;
His native wrath he 'gan a space withhold,
And said, "That thou discover soon, I will,
What aid, what counsel hadst thou in that ill?"

"My lofty thoughts," she answered him, "envied
Another's hand should work my high desire;
The thirst of glory can no partner bide:
With mine own self I did alone conspire."
"On thee alone," the tyrant then replied,
"Shall fall the vengeance of my wrath and ire."
"'Tis just and right," quoth she: "I yield consent,—
Mine be the honor, mine the punishment."

The wretch, of new enragèd at the same,
Asked where she hid the image so conveyed:
"Not hid," quoth she, "but quite consumed with flame,
The idol is of that eternal maid;
For so at least I have preserved the same
With hands profane from being eft betrayed.
My lord, the thing thus stolen demand no more:
Here see the thief, that scorneth death therefor.

"And yet no theft was this; yours was the sin:
I brought again what you unjustly took."
This heard, the tyrant did for rage begin
To whet his teeth, and bend his frowning look;
No pity, youth, fairness no grace could win;
Joy, comfort, hope, the virgin all forsook;
Wrath killed remorse, vengeance stopped mercy's breath,
Love's thrall to hate, and beauty slave to death.

Ta'en was the damsel, and without remorse;
The king condemned her, guiltless, to the fire;
Her veil and mantle plucked they off by force,
And bound her tender arms in twisted wire;

Dumb was this silver dove, while from her corse
These hungry kites plucked off her rich attire:
And for some-deal perplexèd was her sprite,
Her damask late now changed to purest white.

The news of this mishap spread far and near;
The people ran, both young and old, to gaze:
Olindo also ran, and 'gan to fear
His lady was some partner in this case;
But when he found her bound, stripped from her gear,
And vile tormentors ready saw in place,
He broke the throng, and into present brast,
And thus bespake the king in rage and haste:—

"Not so, not so this girl shall bear away
From me the honor of so noble feat:
She durst not, did not, could not, so convey
The massy substance of that idol great;
What sleight had she the wardens to betray?
What strength to heave the goddess from her seat?
No, no, my lord, she sails but with my wind."
(Ah, thus he loved, yet was his love unkind!)

He added further, "Where the shining glass
Lets in the light amid your temple's side,
By broken byways did I inward pass,
And in that window made a postern wide:
Nor shall therefore the ill-advisèd lass
Usurp the glory should this fact betide;
Mine be these bonds, mine be these flames so pure,—
Oh, glorious death, more glorious sepulture."

Sophronia raised her modest looks from ground,
And on her lover bent her eyesight mild:—
"Tell me what fury, what conceit unsound,
Presenteth here to death so sweet a child?
Is not in me sufficient courage found
To bear the anger of this tyrant wild?
Or hath fond love thy heart so overgone?
Wouldst thou not live, not let me die alone?"

Thus spake the nymph, yet spake but to the wind;
She could not alter his well-settled thought:
Oh, miracle! oh, strife of wondrous kind!
Where love and virtue such contention wrought.

Where death the victor had for meed assigned,
Their own neglect each other's safety sought;
But thus the king was more provoked to ire,—
Their strife for bellows served to anger fire.

He thinks (such thoughts self-guiltiness finds out)
They scorned his power, and therefore scorned the pain:
"Nay, nay," quoth he; "let be your strife and doubt
You both shall win, and fit reward obtain."
With that the serjeant bent the young man stout,
And bound him likewise in a worthless chain,
Then back to back fast to a stake both ties,—
Two harmless turtles, dight for sacrifice.

About the pile of fagots, sticks, and hay,
The bellows raised the newly kindled flame,
When thus Olindo, in a doleful lay,
Begun too late his bootless plaints to frame:—
"Be these the bonds? is this the hoped-for day
Should join me to this long-desirèd dame?
Is this the fire alike should burn our hearts?
Ah! hard reward for lovers' kind desarts!

"Far other flames and bonds kind lovers prove,
For thus our fortune casts the hapless die;
Death hath exchanged again his shafts with love,
And Cupid thus lets borrowed arrows fly.
O Hymen, say, what fury doth thee move
To lend thy lamps to light a tragedy?
Yet this contents me,—that I die for thee:
Thy flames, not mine, my death and torment be.

"Yet happy were my death, mine ending blest,
My torments easy, full of sweet delight,
If this I could obtain,—that breast to breast
Thy bosom might receive my yielded sprite;
And thine with it, in heaven's pure clothing drest,
Through clearest skies might take united flight."
Thus he complained, whom gently she reproved,
And sweetly spake him thus, that so her loved:—

"Far other plaints, dear friend, tears and laments,
The time, the place, and our estates require:
Think on thy sins, which man's old foe presents
Before that Judge that quites each soul his hire;

For His name suffer, for no pain torments
Him whose just prayers to His throne aspire.
Behold the heavens: thither thine eyesight bend;
Thy looks, sighs, tears, for intercessors send.»

The pagans loud cried out to God and man,
The Christians mourned in silent lamentation:
The tyrant's self, a thing unused, began
To feel his heart relent with mere compassion;
But not disposed to ruth or mercy than,
He sped him thence, home to his habitation:
Sophronia stood, not grieved nor discontented;
By all that saw her, but herself, lamented.

The lovers, standing in this doleful wise,
A warrior bold unwares approachèd near,
In uncouth arms yclad, and strange disguise,
From countries far but new arrivèd there:
A savage tigress on her helmet lies,—
The famous badge Clorinda used to bear;
That wonts in every warlike stour to win,
By which bright sign well known was that fair inn.

She scorned the arts these seely women use;
Another thought her nobler humor fed:
Her lofty hand would of itself refuse
To touch the dainty needle or nice thread;
She hated chambers, closets, secret mews,
And in broad fields preserved her maidenhead:
Proud were her looks, yet sweet, though stern and stout;
Her dame, a dove, thus brought an eagle out.

While she was young, she used with tender hand
The foaming steed with froarie bit to steer;
To tilt and tourney, wrestle in the sand,
To leave with speed Atlanta swift arreare;
Through forests wild and unfrequented land
To chase the lion, boar, or rugged bear;
The satyrs rough, the fauns and fairies wild,
She chasèd oft, oft took, and oft beguiled.

This lusty lady came from Persia late;
She with the Christians had encountered eft,
And in their flesh had opened many a gate
By which their faithful souls their bodies left.

Her eye at first presented her the state
Of these poor souls, of hope and help bereft;
Greedy to know, as in the mind of man,
Their cause of death, swift to the fire she ran.

The people made her room, and on them twain
Her piercing eyes their fiery weapons dart:
Silent she saw the one, the other plain,—
The weaker body lodged the nobler heart;
Yet him she saw lament as if his pain
Were grief and sorrow for another's smart,
And her keep silent so as if her eyes
Dumb orators were to entreat the skies.

Clorinda changed to ruth her warlike mood;
Few silver drops her vermeil cheeks depaint:
Her sorrow was for her that speechless stood,
Her silence more prevailed than his complaint.
She asked an aged man, seemed grave and good,
"Come, say me, sire," quote she, "what hard constraint
Would murder here love's queen and beauty's king?
What fault or fate doth to this death them bring?"

Thus she inquired, and answer short he gave,
But such as all the chance at large disclosed:
She wondered at the case, the virgin brave,
That both were guiltless of the fault supposed;
Her noble thought cast how she might them save,
The means on suit or battle she reposed;
Quick to the fire she ran, and quenched it out,
And thus bespake the serjeants and the rout:—

"Be there not one among you all that dare
In this your hateful office aught proceed,
Till I return from court, nor take you care
To reap displeasure for not making speed."
To do her will the men themselves prepare,
In their faint hearts her looks such terror breed;
To court she went, their pardon would she get,
But on the way the courteous king she met.

"Sir king," quoth she, "my name Clorinda hight,
My fame perchance hath pierced your ears ere now;
I come to try my wonted power and might,
And will defend this land, this town, and you:

All hard assays esteem I eath and light,
Great acts I reach to, to small things I bow;
To fight in field, or to defend this wall,—
Point what you list, I naught refuse at all."

To whom the king: "What land so far remote
From Asia's coasts, or Phœbus's glistering rays,
O glorious virgin, that recordeth not
Thy fame, thine honor, worth, renown, and praise?
Since on my side I have thy succors got,
I need not fear in these mine agèd days;
For in thine aid more hope, more trust, I have,
Than in whole armies of these soldiers brave.

"Now Godfrey stays too long,—he fears, I ween:
Thy courage great keeps all our foes in awe;
For thee all actions far unworthy been,
But such as greatest danger with them draw:
Be you commandress, therefore, princess, queen,
Of all our forces; be thy word a law."
This said, the virgin 'gan her beavoir vale,
And thanked him first, and thus began her tale:—

"A thing unused, great monarch, may it seem,
To ask reward for service yet to come;
But so your virtuous bounty I esteem,
That I presume for to entreat, this groom
And seely maid from danger to redeem,
Condemned to burn by your unpartial doom.
I not excuse, but pity much their youth,
And come to you for mercy and for ruth.

"Yet give me leave to tell your Highness this:
You blame the Christians,—them my thoughts acquite;
Nor be displeased I say you judge amiss,—
At every shot look not to hit the white.
All what th' enchanter did persuade you is
Against the lore of Macon's sacred right;
For us commandeth mighty Mahomet,
No idols in his temples pure to set.

"To him therefore this wonder done refar;
Give him the praise and honor of the thing:
Of us the gods benign so careful are,
Lest customs strange into their church we bring.

Let Ismen with his squares and trigons war,
His weapons be the staff, the glass, the ring:
But let us manage war with blows, like knights;
Our praise in arms, our honor lies in fights."

The virgin held her peace when this was said;
And though to pity never framed his thought,
Yet, for the king admired the noble maid,
His purpose was not to deny her aught.
"I grant them life," quoth he; "your promised aid
Against these Frenchmen hath their pardon bought:
Nor further seek what their offenses be;
Guiltless I quite, guilty I set them free."

Thus were they loosed, happiest of human-kind:
Olindo, blessèd be this act of thine,—
True witness of thy great and heavenly mind,
Where sun, moon, stars, of love, faith, virtue, shine.
So forth they went, and left pale death behind,
To joy the bliss of marriage rites divine:
With her he would have died; with him content
Was she to live, that would with her have brent.

Translation of Edward Fairfax.

Description of the Sorceress Armida

[Idriot, a magician, at the instigation of the powers of Hell sends his niece Armida, who is an enchantress, to the camp of the Crusaders to seduce the chiefs.]

Armida, in her youth and beauty's pride,
Assumed th' adventure; and at close of day,
Eve's vesper star her solitary guide,
Alone, untended, took her secret way.
In clustering locks and feminine array,
Armed with but loveliness and frolic youth,
She trusts to conquer mighty kings, and slay
Embattled hosts; meanwhile false rumors soothe
The light censorious crowd, sagacious of the truth.

Few days elapsed, ere to her wishful view
The white pavilions of the Latins rise;
The camp she reached: her wondrous beauty drew
The gaze and admiration of all eyes;
Not less than if some strange star in the skies,

Or blazing comet's more resplendent tire
Appeared: a murmur far below her flies,
And crowds press round, to listen or inquire
Who the fair pilgrim is, and soothe their eyes' desire.

Never did Greece or Italy behold
A form to fancy and to taste so dear!
At times the white veil dims her locks of gold,
At times in bright relief they reappear:
So when the stormy skies begin to clear,
Now through transparent clouds the sunshine gleams;
Now issuing from its shrine, the gorgeous sphere
Lights up the leaves, flowers, mountains, vales, and streams,
With a diviner day—the spirit of bright beams.

New ringlets form the flowing winds amid
The native curls of her resplendent hair;
Her eye is fixed in self-reserve, and hid
Are all love's treasures with a miser's care;
The rival roses, upon cheeks more fair
Than morning light, their mingling tints dispose;
But on her lips, from which the amorous air
Of Paradise exhales, the crimson rose
Its sole and simple bloom in modest beauty throws.

Crude as the grape unmellowed yet to wine,
Her bosom swells to sight: its virgin breasts,
Smooth, soft, and sweet, like alabaster shine,
Part bare, part hid, by her invidious vests;
Their jealous fringe the greedy eye arrests,
But leaves its fond imagination free
To sport, like doves, in those delicious nests,
And their most shadowed secrecies to see,
Peopling with blissful dreams the lively phantasy.

As through pure water or translucent glass
The sunbeam darts, yet leaves the crystal sound,
So through her folded robes unruffling pass
The thoughts, to wander on forbidden ground:
There daring Fancy takes her fairy round.
Such wondrous beauties singly to admire;
Which, in a pleasing fit of transport bound,
She after paints and whispers to desire,
And with her charming tale foments th' excited fire.

Praised and admired, Armida passed amid
The wishful multitude, nor seemed to spy,
Though well she saw the interest raised, but hid
In her deep heart the smile that to her eye
Darted in prescience of the conquests nigh.
Whilst in the mute suspense of troubled pride
She sought, with look solicitous yet shy,
For her uncertain feet an ushering guide
To the famed captain's tent, young Eustace pressed her side.

Translation of J. H. Wiffen.

Flight of Erminia

[Tancred and Argantes are engaged in a terrible single combat before the two armies.]

All wait in sharp anxiety to see
What fate will crown the strife,—if rage shall quail
To the calm virtue of pure chivalry,
Or giant strength o'er hardihood prevail:
But deepest cares and doubts distract the pale
And sensitive Erminia; her fond heart
A thousand agonies and fears assail:
Since on the cast of war's uncertain dart,
Hangs the sweet life she loves, her soul's far dearer part.

She, daughter to Cassano, who the crown
Wore of imperial Antioch, in the hour
When the flushed Christians won the stubborn town,
With other booty fell in Tancred's power:
But he received her as some sacred flower,
Nor harmed her shrinking leaves; 'midst outrage keen,
Pure and inviolate was her virgin bower:
And her he caused to be attended, e'en
Amidst her ruined realms, as an unquestioned queen.

The generous knight in every act and word
Honored her, served her, soothed her deep distress;
Gave to her freedom, to her charge restored
Her gems, her gold, and bade her still possess
Her ornaments of price: the sweet princess,
Seeing what kingliness of spirit shined
In his engaging form and frank address,
Was touched with love; and never did Love bind
With his most charming chain a more devoted mind.

Translation of J. H. Wiffen.

[The battle is drawn at nightfall; but Tancred has been wounded, and Erminia starts to go to his tent to nurse him.]

Invested in her starry veil, the night
In her kind arms embracèd all this round;
The silver moon from sea uprising bright,
Spread frosty pearl upon the candied ground:
And Cinthia-like for beauty's glorious light,
The lovesick nymph threw glistering beams around;
And counselors of her old love she made
Those valleys dumb, that silence, and that shade.

Beholding then the camp, quoth she:—"Oh, fair
And castle-like pavilions, richly wrought,
From you how sweet methinketh blows the air;
How comforts it my heart, my soul, my thought!
Through heaven's fair grace, from gulf of sad despair
My tossèd bark to port well-nigh is brought;
In you I seek redress for all my harms,
Rest 'midst your weapons, peace amongst your arms.

"Receive me then, and let me mercy find,
As gentle love assureth me I shall:
Among you had I entertainment kind,
When first I was the Prince Tancredie's thrall:
I covet not, led by ambition blind,
You should me in my father's throne install:
Might I but serve in you my lord so dear,
That my content, my joy, my comfort were."

Thus parlied she (poor soul), and never feared
The sudden blow of fortune's cruel spite:
She stood where Phœbe's splendent beam appeared
Upon her silver armor doubly bright;
The place about her round the shining cleared
Of that pure white wherein the nymph was dight:
The tigress great that on her helmet laid,
Bore witness where she went, and where she stayed.

[On the way she is surprised by the enemy; her frightened horse carries her through the wilderness to an abode of shepherds on the banks of the Jordan. Tancred, apprised of her coming, seeks her in vain.]

Through thick and thin all night, all day, she drived,
Withouten comfort, company, or guide;
Her plaints and tears with every thought revived,
She heard and saw her griefs, but naught beside:

But when the sun his burning chariot dived
In Thetis's wave, and weary team untied,
On Jordan's sandy banks her course she stayed
At last; there down she light, and down she laid.

Her tears her drink, her food her sorrowings,
This was her diet that unhappy night;
But sleep, that sweet repose and quiet brings
To ease the griefs of discontented wight,
Spread forth his tender, soft, and nimble wings,
In his dull arms folding the virgin bright;
And Love, his mother, and the Graces, kept
Strong watch and ward while this fair lady slept.

The birds awaked her with their morning song,
Their warbling music pierced her tender ear;
The murmuring brooks and whistling winds among
The rattling boughs and leaves their parts did bear;
Her eyes unclosed beheld the groves along
Of swains and shepherd grooms the dwellings were;
And that sweet noise, birds, winds, and waters sent,
Provoked again the virgin to lament.

Her plaints were interrupted with a sound
That seemed from thickest bushes to proceed:
Some jolly shepherd sung a lusty round,
And to his voice had tuned his oaten reed.
Thither she went: an old man there she found,
At whose right hand his little flock did feed,
Sat making baskets his three sons among,
That learned their father's art and learned his song.

Beholding one in shining arms appear,
The seely man and his were sore dismayed;
But sweet Erminia comforted their fear,
Her ventail up, her visage open laid.
"You happy folk, of heaven belovèd dear,
Work on," quoth she, "upon your harmless trade:
These dreadful arms I bear, no warfare bring
To your sweet toil nor those sweet tunes you sing:

"But, father, since this land, these towns and towers,
Destroyèd are with sword, with fire, and spoil,
How may it be, unhurt that you and yours
In safety thus apply your harmless toil?"

"My son," quoth he, "this poor estate of ours
Is ever safe from storm of warlike broil;
This wilderness doth us in safety keep;
No thundering drum, no trumpet breaks our sleep.

"Haply just heaven, defense and shield of right,
Doth love the innocence of simple swains:
The thunderbolts on highest mountains light,
And seld or never strike the lower plains;
So kings have cause to fear Bellona's might,
Not they whose sweat and toil their dinner gains,
Nor ever greedy soldier was enticed
By poverty, neglected and despised.

"O Poverty! chief of the heavenly brood,
Dearer to me than wealth or kingly crown,—
No wish for honor, thirst of others' good,
Can move my heart, contented with mine own.
We quench our thirst with water of this flood,
Nor fear we poison should therein be thrown;
These little flocks of sheep and tender goats
Give milk for food, and wool to make us coats.

"We little wish, we need but little wealth,
From cold and hunger us to clothe and feed;
These are my sons,— their care preserves from stealth
Their father's flocks, nor servants more I need.
Amid these groves I walk oft for my health,
And to the fishes, birds, and beasts give heed,
How they are fed in forest, spring, and lake;
And their contentment for ensample take.

"Time was — for each one hath his doting-time;
These silver locks were golden tresses then —
That country life I hated as a crime,
And from the forest's sweet contentment ran:
To Memphis's stately palace would I climb,
And there became the mighty caliph's man;
And though I but a simple gardener were,
Yet could I mark abuses, see and hear.

"Enticèd on with hope of future gain,
I suffered long what did my soul displease:
But when my youth was spent, my hope was vain,
I felt my native strength at last decrease;

I 'gan my loss of lusty years complain,
And wished I had enjoyed the country's peace:
I bade the court farewell, and with content
My later age here have I quiet spent."

While thus he spake, Erminia, hushed and still,
His wise discourses heard with great attention;
His speeches grave those idle fancies kill,
Which in her troubled soul bred such dissension.
After much thought reformèd was her will:
Within those woods to dwell was her intention,
Till fortune should occasion new afford,
To turn her home to her desirèd lord.

She said therefore, "O shepherd fortunate!
That troubles some didst whilom feel and prove,
Yet livest now in this contented state,—
Let my mishap thy thoughts to pity move,
To entertain me as a willing mate
In shepherd's life, which I admire and love:
Within these pleasant groves perchance my heart
Of her discomforts may unload some part.

"If gold or wealth, of most esteemèd dear,
If jewels rich thou diddest hold in prize,
Such store thereof, such plenty have I here,
As to a greedy mind might well suffice."
With that down trickled many a silver tear,—
Two crystal streams fell from her watery eyes;
Part of her sad misfortunes then she told,
And wept, and with her wept that shepherd old.

With speeches kind he 'gan the virgin dear
Towards his cottage gently home to guide;
His aged wife there made her homely cheer,
Yet welcomed her, and placed her by her side.
The princess donned a poor pastora's gear,
A kerchief coarse upon her head she tied;
But yet her gestures and her looks, I guess,
Were such as ill beseemed a shepherdess.

Not those rude garments could obscure and hide
The heavenly beauty of her angel's face,
Nor was her princely offspring damnified
Or aught disparaged by those labors base:

Her little flocks to pasture would she guide,
And milk her goats, and in their folds them place;
Both cheese and butter could she make, and frame
Herself to please the shepherd and his dame.

But oft, when underneath the greenwood shade
Her flocks lay hid from Phœbus's scorching rays,
Unto her knight she songs and sonnets made,
And them engraved in bark of beech and bays;
She told how Cupid did her first invade,
How conquered her, and ends with Tancred's praise:
And when her passion's writ she over read,
Again she mourned, again salt tears she shed.

"You happy trees, forever keep," quoth she,
"This woeful story in your tender rind:
Another day under your shade, maybe,
Will come to rest again some lover kind,
Who if these trophies of my griefs he sees,
Shall feel dear pity pierce his gentle mind."
With that she sighed, and said, "Too late I prove
There is no truth in fortune, trust in love.

"Yet may it be (if gracious Heavens attend
The earnest suit of a distressed wight),
At my entreat they will vouchsafe to send
To these huge deserts that unthankful knight;
That when to earth the man his eyes shall bend,
And see my grave, my tomb, and ashes light,
My woeful death his stubborn heart may move,
With tears and sorrows to reward my love:

"So, though my life hath most unhappy been,
At least yet shall my spirit dead be blest;
My ashes cold shall, buried on this green,
Enjoy the good the body ne'er possessed."
Thus she complainèd to the senseless treen:
Floods in her eyes, and fires were in her breast;
But he for whom these streams of tears she shed,
Wandered far off, alas! as chance him led.

Translation of Edward Fairfax.

The Crusaders Go in Procession to Mass, Preparatory to the Assault

Next morn the bishops twain, the heremite,
And all the clerks and priests of less estate,
Did in the middest of the camp unite
Within a place for prayer consecrate:
Each priest adorned was in a surplice white,
The bishops donned their albes and copes of state;
Above their rochets buttoned fair before,
And mitres on their heads like crowns they wore.

Peter alone, before, spread to the wind
The glorious sign of our salvation great:
With easy pace the choir came all behind,
And hymns and psalms in order true repeat;
With sweet respondence in harmonious kind,
Their humble song the yielding air doth beat.
Lastly together went the reverend pair
Of prelates sage, William and Ademare.

The mighty duke came next, as princes do,
Without companion, marching all alone;
The lords and captains came by two and two;
The soldiers for their guard were armed each one.
With easy pace thus ordered, passing through
The trench and rampire, to the fields they gone;
No thundering drum, no trumpet shrill they hear,—
Their godly music psalms and prayers were.

To thee, O Father, Son, and sacred Spright,
One true, eternal, everlasting King,
To Christ's dear mother Mary, virgin bright,
Psalms of thanksgiving and of praise they sing;
To them that angels down from heaven, to fight
'Gainst the blasphemous beast and dragon, bring;
To him also that of our Savior good
Washèd the sacred front in Jordan's flood;

Him likewise they invoke, callèd the rock
Whereon the Lord, they say, his Church did rear,
Whose true successors close or else unlock
The blessed gates of grace and mercy dear;
And all th' elected twelve, the chosen flock,
Of his triumphant death who witness bear;

And them by torment, slaughter, fire, and sword,
Who martyrs dièd to confirm his word;

And them also whose books and writings tell
What certain path to heavenly bliss us leads;
And hermits good and anch'resses, that dwell
Mewed up in walls, and mumble on their beads;
And virgin nuns in close and private cell,
Where (but shrift fathers) never mankind treads:
On these they callèd, and on all the rout
Of angels, martyrs, and of saints devout.

Singing and saying thus, the camp devout
Spread forth her zealous squadrons broad and wide;
Towards Mount Olivet went all this rout,—
So called of olive-trees the hill which hide;
A mountain known by fame the world throughout,
Which riseth on the city's eastern side,
From it divided by the valley green
Of Josaphat, that fills the space between.

Hither the armies went, and chaunted shrill,
That all the deep and hollow dales resound;
From hollow mounts and caves in every hill
A thousand echoes also sung around:
It seemed some choir that sung with art and skill
Dwelt in those savage dens and shady ground,
For oft resounded from the banks they hear
The name of Christ and of his mother dear.

Translation of Edward Fairfax.

Clorinda's Eunuch Narrates Her History

In former days o'er Ethiopia reigned—
Haply perchance reigns still—Senapo brave;
Who with his dusky people still maintained
The laws which Jesus to the nations gave:
'Twas in his court, a pagan and a slave,
I lived, o'er thousand maids advanced to guard,
And wait with authorized assumption grave
On her whose beauteous brows the crown instarred;
True, she was brown, but naught the brown her beauty marred.

The king adored her, but his jealousies
Equaled the fervors of his love; the smart
At length of sharp suspicion by degrees
Gained such ascendance in his troubled heart,
That from all men in closest bowers apart
He mewed her, where e'en heaven's chaste eyes, the bright
Stars, were but half allowed their looks to dart:
Whilst she, meek, wise, and pure as virgin light,
Made her unkind lord's will her rule and chief delight.

Hung was her room with storied imageries
Of martyrs and of saints: a virgin here,
On whose fair cheeks the rose's sweetest dyes
Glowed, was depicted in distress; and near,
A monstrous dragon, which with poignant spear
An errant knight transfixing, prostrate laid:
The gentle lady oft with many a tear
Before this painting meek confession made
Of secret faults, and mourned, and heaven's forgiveness prayed.

Pregnant meanwhile, she bore (and thou wert she)
A daughter white as snow: th' unusual hue,
With wonder, fear, and strange perplexity
Disturbed her, as though something monstrous too;
But as by sad experience well she knew
His jealous temper and suspicious haste,
She cast to hide thee from thy father's view;
For in his mind (perversion most misplaced!)
Thy snowy chasteness else had argued her unchaste.

And in thy cradle to his sight exposed
A negro's new-born infant for her own;
And as the tower wherein she lived inclosed
Was kept by me and by her maids alone,—
To me whose firm fidelity was known,
Who loved and served her with a soul sincere,—
She gave thee, beauteous as a rose unblown,
Yet unbaptized; for there, it would appear,
Baptized thou couldst not be in that thy natal year.

Weeping she placed thee in my arms, to bear
To some far spot: what tongue can tell the rest!
The plaints she used; and with what wild despair
She clasped thee to her fond maternal breast;
How many times 'twixt sighs, 'twixt tears caressed;

How oft, how very oft, her vain adieu
Sealed on thy cheek; with what sweet passion pressed
Thy little lips! At length a glance she threw
To heaven, and cried:—"Great God, that look'st all spirits through!

"If both my heart and members are unstained,
And naught did e'er my nuptial bed defile,
(I pray not for myself; I stand arraigned
Of thousand sins, and in thy sight am vile,)
Preserve this guiltless infant, to whose smile
The tenderest mother must refuse her breast,
And from her eyes their sweetest bliss exile!
May she with chastity like mine be blessed;
But stars of happier rule have influence o'er the rest!

"And thou, blest knight, that from the cruel teeth
Of the grim dragon freed'st that holy maid,
Lit by my hands if ever odorous wreath
Rose from thy altars; if I e'er have laid
Thereon gold, cinnamon, or myrrh, and prayed
For help,—through every chance of life display,
In guardianship of her, thy powerful aid!"
Convulsions choked her words; she swooned away,
And the pale hues of death on her chill temples lay.

With tears I took thee in a little ark
So hid by flowers and leaves that none could guess
The secret; brought thee forth 'twixt light and dark,
And unsuspected, in a Moorish dress,
Passed the town walls. As through a wilderness
Of forests horrid with brown glooms I took
My pensive way, I saw, to my distress,
A tigress issuing from a bosky nook,
Rage in her scowling brows, and lightning in her look.

Wild with affright, I on the flowery ground
Cast thee, and instant climbed a tree close by:
The savage brute came up, and glancing round
In haughty menace, saw where thou didst lie;
And softening to a mild humanity
Her stern regard, with placid gestures meek,
As by thy beauty smit, came courteous nigh;
In amorous pastime fawning licked thy cheek;
And thou on her didst smile, and stroke her mantle sleek.

With her fierce muzzle and her cruel front
Thy little hands did innocently play;
She offered thee her teats, as is the wont
With nurses, and adapted them, as they,
To thy young lips; nor didst thou turn away:
She suckled thee! a prodigy so new
Filled me with fresh confusion and dismay.
She, when she saw thee satisfied, withdrew
Into the shady wood, and vanished from my view.

Again I took thee, and pursued my way
Through woods, and vales, and wildernesses dun:
Till in a little village making stay,
I gave thee secretly in charge to one
Who fondly nursed thee till the circling sun,
With sixteen months of equatorial heat,
Had tinged thy face; till thou too hadst begun
To prattle of thy joys in murmurs sweet,
And print her cottage floor with indecisive feet.

Translation of J. H. Wiffen.

Tancred in Ignorance Slays Clorinda

As Ægean's seas, when storms be calmed again
That rolled their tumbling waves with troublous blast
Do yet of tempests past some show retain,
And here and there their swelling billows cast:
So though their strength were gone, and might were vain,
Of their first fierceness still the fury lasts;
Wherewith sustained, they to their tackling stood,
And heapèd wound on wound, and blood on blood.

But now, alas! the fatal hour arrives
That her sweet life must leave that tender hold:
His sword into her bosom deep he drives,
And bathed in lukewarm blood his iron cold;
Between her breasts the cruel weapon rives
Her curious square embost with swelling gold;
Her knees grow weak, the pains of death she feels,
And like a fallen cedar, bends and reels.

The prince his hand upon her shield doth stretch,
And low on earth the wounded damsel laith;
And while she fell, with weak and woeful speech
Her prayers last and last complaints she saith:

A spirit new did her those prayers teach,
Spirit of hope, of charity, and faith;
And though her life to Christ rebellious were,
Yet dièd she his child and handmaid dear.

«Friend, thou hast won; I pardon thee: nor save
This body, that all torments can endure,
But save my soul; baptism I dying crave,—
Come, wash away my sins with waters pure.»
His heart relenting nigh in sunder rave,
With woeful speech of that sweet creature;
So that his rage, his wrath, and anger died,
And on his cheek salt tears for ruth down slide.

With murmur loud down from the mountain's side
A little runnel tumbled near the place:
Thither he ran and filled his helmet wide,
And quick returned to do that work of grace:
With trembling hands her beaver he untied,
Which done, he saw, and seeing knew her face,
And lost therewith his speech and moving quite,
Of woeful knowledge! Ah, unhappy sight!

He dièd not, but all his strength unites,
And to his virtues gave his heart in guard;
Bridling his grief, with water he requites
The life that he bereft with iron hard:
And while the sacred words the knight recites,
The nymph to heaven with joy herself prepared;
And as her life decays, her joys increase:
She smiled and said, «Farewell! I die in peace.»

As violets blue 'mongst lilies pure men throw,
So paleness 'midst her native white begun.
Her looks to heaven she cast; their eyes, I trow,
Downward for pity bent both heaven and sun.
Her naked hand she gave the knight, in show
Of love and peace; her speech, alas! was done.
And thus the virgin fell on endless sleep:
Love, Beauty, Virtue, for your darling weep.

Translation of Edward Fairfax.

Armida Ensnares Rinaldo

Armida hunted him through wood and plain,
Till on Orontes's flowery bank he stayed;
There, where the stream did part and meet again,
And in the midst a gentle island made,
A pillar fair was pight beside the main,
Near which a little frigate floating laid;
The marble white the prince did long behold,
And this inscription read there writ in gold:—

"Whoso thou art whom will or chance doth bring
With happy steps to flood Orontes's sides,
Know that the world hath not so strange a thing
'Twixt east and west as this small island hides;
Then pass and see without more tarrying."
The hasty youth to pass the stream provides;
And, for the cog was narrow, small, and strait,
Alone he rowed, and bade his squires there wait.

Landed, he stalks about, yet naught he sees
But verdant groves, sweet shades, and mossy rocks,
With caves and fountains, flowers, herbs, and trees;
So that the words he read he takes for mocks:
But that green isle was sweet at all degrees,
Wherewith, enticed, down sits he and unlocks
His closèd helm, and bares his visage fair,
To take sweet breath from cool and gentle air.

A rumbling sound amid the waters deep
Meanwhile he heard, and thither turned his sight,
And tumbling in the troubled stream took keep
How the strong waves together rush and fight;
Whence first he saw, with golden tresses, peep
The rising visage of a virgin bright,
And then her neck, her breasts, and all as low
As he for shame could see or she could show.

So in the twilight doth sometimes appear
A nymph, a goddess, or a fairy queen:
And though no syren but a sprite this were,
Yet by her beauty seemed it she had been
One of those sisters false which haunted near
The Tyrrhene shores, and kept those waters sheen;
Like theirs her face, her voice was, and her sound:
And thus she sung, and pleased both skies and ground:—

"Ye happy youths, whom April fresh and May
Attire in flowering green of lusty age,
For glory vain or virtue's idle ray
Do not your tender limbs to toil engage:
In calm streams fishes, birds in sunshine play;
Who followeth pleasure he is only sage,
So nature saith,—yet 'gainst her sacred will
Why still rebel you, and why strive you still?

"O fools, who youth possess yet scorn the same,
A precious but a short-abiding treasure,—
Virtue itself is but an idle name,
Prized by the world 'bove reason all and measure;
And honor, glory, praise, renown, and fame,
That men's proud hearts bewitch with tickling pleasure.
An echo is, a shade, a dream, a flower,
With each wind blasted, spoiled with every shower.

"But let your happy souls in joy possess
The ivory castles of your bodies fair;
Your passèd harms salve with forgetfulness;
Haste not your coming ills with thought and care;
Regard no blazing star with burning tress,
Nor storm, nor threatening sky, nor thundering air:
This wisdom is, good life, and worldly bliss;
Kind teacheth us, nature commands us this."

Thus sung the spirit false, and stealing sleep
(To which her tunes enticed his heavy eyes)
By step and step did on his senses creep,
Till every limb therein unmovèd lies;
Not thunders loud could from this slumber deep
(Of quiet death true image) make him rise;
Then from her ambush forth Armida start,
Swearing revenge, and threatening torments smart:

But when she lookèd on his face awhile,
And saw how sweet he breathed, how still he lay,
How his fair eyes though closèd seem to smile,
At first she stayed, astound with great dismay;
Then sat her down (so love can art beguile),
And as she sat and looked, fled fast away
Her wrath. Thus on his forehead gazed the maid,
As in his spring Narcissus tooting laid.

And with a veil she wipèd now and then
From his fair cheek the globes of silver sweat
And cool air gathered with a trembling fan
To mitigate the rage of melting heat:
Thus (who would think it?) his hot eye-glance can
Of that cold frost dissolve the hardness great
Which late congealed the heart of that fair dame,
Who, late a foe, a lover now became.

Of woodbines, lilies, and of roses sweet,
Which proudly flowered through that wanton plain,
All platted fast, well knit, and joinèd meet,
She framed a soft but surely holding chain,
Wherewith she bound his neck, his hands, and feet.
Thus bound, thus taken, did the prince remain,
And in a coach, which two old dragons drew,
She laid the sleeping knight, and thence she flew.

Nor turned she to Damascus's kingdom large,
Nor to the fort built in Asphalte's lake,
But jealous of her dear and precious charge,
And of her love ashamed, the way did take
To the wide ocean, whither skiff or barge
From us both seld or never voyage make,
And there, to frolic with her love awhile,
She chose a waste, a sole and desert isle;

An isle that with her fellows bears the name
Of Fortunate, for temperate air and mold:
There on a mountain high alight the dame,
A hill obscured with shades of forests old,
Upon whose sides the witch by art did frame
Continual snow, sharp frost, and winter cold;
But on the top, fresh, pleasant, sweet, and green,
Beside a lake a palace built this queen:

There in perpetual, sweet, and flowering spring,
She lives at ease, and 'joys her lord at will.

Translation of Edward Fairfax.

The Two Knights in Search for Rinaldo Reach the Fortunate Island, and Discover the Fountain of Laughter

"See here the stream of laughter, see the spring"
(Quoth they) "of danger and of deadly pain:
Here fond desire must by fair governing
Be ruled, our lust bridled with wisdom's rein;
Our ears be stoppèd while these syrens sing,
Their notes enticing man to pleasure vain."
Thus past they forward where the stream did make
An ample pond, a large and spacious lake.

There on the table was all dainty food
That sea, that earth, or liquid air could give:
And in the crystal of the laughing flood
They saw two naked virgins bathe and dive,
That sometimes toying, sometimes wrestling stood,
Sometimes for speed and skill in swimming strive:
Now underneath they dived, now rose above,
And 'ticing baits laid forth of lust and love.

These naked wantons, tender, fair, and white,
Movèd so far the warriors' stubborn hearts,
That on their shapes they gazèd with delight;
The nymphs applied their sweet alluring arts,
And one of them above the waters quite
Lift up her head, her breasts, and higher parts,
And all that might weak eyes subdue and take;
Her lower beauties veiled the gentle lake.

As when the morning star, escaped and fled
From greedy waves, with dewy beams upflies,
Or as the queen of love, new born and bred
Of th' 'ocean's fruitful froth, did first arise;
So vented she, her golden locks forth shed
Round pearls and crystal moist therein which lies.
But when her eyes upon the knights she cast,
She start, and feigned her of their sight aghast:

And her fair locks, that on a knot were tied
High on her crown, she 'gan at large unfold;
Which falling long and thick, and spreading wide,
The ivory soft and white mantled in gold:
Thus her fair skin the dame would clothe and hide,
And that which hid it no less fair was hold;

Thus clad in waves and locks, her eyes divine
From them ashamèd did she turn and twine:

Withal she smilèd, and she blushed withal,
Her blush her smiling, smiles her blushing graced;
Over her face her amber tresses fall,
Whereunder love himself in ambush placed:
At last she warbled forth a treble small,
And with sweet looks her sweet songs interlaced:
"O happy men! that have the grace" (quoth she)
"This bliss, this heaven, this paradise to see.

"This is the place wherein you may assuage
Your sorrows past; here is that joy and bliss
That flourished in the antique Golden Age;
Here needs no law, here none doth aught amiss.
Put off those arms, and fear not Mars his rage,
Your sword, your shield, your helmet needless is;
Then consecrate them here to endless rest,—
You shall love's champions be and soldiers blest."

Translation of Edward Fairfax.

Erminia Cures Tancred; and is Supposed to Become his Bride

[Tancred, in a second single combat in a secluded spot, slays Argantes, but from exhaustion, falls himself in a death-like swoon beside the body of his foe. Erminia, having been discovered by Vafrino, a spy from the army of the Christians, is returning under his escort. He stumbles upon the bodies, and recognizes the hero She laments over him thus.]

"Though gone, though dead, I love thee still; behold
Death wounds but kills not love: yet if thou live,
Sweet soul, still in his breast, my follies bold
Ah pardon, love's desires and stealth forgive:
Grant me from his pale mouth some kisses cold,
Since death doth love of just reward deprive,
And of thy spoils, sad death, afford me this,—
Let me his mouth, pale, cold, and bloodless, kiss.

"O gentle mouth! with speeches kind and sweet
Thou didst relieve my grief, my woe, and pain;
Eré my weak soul from this frail body fleet,
Ah, comfort me with one dear kiss or twain;

Perchance, if we alive had happed to meet,
They had been given which now are stolen: oh vain,
O feeble life, betwixt his lips out fly!
Oh, let me kiss thee first, then let me die!

«Receive my yielded spirit, and with thine
Guide it to heaven, where all true love hath place.»
This said, she sighed and tore her tresses fine,
And from her eyes two streams poured on his face.
The man, revivèd with those showers divine,
Awaked, and openèd his lips a space;
His lips were opened, but fast shut his eyes,
And with her sighs one sigh from him upflies.

The dame perceived that Tancred breathed and sight,
Which calmed her griefs some deal and eased her fears:
«Unclose thine eyes» (she says), «my lord and knight,
See my last services, my plaints, and tears;
See her that dies to see thy woeful plight,
That of thy pain her part and portion bears;
Once look on me: small is the gift I crave,—
The last which thou canst give, or I can have.»

Tancred looked up, and closed his eyes again,
Heavy and dim; and she renewed her woe.
Quoth Vafrine, «Cure him first and then complain:
Medicine is life's chief friend, plaint her worst foe.»
They plucked his armor off, and she each vein,
Each joint, and sinew felt and handled so,
And searched so well each thrust, each cut, and wound,
That hope of life her love and skill soon found.

From weariness and loss of blood she spied
His greatest pains and anguish most proceed.
Naught but her veil amid those deserts wide
She had to bind his wounds in so great need:
But love could other bands (though strange) provide,
And pity wept for joy to see that deed;
For with her amber locks, cut off, each wound
She tied — O happy man, so cured, so bound!

For why? her veil was short and thin, those deep
And cruel hurts to fasten, roll, and bind:
Nor salve nor simple had she; yet to keep
Her knight alive, strong charms of wondrous kind

She said, and from him drove that deadly sleep,
That now his eyes he lifted, turned, and twined,
And saw his squire, and saw that courteous dame
In habits strange, and wondered whence she came.

He said, "O Vafrine, tell me whence com'st thou,
And who this gentle surgeon is, disclose."
She smiled, she sighed, she looked she wist not how,
She wept, rejoiced, she blushed as red as rose:
"You shall know all" (she says); "your surgeon now
Commands your silence, rest, and soft repose;
You shall be sound, prepare my guerdon meet."
His head then laid she in her bosom sweet.

Translation of Edward Fairfax.

The Reconciliation of Rinaldo and Armida

[The two knights, having safely passed the terrors and the seductions of the Enchanted Gardens, discover Rinaldo in the Bower of Bliss in the arms of Armida. Stung by shame and remorse, he returns with them to the camp, notwithstanding the entreaties, reproaches, and incantations of Armida; and takes a glorious part in the final struggles. Armida, mortified and enraged against him, offers her kingdom, her treasures, and herself to any knight who will kill him, and joins the Egyptian army and does great execution upon the Crusaders. But the field being lost, in terror of gracing the Conqueror's triumphal car she decides on suicide. At the moment when she is plunging one of her own darts into her breast, Rinaldo arrests the stroke and throws his arm around her waist; and while she struggles to escape, and bursts into tears (it is uncertain whether from anger or affection), he pleads with her with the following result.]

"But if you trust no speech, no word,
Yet in mine eyes my zeal, my truth behold:
For to that throne whereof thy sire was lord,
I will restore thee, crown thee with that gold;
And if high Heaven would so much grace afford
As from thy heart this cloud, this veil unfold
Of Paganism, in all the East no dame
Should equalize thy fortune, state, and fame."

Thus plaineth he, thus prays, and his desire
Endears with sighs that fly and tears that fall;
That as against the warmth of Titan's fire
Snowdrifts consume on tops of mountains tall,

So melts her wrath, but love remains entire:
"Behold" (she says) "your handmaid and your thrall:
My life, my crown, my wealth, use at your pleasure."
Thus death her life became, loss proved her treasure.

Translation of Edward Fairfax.

THE AMINTA

[The young hero, Amintas, tells his love for the beautiful Sylvia: how they played together as children; and then as boy and girl together fished, snared birds together, hunted,—and how, while they chased the deer, the mightier hunter Love made Amintas his prey. He drank a strange joy from Sylvia's eyes, which yet left a bitter taste behind; he sighed and knew not why; he loved before he knew what love meant. When Sylvia cured her young friend Phyllis of a bee's sting on her lip, by putting her mouth close to hers and murmuring a charm, Amintas straightway felt a desire for the same delightful experience, and secured it by pretending that he had received a like wound. At length the fire grew too great to be hidden. At a game in which each whispered a secret to his neighbor, Amintas murmured in Sylvia's ear, "I burn for thee; I shall die unless thou aid me." But Sylvia blushed with shame and wrath, not with love; made him no answer; and has been, as he sorrowfully says, his enemy from that day forward. Thrice since then has the reaper bent to his toil, thrice has winter shaken the green leaves from the trees; but though Amintas has tried every method of appeasing Sylvia's anger, it seems all in vain, and no hope remains for him but death. This despair makes him disclose his long-hidden sorrows.]

"I am content,
Thyrsis, to tell thee what the woods and hills
And rivers know, but men as yet know not.
For I am now so near unto my death,
That fit 'tis I should give one leave to rehearse
That death's occasion, and to grave my story
Upon some beech-tree's bark, near to the place
Where my dead body shall have found a tomb;
So that the cruel maiden passing by
May with proud foot rejoice to trample on
My wretched bones, and say within herself,
'This is my trophy,' and exult to see
Her victory known to every single shepherd,
Home-bred, or foreign guided here by chance:
Haply, too (ah! too much to hope), one day
It may be that she, moved by tardy pity,
May weep him dead whom she when living slew,
And say, 'Would he were here, and he were mine!'"

Translation of E. J. Hasell.

[The young shepherd's boyish despair is touching in its mournful resignation, but it fails to move Sylvia's heart. Vainly does he rescue her from the ruthless hands of a satyr who had already bound her to a tree. Released by Amintas, she flees without giving him a word of thanks. But while the youth's friends are with difficulty restraining him from killing himself at this fresh and seemingly final blow, bad news comes from the forest. Sylvia's useless dart is brought back from thence, with her white veil covered with blood: she has to all appearance been devoured by the fierce wolves she so intrepidly pursued. «Why was I not allowed to die before I could hear such tidings?» cries Amintas. «Give me that veil, the one only wretched thing left me of my Sylvia, to be my companion in the short journey that lies before me.» And grasping it, he goes and casts himself headlong down a precipice.

Shortly after his departure, Sylvia, not dead, not even wounded, reappears on the scene, and calmly explains how the mistaken report of her death had arisen. «Ah!» says Daphne, the friend who all along had blamed her coldness, «you live, but Amintas is dead.» Her words are confirmed by the messenger who comes in, after the way of the classic drama, to narrate the catastrophe. Sylvia's heart is melted; she regrets her severity, and says that if a hater's falsely reported death has killed Amintas, it is only fit that she should herself be slain by the true tidings of the death of so true a lover.]

«Let me
First bury him, then die upon his grave.
Farewell, ye shepherds! plains, woods, streams, farewell!»

[Elpino, the favorite of the Muses, enters in the last act to explain how Amintas, stunned, not killed, by his fall, was brought to life by the tears of Sylvia, whose aged father has been sent for to bless their happy union.

The lyrics of the Chorus are very melodious. Most celebrated of all is its song at the end of the first act.]

The Golden Age

«O bella età dell' oro»

O' lovely age of gold!
Not that the rivers rolled
With milk, or that the woods wept honey-dew;
Not that the ready ground
Produced without a wound,
Or the mild serpent had no tooth that slew;
Not that a cloudless blue
For ever was in sight,
Or that the heaven, which burns
And now is cold by turns,

Looked out in glad and everlasting light;
No, not that even the insolent ships from far
Brought war to no new lands, nor riches worse than war:

But solely that that vain
And breath-invented pain,
That idol of mistake, that worshiped cheat,
That Honor,—since so called
By vulgar minds appalled,—
Played not the tyrant with our nature yet.
It had not come to fret
The sweet and happy fold
Of gentle human-kind;
Nor did its hard law bind
Souls nursed in freedom; but that law of gold,
That glad and golden law, all free, all fitted,
Which Nature's own hand wrote: What pleases is permitted.

Then among streams and flowers
The little wingèd powers
Went singing carols without torch or bow;
The nymphs and shepherds sat
Mingling with innocent chat
Sports and low whispers; and with whispers low,
Kisses that would not go.
The maiden, budding o'er,
Kept not her bloom un-eyed,
Which now a veil must hide,
Nor the crisp apples which her bosom bore;
And oftentimes, in river or in lake,
The lover and his love their merry bath would take.

'Twas thou, thou, Honor, first
That didst deny our thirst
Its drink, and on the fount thy covering set;
Thou bad'st kind eyes withdraw
Into constrainèd awe,
And keep the secret for their tears to wet;
Thou gather'dst in a net
The tresses from the air,
And mad'st the sports and plays
Turn all to sullen ways,
And putt'st on speech a rein, in steps a care.
Thy work it is,—thou shade, that will not move,—
That what was once the gift is now the theft of love.

Our sorrows and our pains,
These are thy noble gains.
But, O thou Love's and Nature's masterer,
Thou conqueror of the crowned,
What dost thou on this ground,
Too small a circle for thy mighty sphere?
Go, and make slumber dear
To the renowned and high:
We here, a lowly race,
Can live without thy grace,
After the use of mild antiquity.
Go, let us love; since years
No truce allow, and life soon disappears.
Go, let us love: the daylight dies, is born;
But unto us the light
Dies once for all, and sleep brings on eternal night.

Translation of Leigh Hunt.

ODE TO THE RIVER METAURO

(A fragment written at the age of forty, and left unfinished.)

CHILD of great Apennine!
River, if small yet far renowned,
More glorious than by waters, through thy name,—
I these thy banks benign
A flying pilgrim seek: their courteous fame
Make good; let rest and safety here be found.
And may that oak which thou dost bathe, whose frame
Fed well by thy sweet waters, stretches wide
Its branches, seas and mountains shadowing,
O'er me its safe shade fling!

Thou sacred shade, which hast to none denied
'Neath thy cool leaves a hospitable seat,
Now 'mid thy thickest boughs receive and fold me;
Lest that blind, cruel goddess should behold me,
Who spies me out, though blind, in each retreat,
Albeit I crouch to hide in mount or vale,
And lit by moonbeams pale,
At midnight ply on lonely track my feet;
Yet with sure aim her darts still wound, and show
Her eyes as arrows keen to work my woe.

Ah me! from that first day
That I drew breath, and opened first
Mine eyes to this, to me still troubled light,
I was the mark, the play
Of evil, lawless Fate; whose hand accursed
Gave wounds that longer years have scarce set right.
This knows that glorious Siren bright,
Beside whose tomb me the soft cradle pressed:
Ah! would that at that first envenomed wound
I there a grave had found!

Me cruel Fortune from my mother's breast
Tore, yet a child: ah! those fond kisses
Bathed by the tears that sheds her anguish,
I here, with sighs remembering, languish,
And her warm prayers—prayers that the wind dismisses;
For not again might I lay face to face,
Clasped in that close embrace
By arms the treasury of my infant blisses:
Thenceforth, like Trojan boy or Volscian maid,
My weak steps followed where my father strayed.

I 'mid those wanderings grew,
In exile bitter and hard poverty,
And sense untimely of my sorrows gained;
For ripeness, ere 'twas due,
Mischance and suffering brought to me,
Sad wisdom learning while my heart was pained.
My sire's weak age despoiled, his wrongs sustained,
Must I narrate? Does not my proper woe
Make me so rich, that no more store I need
Whereon my grief to feed?

Whose case, save mine, should bid my tears to flow?
My sighs are all too few for my desire;
Nor can my tears, though in abundance given,
Equal my pain. Thou, who dost view from heaven,—
Father, good father, unto God now nigher,—
I wept thee sick and dead, this know'st thou well;
With groans my hot tears fell
Thy bed, thy tomb upon: but now, raised higher
To endless joys, I honor thee, not mourn;
My whole grief pouring on my state forlorn.

Translation of E. J. Hasell.

CONGEDO AT THE CONCLUSION OF THE 'RINALDO'

WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF EIGHTEEN

Dedicated to Cardinal Luigi d'Esté

THUS have I sung, in battle-field and bower,
Rinaldo's cares, and prattled through my page,
Whilst other studies claimed the irksome hour,
In the fourth lustre of my verdant age;
Studies from which I hoped to have the power
The wrongs of adverse fortune to assuage;
Ungrateful studies, whence I pine away
Unknown to others, to myself a prey.

Yet oh! if Heaven should e'er my wishes crown
With ease, released from law's discordant maze,
To spend on the green turf, in forests brown,
With bland Apollo whole harmonious days,
Then might I spread, Luigi, thy renown,
Where'er the sun darts forth resplendent rays;
Thyself the genial spirit should infuse,
And to thy virtues wake a worthier Muse.

Be thou, first fruit of fancy and of toil,
Child of few hours and those most fugitive!
Dear little book, born on the sunny soil
By Brenta's wave! may all kind planets give
To thee the spring no winter shall despoil,
Life to go forth when I have ceased to live;
Gathering rich fame beyond our country's bounds,
And mixed with songs with which the world resounds.

Yet ere I bid thy truant leaves adieu,
Ere yet thou seek'st the prince whose name, impressed
Deep in my heart, upon thy front we view,—
Too poor a portal for so great a guest!—
Go, find out him from whom my birth I drew,
Life of my life! and whose the rich bequest
Has been, if aught of beautiful or strong
Adorns my life and animates my song.

He, with that keen and searching glance which knows
To pierce beyond the veil of dim disguise,
Shall see the faults that lie concealed so close
To the short vision of my feeble eyes,

And with that pen which joins the truth of prose
To tuneful fable, shall the verse chastise
(Far as its youth the trial can endure),
And grace thy page with beauties more mature.

Translation of J. H. Wiffen.

TO THE PRINCESS LEONORA

When Forbidden by Her Physicians to Sing

Ahi! ben è reo destin, che invidia e toglie

Oh! 'tis a merciless decree,
That to the envied world denies
The sound of that sweet voice which we
So much admire, so dearly prize!

The noble thought and dulcet lay,
Breathing of passions so refined
By Honor's breath, would drive away
Sharp sorrow from the gloomiest mind.

Yet 'tis enough for our deserts,
That eyes and smiles so calm and coy
Diffuse through our enchanted hearts
A holy and celestial joy.

There would be no more blessed place
Than this, our spirits to rejoice,
If, as we view thy heavenly face,
We also heard thy heavenly voice!

Translation of J. H. Wiffen.

Written Soon After the Poet's Arrival at Ferrara

Amor l' alma m' allaccia

Love binds my soul in chains of bliss
Firm, rigorous, strict, and strong;
I am not sorrowful for this,
But why I quarrel with him is,
He quite ties up my tongue.

When I my lady should salute,
I can on no pretense;

But timid and confused stand mute,
Or, wandering in my reason, suit
My speech but ill with sense.

Loose, gentle love, my tongue, and if
Thou'lt not give up one part
Of thy great power, respect my grief,
Take off this chain in kind relief,
And add it to my heart!

TO LEONORA OF ESTÉ

Al nobil colle, ove in antichi marmi

[Written when the Princess was on a visit to her uncle, the Cardinal Ippolito II. d'Esté, at his villa at Tivoli, considered the most beautiful in Italy.]

To the romantic hills, where free
To thine enchanted eyes,
Works of Greek taste in statuary
Of antique marble rise,
My thought, fair Leonora, roves,
And with it to their gloom of groves
Fast bears me as it flies;
For far from thee, in crowds unblest,
My fluttering heart but ill can rest.

There to the rock, cascade, and grove,
On mosses dropt with dew,
Like one who thinks and sighs of love
The livelong summer through,
Oft would I dictate glorious things,
Of heroes, to the Tuscan strings
Of my sweet lyre anew;
And to the brooks and trees around,
Ippolito's high name resound.

But now what longer keeps me here?
And who, dear lady, say,
O'er Alpine rocks and marshes drear,
A weary length of way,
Guide me to thee? so that, enwreathed
With leaves by Poesy bequeathed
From Daphne's hallowed bay,
I trifle thus in song?—Adieu!
Let the soft zephyr whisper who.

Translation of J. H. Wiffen.

TO THE PRINCESS LUCRETIA

While Sojourning with Her and her Husband at Casteldurante

Negli anni acerbi

Thou, lady, in thine early days
Of life didst seem a purple rose,
That dreads the suitor sun's warm rays,
Nor dares its virgin breast disclose;
But coy, and crimsoning to be seen,
Lies folded yet in leaves of green.

Or rather (for no earthly thing
Was like thee then), thou didst appear
Divine Aurora, when her wing
On every blossom shakes a tear,
And spangled o'er with dewdrops cold,
The mountain summits tints with gold.

Those days are past; yet from thy face
No charm the speeding years have snatched,
But left it ripening every grace,
In perfect loveliness, unmatched
By what thou wert, when, young and shy,
Thy timid graces shunned the eye.

More lovely looks the flower matured,
When full its fragrant leaves it spreads;
More rich the sun, when, unobscured,
At noon a brighter beam it sheds:
Thou, in thy beauty, blendest both
The sun's ascent and rose's growth.

Translation of J. H. Wiffen.

TO TARQUINIA MOLZA

A Lady Celebrated for her Beauty and her Italian Verses

Mostra la verde terra

The green earth of its wealth displays
White violets, and the lovely sun
Its sparkling crown of rosy rays
O'er shaded vale and mountain dun.

Thou, lady, for thy sign of wealth,
Of genius, beauty, thought sublime,

Fling'st forth in glorious show by stealth
The riches of unfading rhyme.

And whilst thy laurels, charmed from blight,
Thus greenly mock the passing hours,
Thy verses all are rays of light,
Thy living thoughts ambrosial flowers.

Translation of J. H. Wiffen.

TO THE DUKE OF FERRARA

Imploring Liberation from his Dreadful Prison

O magnanimo figlio

O GLORIOUS prince, magnanimous increase
Of great Alcides, whose paternal worth
Thou dost transcend! to thee who in sweét peace
From troublous exile to thy royal hearth
Received'st me erst,—again, yet once again,
I turn, and faint from my deep cell, my knee,
Heart, soul, and weeping eyes incline; to thee
My lips, long silent, I unclose in pain,
And unto thee, but not of thee, complain.

Turn thy mild eyes, and see where a vile crowd
Throng,—where the pauper pines, the sick man moans;
See where, with death on his shrunk cheeks, aloud
Thy once-loved servant groans;
Where, by a thousand sorrows wrung, his eyes
Grown dim and hollow, his weak limbs devoid
Of vital humor, wasting, and annoyed
By dirt and darkness, he ignobly lies,
Envying the sordid lot of those to whom
The pity comes which cheers their painful doom.

Pity is spent, and courtesy to me
Grown a dead sound, if in thy noble breast
They spring not: what illimitable sea
Of evil rushes on my soul distrest!
What joy for Tasso now remains? Alas!
The stars in heaven, the nobles of the earth
Are sworn against my peace; and all that pass
War with the strains to which my harp gives birth:

Whilst I to all the angry host make plea
In vain for mercy,—most of all to thee!

Translation of J. H. Wiffen.

TO THE PRINCESSES OF FERRARA

For their Intercession with the Duke

O figlie di Renanta

Daughters of lorn Renée, give ear! to you
I talk, in whom birth, beauty, sense refined,
Virtue, gentility, and glory true
Are in such perfect harmony combined;
To you my sorrows I unfold,—a scroll
Of bitterness,—my wrongs, my griefs, my fears,
Part of my tale;—I cannot tell the whole,
But by rebellious tears!
I will recall you to yourselves, renew
Memory of me, your courtesies, your smile
Of gracious kindness, and (vowed all to you)
My past delightful years:
What then I was, what am: what, woe the while!
I am reduced to beg; from whence; what star
Guided me hither; who with bolt and bar
Confines; and who, when I for freedom grieved,
Promised me hope, yet still that hope deceived!

These I call back to you, O slips divine
Of glorious demigods and kings! and if
My words are weak and few, the tears which grief
Wrings out are eloquent enough: I pine
For my loved lutes, lyres, laurels; for the shine
Of suns; for my dear studies, sports, my late
So elegant delights,—mirth, music, wine;
Piazzas, palaces, where late I sate,
Now the loved servant, now the social friend,—
For health destroyed, for freedom at an end,
The gloom—the solitude—th' eternal grate—
And for the laws the Charities provide,
Oh, agony! to me denied! denied!

From my sweet brotherhood of men, alas,
Who shuts me out!

Translation of J. H. Wiffen.

TO THE DUKE ALPHONSO

Begging For a Little Wine to be Sent to his Cell

Col giro omai delle stagioni eterno

Now in the seasons' ceaseless round, the earth
Pours forth its fruits; the elm sustains with pride
The ripe productions of his fruitful bride,
To whom the smiling suns of spring gave birth;
In luxury now, as though disdaining dearth,
Bursts the black grape; its juice ambrosial flows:
Wherefore so tardy to console my woes?
The rich Falernian sparkles in its mirth!
This with its generous juice the generous fills
With joy, and turns my Lord's dark cares to bliss
Not so with mine; but o'er my various ills
It pours the dews of sweet forgetfulness,
Inducing blest repose: ah, let me find
This slight relief, this Lethe of the mind!

Translation of J. H. Wiffen.

OR CHE L'AURA MIA*

Till Laura comes,—who now, alas! elsewhere
Breathes amid fields and forests hard of heart,—
Bereft of joy I stray from crowds apart
In this dark vale, 'mid grief and ire's foul air,
Where there is nothing left of bright or fair.
Since Love has gone a rustic to the plow,
Or feeds his flocks, or in the summer now
Handles the rake, now plies the scythe with care.
Happy the mead and valley, hill and wood,
Where man and beast, and almost tree and stone,
Seem by her look with sense and joy endued!
What is not changed on which her eyes e'er shone?
The country courteous grows, the city rude,
Even from her presence or her loss alone.

Translation of Richard Henry Wilde.

*A play on the word «L'Aura» (the breeze) and the name Laura.

BAYARD TAYLOR

(1825–1878)

BY ALBERT H. SMYTH

BAYARD TAYLOR was born in Kennett Square, Chester County, Pennsylvania, January 11th, 1825. The story of his life is the history of a struggle. His career began in humble circumstances, and ended in splendor. The love of letters was awakened in him in childhood; he yielded passionate homage to the great names of literature. When he was seven years old he grieved over the death of Goethe and of Scott, and in the same year (1832) composed his first poems. His early surroundings tended to repress his enthusiasms. He inherited two strains of blood, German and English. By the first he was related to the Lancaster Mennonites who had migrated from East Switzerland, and who spoke the Pennsylvania Dutch dialect; by the other he was kin to the seventeenth-century Mendenhall family of Wiltshire, and the Cheshire Taylors. He was raised in a Quaker atmosphere which suppressed imagination and emotion. When he was nineteen years old, he said he felt as if he were sitting in an exhausted receiver, while the air which should nourish his spiritual life could only be found in distant lands. The courage, restless curiosity, and push of the country lad found a way to finer air. He published in 1844 a little volume of poems called 'Ximena, or the Battle of the Sierra Morena.' With the small profits of this literary venture, and a few dollars advanced by Philadelphia editors, Bayard Taylor, in company with two friends, left New York July 1st, 1844, bound for Liverpool. For two years he traveled on foot through Europe, eagerly studying the memorials of art and history, enduring every hardship and privation, often penniless and hungry, never without hope and courage, and always welcoming returning joy.

BAYARD TAYLOR

"Born in the New World, ripened in the old," Berthold Auerbach said of him. This first tramp trip abroad was symbolic of his whole

life. It showed splendid energy, and acute sensibility; and it was really Bayard Taylor's university education, supplying the deficiencies of his simple life and country schooling. Although a safe and at times brilliant literary critic, and although his wide reading qualified him for the professorship of German literature at Cornell University, he was not a scholar. He was never sure of his Latin, and Greek he did not begin to study until he was fifty. His education came largely from travel; he picked his knowledge from the living bush.

It was as a traveler that he was most widely known, though it was the reputation that he least cared for. His great success as a public lecturer was largely due to his fame as a traveler. He published eleven books of travel, beginning with 'Views Afoot, or Europe Seen with Knapsack and Staff' (1846),—a work so popular that it went through twenty editions in ten years.

N. P. Willis introduced Bayard Taylor to the literary society of New York; and before the end of January 1848, Horace Greeley offered him a situation on the Tribune. In one capacity or another he continued to serve the Tribune until his death; and he was one of the most eagerly industrious and prolific writers on the staff. For the Tribune he visited California in 1849; and his letters from the gold fields were republished in 'Eldorado, or Adventures in the Path of Empire.'

Two years of distant travel, in Syria, Palestine, and Egypt, proceeding by the White Nile to the country of the Shillooks, gave him the materials for 'A Journey to Central Africa,' 'The Lands of the Saracen,' and 'A Visit to India, China, and Japan.'

Subsequent journeys resulted in 'Northern Travel,' 'Travels in Greece and Russia,' 'At Home and Abroad,' 'Colorado: a Summer Trip,' and 'Byways of Europe.' The chief merit of Taylor's books of travel is reporterial. They tell of adventure, of courage and persistence. They make no pretense to antiquarian knowledge, they attempt no theory or speculation; but simply and vividly they tell the visible aspects of the countries they describe. Architecture, scenery, and habits of life, stand in clear outline, and justify the criticism that has named Bayard Taylor «the best American reporter of scenes and incidents.»

Bayard Taylor's literary triumphs were not made in English literature alone. His inclinations were toward German life and letters. Goethe was his chief literary passion. Like, him he yearned after «the unshackled range of all experience.» The calm self-poise and symmetrical culture of Goethe fascinated him. He craved intellectual novelty, and continually wheeled into new orbits; seeking, as he wrote to E. C. Stedman, «the establishing of my own *Entelecheia*—

the making of all that is possible out of such powers as I may have, without violently forcing or distorting them.» Astonishing versatility is the chief note of his life and of his inclusive literary career. He was famous as a traveler, and successful as a diplomatist in Russia and in Germany. To his eleven volumes of travels he added four novels, several short stories, a history of Germany, two volumes of critical essays and studies in German and English literature, a famous translation of 'Faust,' and thirteen volumes of poems comprising almost every variety of verses,—odes, idyls, ballads, lyrics, pastorals, dramatic romances, and lyrical dramas.

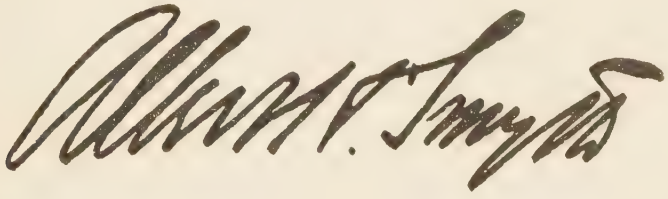
For seven years he worked upon his translation of 'Faust,' which he completed in 1870. The immense difficulties of the poem he attacked with unresting energy, and with a singularly intimate knowledge of the German language. He undertook to render the poem in the original metres, and in this respect succeeded beyond all other translators. The dedication 'An Goethe' which Taylor published in his translation is a masterpiece of German verse. It can stand side by side with Goethe's own dedication without paling a syllable. Taylor was completely saturated with German literature; and in his lectures upon Lessing, Klopstock, Schiller, and Goethe, his illustrative quotations were the genuine droppings from the comb. He was widely read and appreciated in Germany. When he delivered in German, at Weimar, his lecture upon American literature, the whole court was present; and among his auditors were the grandchildren of Carl August, Goethe, Schiller, Herder, and Wieland. When he was minister to Berlin, every facility was given him to pursue those studies in the lives of Goethe and Schiller which would have resulted in the crowning work of his life, but which were destined never to be completed.

It was partly with the hope of working a lucrative literary vein that would take the place of the repugnant lecturing trade, that he turned his attention to the novel. 'Hannah Thurston' and 'The Story of Kennett' are attempts to interpret the life of his native region in Pennsylvania. The beautiful pastoral landscapes of the Chester valley, and the homely life of its fertile farms, he dwells affectionately upon; but the curious crotchets and fads of the Quaker community in which he grew up are ridiculed and rebuked. Spiritualism, vegetarianism, teetotalism, and all the troop of unreasoning «isms» of the hour, enter into the plot of 'Hannah Thurston.' 'John Godfrey's Fortunes' is constructed out of the author's literary and social experiences in New York about 1850, and is to a considerable extent autobiographical.

Bayard Taylor's darling ambition was to be remembered as a poet. However he might experiment in other fields of literature, and

however enviable the distinctions he might win in statecraft and in scholarship, nothing could reconcile him to the slightest sense of failure in his poetic endeavor. He had real lyric genius, as is abundantly shown in the 'Poems of the Orient': 'The Bedouin Song'—paralleled only in Shelley—and 'The Song of the Camp' are two lyrics that will last as long as anything in American poetry. The sadness of Bayard Taylor's life was its frustrated purpose. It was a full and happy life as a whole, for his work was a joy to him, and he dwelt always in an atmosphere of generous and noble thoughts; yet the reward often seemed inadequate to the high endeavor. He had a generous plan of life, he was ambitious for himself and family. He acquired a large estate, and built an expensive house,—Cedarcroft,—at Kennett Square, and lived an open, generous, hospitable life. Involved in heavy domestic expenses, he never knew the value of freedom. His life became a struggle for the means to live, and he had neither time nor opportunity to refine his exquisite sense of lyric harmony.

He planned great poems like 'Prince Deukalion' and 'The Masque of the Gods,' which insensibly convey the impression of vast movements in human affairs, of the strange stirrings of nations and races, but which are distinctly poems of the intellect. He had splendid rhetoric, and his verse was sonorous, resonant, and at times—as in the 'National Ode'—stately. Had he devoted himself to song, he would have been a noble poet; but he had a dozen kinds of talent, and he had restless curiosity and ambition. His health failed under the stress of labor and the strain of care. In 1878 he was appointed minister to Germany. At last success seemed to be attained, and the long struggle was over. But his vital powers were overtaxed. He took the ovations of his friends with an abandon which left him physically exhausted long before he sailed. He died in Berlin, December 19th, 1878.



FITZ-GREENE HALLECK

Address at the dedication of the Halleck Monument at Guilford, Connecticut, July 8th, 1869. From 'Critical Essays and Literary Notes.' Copyright 1880, by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

WE HAVE been eighty years an organized nation, ninety-three years an independent people, more than two hundred years an American race; and to-day, for the first time in our history, we meet to dedicate publicly, with appropriate honors, a monument to an American poet. The occasion is thus lifted above the circle of personal memories which inspired it, and takes its place as the beginning of a new epoch in the story of our culture. It carries our thoughts back of the commencement of this individual life, into the elements from which our literature grew; and forward, far beyond the closing of the tomb before us, into the possible growth and glory of the future.

The rhythmical expression of emotion, or passion, or thought, is a need of the human race coeval with speech, universal as religion, the prophetic forerunner as well as the last-begotten offspring of civilization. Poetry belongs equally to the impressible childhood of a people and to the refined ease of their maturity. It is both the instinctive effort of nature and the loftiest ideal of art; receding to farther and farther spheres of spiritual beauty as men rise to the capacity for its enjoyment. But our race was transferred, half-grown, from the songs of its early ages and the inspiring associations of its past, and set here face to face with stern tasks which left no space for the lighter play of the mind. The early generations of English bards gradually become foreign to us; for their songs, however sweet, were not those of our home. We profess to claim an equal share in Chaucer and Spenser and Shakespeare, but it is a hollow pretense. They belong to our language, but we cannot truly feel that they belong to us as a people. The destiny that placed us on this soil robbed us of the magic of tradition, the wealth of romance, the suggestions of history, the sentiment of inherited homes and customs, and left us, shorn of our lisping childhood, to create a poetic literature for ourselves.

It is not singular, therefore, that this continent should have waited long for its first-born poet. The intellect, the energy of character, the moral force,—even the occasional taste and refinement,—which were shipped hither from the older shores, found

the hard work of history already portioned out for them; and the Muses discovered no nook of guarded leisure, no haunt of sweet contemplation, which might tempt them to settle among us. Labor may be prayer, but it is not poetry. Liberty of conscience and worship, practical democracy, the union of civil order and personal independence, are ideas which may warm the hearts and brains of men; but the soil in which they strike root is too full of fresh, unsoftened forces to produce the delicate wine of song. The highest product of ripened intellect cannot be expected in the nonage of a nation. The poetry of our colonial and revolutionary periods is mostly a spiritless imitation of inferior models in the parent country. If here and there some timid, uncertain voice seems to guess the true language, we only hear it once or twice; like those colonized nightingales which for one brief summer gave their new song to the Virginian moonlights, and then disappeared. These early fragments of our poetry are chanted in the midst of such profound silence and loneliness that they sound spectrally to our ears. Philip Freneau is almost as much a shade to us as are his own hunter and deer.

In the same year in which the Constitution of the United States was completed and adopted, the first poet was born,— Richard Henry Dana. Less than three years after him Fitz-Greene Halleck came into the world,—the lyrical genius following the grave and contemplative Muse of his elder brother. In Halleck, therefore, we mourn our first loss out of the first generation of American bards; and a deeper significance is thus given to the personal honors which we lovingly pay to his memory. Let us be glad, not only that these honors have been so nobly deserved, but also that we find in him a fitting representative of his age! Let us forget our sorrow for the true man, the steadfast friend, and rejoice that the earliest child of song whom we return to the soil that bore him for us, was the brave, bright, and beautiful growth of a healthy, masculine race! No morbid impatience with the restrictions of life, no fruitless lament over an unattainable ideal, no inherited gloom of temperament, such as finds delight in what it chooses to call despair, ever muffled the clear notes of his verse, or touched the sunny cheerfulness of his history. The cries and protests, the utterances of "world-pain," with which so many of his contemporaries in Europe filled the world, awoke no echo in his sound and sturdy nature. His life offers no enigmas for our solution. No romantic mystery

floats around his name, to win for him the interest of a shallow sentimentalism. Clear, frank, simple, and consistent, his song and his life were woven into one smooth and even thread. We would willingly pardon in him some expression of dissatisfaction with a worldly fate which in certain respects seemed inadequate to his genius; but we find that he never uttered it. The basis of his nature was a knightly bravery, of such firm and enduring temper that it kept from him even the ordinary sensitiveness of the poetic character. From the time of his studies as a boy, in the propitious kitchen which heard his first callow numbers, to the last days of a life which had seen no liberal popular recognition of his deserts, he accepted his fortune with the perfect dignity of a man who cannot stoop to discontent. During his later visits to New York, the simplest, the most unobtrusive, yet the cheerfulest man to be seen among the throngs of Broadway, was Fitz-Greene Halleck. Yet with all his simplicity, his bearing was strikingly gallant and fearless; the carriage of his head suggested the wearing of a helmet. The genial frankness and grace of his manner in his intercourse with men has suggested to others the epithet "courtly"; but I prefer to call it *manly*, as the expression of a rarer and finer quality than is usually found in the atmosphere of courts.

Halleck was loyal to himself as a man, and he was also loyal to his art as a poet. His genius was essentially lyrical, and he seems to have felt instinctively its natural limitations. He quietly and gratefully accepted the fame which followed his best productions, but he never courted public applause. Even the swift popularity of the Croaker series could not seduce him to take advantage of the tide, which then promised a speedy flood. At periods in his history when anything from his pen would have been welcomed by a class of readers whose growing taste found so little sustenance at home, he remained silent because he felt no immediate personal necessity of poetic utterance. The German poet Uhland said to me: "I cannot now say whether I shall write any more, because I only write when I feel the positive *need;* and this is independent of my will, or the wish of others." Such was also the law of Halleck's mind, and of the mind of every poet who reveres his divine gift. God cannot accept a mechanical prayer; and I do not compare sacred things with profane when I say that a poem cannot be accepted which does not compel its own inspired utterance. He is the true

priest of the human heart and the human soul who rhythmically expresses the emotions and the aspirations of his own.

It has been said of Halleck as of Campbell, that "he was afraid of the shadow which his own fame cast before him." I protest against the use of a clever epigrammatic sentence to misinterpret the poetic nature to men. The inference is that poets write merely for that popular recognition which is called fame; and having attained a certain degree, fear to lose it by later productions which may not prove so acceptable. A writer influenced by such a consideration never deserved the name of poet. It is an unworthy estimate of his character which thus explains the honest and honorable silence of Fitz-Greene Halleck. The quality of genius is not to be measured by its productive activity. The brain which gave us 'Alnwick Castle,' 'Marco Bozzaris,' 'Burns,' and 'Red Jacket,' was not exhausted; it was certainly capable of other and equally admirable achievements: but the fortunate visits of the Muse are not to be compelled by the poet's will; and Halleck endured her absence without complaint, as he had enjoyed her favors without ostentation. The very fact that he wrote so little, proclaims the sincerity of his genius, and harmonizes with the entire character of his life. It was enough for him that he first let loose the Theban eagle in our songless American air. He was glad and satisfied to know that his lyrics have entered into and become a part of the national life; that

> "Sweet tears dim the eyes unshed,
> And wild vows falter on the tongue,"

when his lines, keen and flexible as fire, burn in the ears of the young who shall hereafter sing, and fight, and labor, and love, for "God and their native land!"

It is not necessary that we should attempt to determine his relative place among American poets. It is sufficient that he has his assured place, and that his name is a permanent part of our literary history. It is sufficient that he deserves every honor which we can render to his memory, not only as one of the very first representatives of American song, but from his intrinsic quality as a poet. Let us rather be thankful for every star set in our heaven, than seek to ascertain how they differ from one another in glory. If any critic would diminish the loving enthusiasm of those whose lives have been brightened by the

poet's personal sunshine, let him remember that the sternest criticism will set the lyrics of Halleck higher than their author's unambitious estimate. They will in time fix their own just place in our poetic annals. Halleck is still too near our orbit for the computation of an exact parallax; but we may safely leave his measure of fame to the decision of impartial Time. A poem which bears within itself its own right to existence, will not die. Its rhythm is freshly fed from the eternal pulses of beauty, whence flows the sweetest life of the human race. Age cannot quench its original fire, or repetition make dull its immortal music. It forever haunts that purer atmosphere which overlies the dust and smoke of our petty cares and our material interests — often indeed calling to us like a distant clarion, to keep awake the senses of intellectual delight which would else perish from our lives. The poetic literature of a land is the finer and purer ether above its material growth and the vicissitudes of its history. Where it was vacant and barren for us, except perchance a feeble lark-note here and there, Dana, Halleck, and Bryant rose together on steadier wings, and gave voices to the solitude: Dana with a broad, grave undertone, like that of the sea; Bryant with a sound as of the wind in summer woods, and the fall of waters in mountain dells; and Halleck with strains blown from a silver trumpet, breathing manly fire and courage. Many voices have followed them; the ether rings with new melodies, and yet others come to lure all the aspirations of our hearts, and echo all the yearnings of our separated destiny: but we shall not forget the forerunners who rose in advance of their welcome, and created their own audience by their songs.

Thus it is that in dedicating a monument to Fitz-Greene Halleck to-day, we symbolize the intellectual growth of the American people. They have at last taken that departure which represents the higher development of a nation,— the capacity to value the genius which cannot work with material instruments; which is unmoved by Atlantic Cables, Pacific Railroads, and any show of marvelous statistical tables; which grandly dispenses with the popular measures of success; which simply expresses itself, without consciously working for the delight of others; yet which, once recognized, stands thenceforth as a part of the glory of the whole people. It is a token that we have relaxed the rough work of two and a half centuries, and are beginning to enjoy that rest and leisure out of which the grace and beauty of civilization

grow. The pillars of our political fabric have been slowly and massively raised, like the drums of Doric columns; but they still need the crowning capitals and the sculptured entablature. Law, and Right, and Physical Development build well, but they are cold, mathematical architects: the Poet and the Artist make beautiful the temple. Our natural tendency, as a people, is to worship positive material achievement in whatever form it is displayed; even the poet must be a partisan before the government will recognize his existence. So much of our intellectual energy has been led into the new paths which our national growth has opened, so exacting are the demands upon working brains, that taste and refinement of mind, and warm appreciation of the creative spirit of beauty, are only beginning to bloom here and there among us, like tender exotic flowers. "The light that never was on sea or land" shines all around us, but few are the eyes whose vision it clarifies. Yet the faculty is here, and the earnest need. The delight in art, of which poetry is the highest manifestation, has ceased to be the privilege of a fortunate few, and will soon become, let us hope, the common heritage of the people. If any true song has heretofore been sung to unheeding ears, let us behold, in this dedication, the sign that our reproach is taken away,—that henceforth every new melody of the land shall spread in still expanding vibrations, until all shall learn to listen!

The life of the poet who sleeps here represents the long period of transition between the appearance of American poetry and the creation of an appreciative and sympathetic audience for it. We must honor him all the more that in the beginning he was content with the few who heard him; that the agitations of national life through which he passed could not ruffle the clear flow of his song; and that, with a serene equanimity of temper which is the rarest American virtue, he saw, during his whole life, wealth and personal distinction constantly passing into less deserving hands, without temptation and without envy. All popular superstitions concerning the misanthropy or the irritable temper of genius were disproved in him: I have never known a man so independent of the moods and passions of his generation. We cannot regret that he should have been chosen to assist in the hard pioneer work of our literature, because he seemed to be so unconscious of its privations. Yet he and his co-mates have walked a rough, and for the most part a lonely track, leaving a

smoother way broken for their followers. They have blazed their trails through the wilderness, and carved their sounding names on the silent mountain peaks; teaching the scenery of our homes a language, and giving it a rarer and tenderer charm than even the atmosphere of great historic deeds. Fitz-Greene Halleck has set his seal upon the gray rock of Connecticut, on the heights of Weehawken, on the fair valley of Wyoming, and the Field of the Grounded Arms. He has done his manly share in forcing this half-subdued nature in which we live, to accept a human harmony, and cover its soulless beauty with the mantle of his verse.

However our field of poetic literature may bloom, whatever products of riper culture may rise to overshadow its present growths, the memory of Halleck is perennially rooted at its entrance. Recognizing the purity of his genius, the nobility of his character, we gratefully and affectionately dedicate to him this monument. There is no cypress in the wreath which we lay upon his grave. We do not meet to chant a dirge over unfulfilled promises or an insufficient destiny. We have no willful defiance of the world to excuse, no sensitive protest to justify. Our hymn of consecration is cheerful, though solemn. Looking forward from this hallowed ground, we can only behold a future for our poetry, sunnier than its past. We see the love of beauty born from the servitude to use; the recognition of an immortal ideal element gradually evolved from the strength of natures which have conquered material forces; the growth of all fine and gracious attributes of imagination and fancy, to warm and sweeten and expand the stately coldness of intellect. We dream of days when the highest and deepest utterances of rhythmical thought shall be met with grateful welcome, not with dull amazement or mean suspicion. We wait for voices which shall no more say to the poet, "Stay here, at the level of our delight in you!"—but which shall say to him, "Higher, still higher! though we may not reach you, yet in following we shall rise!" And as our last prophetic hope, we look for that fortunate age when the circle of sympathy, now so limited, shall be coextensive with the nation, and when, even as the poet loves his land, his land shall love her poet!

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CHARMIAN

O DAUGHTER of the sun,
Who gave the keys of passion unto thee?
Who taught the powerful sorcery
Wherein my soul, too willing to be won,
Still feebly struggles to be free,
But more than half undone?
Within the mirror of thine eyes,
Full of the sleep of warm Egyptian skies,—
The sleep of lightning, bound in airy spell,
And deadlier, because invisible,—
I see the reflex of a feeling
Which was not till I looked on thee;
A power, involved in mystery,
That shrinks, affrighted, from its own revealing.

Thou sitt'st in stately indolence,
Too calm to feel a breath of passion start
The listless fibres of thy sense,
The fiery slumber of thy heart.
Thine eyes are wells of darkness, by the veil
Of languid lids half-sealed; the pale
And bloodless olive of thy face,
And the full, silent lips that wear
A ripe serenity of grace,
Are dark beneath the shadow of thy hair.
Not from the brow of templed Athor beams
Such tropic warmth along the path of dreams;
Not from the lips of hornèd Isis flows
Such sweetness of repose!
For thou art Passion's self, a goddess too,
And aught but worship never knew;
And thus thy glances, calm and sure,
Look for accustomed homage, and betray
No effort to assert thy sway:
Thou deem'st my fealty secure.

O Sorceress! those looks unseal
The undisturbèd mysteries that press
Too deep in nature for the heart to feel
Their terror and their loveliness.

Thine eyes are torches that illume
On secret shrines their unforeboded fires,
And fill the vaults of silence and of gloom
With the unresisting life of new desires.
I follow where their arrowy ray
Pierces the veil I would not tear away,
And with a dread, delicious awe behold
Another gate of life unfold,
Like the rapt neophyte who sees
Some march of grand Osirian mysteries.
The startled chambers I explore,
And every entrance open lies,
Forced by the magic thrill that runs before
Thy slowly lifted eyes.
I tremble to the centre of my being
Thus to confess the spirit's poise o'erthrown,
And all its guiding virtues blown
Like leaves before the whirlwind's fury fleeing.

But see! one memory rises in my soul,
And beaming steadily and clear,
Scatters the lurid thunder-clouds that roll
Through Passion's sultry atmosphere.
An alchemy more potent borrow
For thy dark eyes, enticing Sorceress!
For on the casket of a sacred Sorrow
Their shafts fall powerless.
Nay, frown not, Athor, from thy mystic shrine:
Strong Goddess of Desire, I will not be
One of the myriad slaves thou callest thine,
To cast my manhood's crown of royalty
Before thy dangerous beauty: I am free!

ARIEL IN THE CLOVEN PINE

Now the frosty stars are gone:
I have watched them one by one,
Fading on the shores of Dawn.
Round and full the glorious sun
Walks with level step the spray,
Through his vestibule of Day,
While the wolves that late did howl
Slink to dens and coverts foul,
Guarded by the demon owl,

Who, last night, with mocking croon,
Wheeled athwart the chilly moon,
And with eyes that blankly glared
On my direful torment stared.

The lark is flickering in the light;
Still the nightingale doth sing;—
All the isle, alive with spring,
Lies, a jewel of delight,
On the blue sea's heaving breast:
Not a breath from out the west,
But some balmy smell doth bring
From the sprouting myrtle buds,
Or from meadowy vales that lie
Like a green inverted sky,
Which the yellow cowslip stars,
And the bloomy almond woods,
Cloud-like, cross with roseate bars.
All is life that I can spy,
To the farthest sea and sky,
And my own the only pain
Within this ring of Tyrrhene main.

In the gnarled and cloven pine
Where that hell-born hag did chain me,
All this orb of cloudless shine,
All this youth in Nature's veins
Tingling with the season's wine,
With a sharper torment pain me.
Pansies in soft April rains
Fill their stalks with honeyed sap
Drawn from Earth's prolific lap;
But the sluggish blood she brings
To the tough pine's hundred rings,
Closer locks their cruel hold,
Closer draws the scaly bark
Round the crevice, damp and cold,
Where my useless wings I fold,—
Sealing me in iron dark.
By this coarse and alien state
Is my dainty essence wronged;
Finer senses that belonged
To my freedom, chafe at Fate,
Till the happier elves I hate,

Who in moonlight dances turn
Underneath the palmy fern,
Or in light and twinkling bands
Follow on with linkèd hands
To the ocean's yellow sands.

Primrose-eyes each morning ope
In their cool deep beds of grass;
Violets make the airs that pass
Telltales of their fragrant slope.
I can see them where they spring,
Never brushed by fairy wing.
All those corners I can spy
In the island's solitude,
Where the dew is never dry,
Nor the miser bees intrude.
Cups of rarest hue are there,
Full of perfumed wine undrained,—
Mushroom banquets, ne'er profaned,
Canopied by maiden-hair.

Pearls I see upon the sands,
Never touched by other hands;
And the rainbow bubbles shine
On the ridged and frothy brine,
Tenantless of voyager
Till they burst in vacant air.
Oh, the songs that sung might be,
And the mazy dances woven,
Had that witch ne'er crossed the sea
And the pine been never cloven!

Many years my direst pain
Has made the wave-rocked isle complain.
Winds that from the Cyclades
Came to blow in wanton riot
Round its shore's enchanted quiet,
Bore my wailings on the seas;
Sorrowing birds in Autumn went
Through the world with my lament.
Still the bitter fate is mine,
All delight unshared to see,
Smarting in the cloven pine,
While I wait the tardy axe
Which perchance shall set me free
From the damned witch Sycorax.

BEDOUIN SONG

FROM the Desert I come to thee
On a stallion shod with fire;
And the winds are left behind
In the speed of my desire.
Under thy window I stand,
And the midnight hears my cry:
I love thee, I love but thee,
With a love that shall not die
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment
Book unfold!

Look from thy window and see
My passion and my pain;
I lie on the sands below,
And I faint in thy disdain.
Let the night-winds touch thy brow
With the heat of my burning sigh,
And melt thee to hear the vow
Of a love that shall not die
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment
Book unfold!

My steps are nightly driven
By the fever in my breast,
To hear from thy lattice breathed
The word that shall give me rest.
Open the door of thy heart,
And open thy chamber door,
And my kisses shall teach thy lips
The love that shall fade no more
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment
Book unfold!

HYLAS

STORM-WEARIED Argo slept upon the water.
No cloud was seen; on blue and craggy Ida
The hot noon lay, and on the plain's enamel;
Cool, in his bed, alone, the swift Scamander.
"Why should I haste?" said young and rosy Hylas:
"The seas were rough, and long the way from Colchis.
Beneath the snow-white awning slumbers Jason,
Pillowed upon his tame Thessalian panther;
The shields are piled, the listless oars suspended
On the black thwarts, and all the hairy bondsmen
Doze on the benches. They may wait for water,
Till I have bathed in mountain-born Scamander."

So said, unfilleting his purple chlamys,
And putting down his urn, he stood a moment,
Breathing the faint, warm odor of the blossoms
That spangled thick the lovely Dardan meadows.
Then stooping lightly, loosened he his buskins,
And felt with shrinking feet the crispy verdure;—
Naked save one light robe that from his shoulder
Hung to his knee, the youthful flush revealing
Of warm white limbs, half-nerved with coming manhood,
Yet fair and smooth with tenderness of beauty.
Now to the river's sandy marge advancing,
He dropped the robe, and raised his head exulting
In the clear sunshine, that with beam embracing
Held him against Apollo's glowing bosom.
For sacred to Latona's son is Beauty,
Sacred is Youth, the joy of youthful feeling.
A joy indeed, a living joy, was Hylas;
Whence Jove-begotten Hêraclês, the mighty,
To men though terrible, to him was gentle,—
Smoothing his rugged nature into laughter
When the boy stole his club, or from his shoulders
Dragged the huge paws of the Nemæan lion.
The thick brown locks, tossed backward from his forehead,
Fell soft about his temples; manhood's blossom
Not yet had sprouted on his chin, but freshly
Curved the fair cheek, and full the red lips, parting,
Like a loose bow, that just has launched its arrow.
His large blue eyes, with joy dilate and beamy,
Were clear as the unshadowed Grecian heaven;
Dewy and sleek his dimpled shoulders rounded

To the white arms and whiter breast between them.
Downward, the supple lines had less of softness:
His back was like a god's; his loins were molded
As if some pulse of power began to waken;
The springy fullness of his thighs, outswerving,
Sloped to his knee, and lightly dropping downward,
Drew the curved lines that breathe, in rest, of motion.

He saw his glorious limbs reversely mirrored
In the still wave, and stretched his foot to press it
On the smooth sole that answered at the surface:
Alas! the shape dissolved in glimmering fragments.
Then, timidly at first, he dipped; and catching
Quick breath, with tingling shudder, as the waters
Swirled round his thighs; and deeper, slowly deeper,
Till on his breast the River's cheek was pillowed;
And deeper still, till every shoreward ripple
Talked in his ear, and like a cygnet's bosom
His white round shoulder shed the dripping crystal.
There, as he floated with a rapturous motion,
The lucid coolness folding close around him,
The lily-cradling ripples murmured, "Hylas!"
He shook from off his ears the hyacinthine
Curls that had lain unwet upon the water,
And still the ripples murmured, "Hylas! Hylas!"
He thought: "The voices are but ear-born music.
Pan dwells not here, and Echo still is calling
From some high cliff that tops a Thracian valley:
So long mine ears, on tumbling Hellespontus,
Have heard the sea waves hammer Argo's forehead,
That I misdeem the fluting of this current
For some lost nymph—" Again the murmur, "Hylas!"
And with the sound a cold smooth arm around him
Slid like a wave, and down the clear green darkness
Glimmered on either side a shining bosom,—
Glimmered, uprising slow; and ever closer
Wound the cold arms, till, climbing to his shoulders,
Their cheeks lay nestled, while the purple tangles
Their loose hair made, in silken mesh enwound him.
Their eyes of clear pale emerald then uplifting,
They kissed his neck with lips of humid coral,
And once again there came a murmur, "Hylas!
Oh, come with us! Oh, follow where we wander
Deep down beneath the green, translucent ceiling,—
Where on the sandy bed of old Scamander

With cool white buds we braid our purple tresses,
Lulled by the bubbling waves around us stealing!
Thou fair Greek boy, oh, come with us! Oh, follow
Where thou no more shalt hear Propontis riot,
But by our arms be lapped in endless quiet,
Within the glimmering caves of Ocean hollow!
We have no love; alone, of all the Immortals,
We have no love. Oh, love us, we who press thee
With faithful arms, though cold,—whose lips caress thee,—
Who hold thy beauty prisoned! Love us, Hylas!"
The boy grew chill to feel their twining pressure
Lock round his limbs, and bear him vainly striving,
Down from the noonday brightness. "Leave me, Naiads!
Leave me!" he cried: "the day to me is dearer
Than all your caves deep-sphered in Ocean's quiet.
I am but mortal, seek but mortal pleasure;
I would not change this flexile, warm existence,
Though swept by storms, and shocked by Jove's dread thunder,
To be a king beneath the dark-green waters."
Still moaned the human lips, between their kisses,
"We have no love. Oh, love us, we who love thee!"
And came in answer, thus, the words of Hylas:—
"My love is mortal. For the Argive maidens
I keep the kisses which your lips would ravish.
Unlock your cold white arms; take from my shoulder
The tangled swell of your bewildering tresses.
Let me return: the wind comes down from Ida,
And soon the galley, stirring from her slumber,
Will fret to ride where Pelion's twilight shadow
Falls o'er the towers of Jason's sea-girt city.
I am not yours: I cannot braid the lilies
In your wet hair, nor on your argent bosoms
Close my drowsed eyes to hear your rippling voices.
Hateful to me your sweet, cold, crystal being,—
Your world of watery quiet. Help, Apollo!
For I am thine: thy fire, thy beam, thy music,
Dance in my heart and flood my sense with rapture!
The joy, the warmth and passion now awaken,
Promised by thee, but erewhile calmly sleeping.
Oh, leave me, Naiads! loose your chill embraces,
Or I shall die, for mortal maidens pining."
But still with unrelenting arms they bound him,
And still, accordant, flowed their watery voices:—
"We have thee now,—we hold thy beauty prisoned,
Oh, come with us beneath the emerald waters!

We have no love: we have thee, rosy Hylas.
Oh, love us, who shall nevermore release thee;
Love us, whose milky arms will be thy cradle
Far down on the untroubled sands of ocean,
Where now we bear thee, clasped in our embraces."
And slowly, slowly sank the amorous Naiads:
The boy's blue eyes, upturned, looked through the water,
Pleading for help; but Heaven's immortal Archer
Was swathed in cloud. The ripples hid his forehead,
And last, the thick bright curls a moment floated,
So warm and silky that the stream upbore them,
Closing reluctant, as he sank forever.
The sunset died behind the crags of Imbros.
Argo was tugging at her chain; for freshly
Flew the swift breeze, and leaped the restless billows.
The voice of Jason roused the dozing sailors,
And up the mast was heaved the snowy canvas.
But mighty Hêraclês, the Jove-begotten,
Unmindful stood beside the cool Scamander,
Leaning upon his club. A purple chlamys
Tossed o'er an urn was all that lay before him:
And when he called, expectant, "Hylas! Hylas!"
The empty echoes made him answer, "Hylas!"

THE SONG OF THE CAMP

"GIVE us a song!" the soldiers cried,
The outer trenches guarding,
When the heated guns of the camps allied
Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff,
Lay, grim and threatening, under;
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff
No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. A guardsman said,
"We storm the forts to-morrow:
Sing while we may,—another day
Will bring enough of sorrow."

They lay along the battery's side,
Below the smoking cannon:
Brave hearts, from Severn and from Clyde
And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love, and not of fame;
Forgot was Britain's glory:
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang 'Annie Laurie.'

Voice after voice caught up the song,
Until its tender passion
Rose like an anthem, rich and strong,—
Their battle-eve confession.

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak;
But as the song grew louder,
Something upon the soldier's cheek
Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned
The bloody sunset's embers,
While the Crimean valleys learned
How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell
Rained on the Russian quarters,
With scream of shot, and burst of shell,
And bellowing of the mortars!

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim
For a singer, dumb and gory;
And English Mary mourns for him
Who sang of Annie Laurie.

Sleep, soldiers! still in honored rest
Your truth and valor wearing:
The bravest are the tenderest,—
The loving are the daring.

SIR HENRY TAYLOR

(1800–1886)

THE modern English drama of literary significance is too scant to make it easy to overlook so sterling a performance as Sir Henry Taylor's 'Philip Van Artevelde.' Taylor was a poet by deliberation and culture rather than by creative necessity. But he devoted himself with a calm singleness of purpose to literature for a long term of years; and his work was always self-respecting, careful, and artistically acceptable. He did his share in lending dignity to letters. His career was fortunate in allowing him to exercise his poetic talent in quiet ease; and the solid quality and considerable extent of his literary endeavor are to show for it. Of course his vogue is not now what it once was. Professor Saintsbury has pointed out that whereas he was much quoted between 1835 and 1865, he has been little quoted by the generation coming between 1865 and 1895. But this is only the common fate of all but the greatest. 'Philip Van Artevelde,' Taylor's masterpiece, will remain one of the most notable achievements in the English historical drama of the first half of the nineteenth century. It may be added that in the lyric snatches imbedded in his plays, he sometimes strikes a rare note,—one that sends the reader back to Elizabethan days. These perfect songs are few in number, but sufficient to stamp their maker as a true poet in his degree.

Henry Taylor was born at Bishop Middleham, Durham, England, on October 18th, 1800. He came of a family of small land-owners. He entered the navy as a lad, and was a midshipman for some months. But this life he did not take to; and after four years in the storekeeper's department, he found his true place in entering the Colonial Office. He went in as a young man of twenty-four; he remained well-nigh a half-century, became an important figure, and acquired property. Taylor exercised much influence in his relation to government: a fact indicated by the offer of Under-Secretaryship of State in 1847, which he declined, and by his being knighted in 1869. His employment left him the leisure necessary to carry on his literary work tranquilly, as an avocation. Dramatic writing constitutes the bulk and the best of his efforts. He began when twenty-seven with the play 'Isaac Comnenus' (1827), which was not well received. But seven years later, 'Philip Van Artevelde' won great success;

deservedly, since it is by far his finest production. Other dramas are the historical 'Edwin the Fair' (1842), the romantic comedy 'The Virgin Widow' (1850), and 'St. Clement's Eve' (1862). His essays on political and literary topics are gathered in the three volumes 'The Statesman' (1836), 'Notes from Life' (1847), and 'Notes from Books' (1849). His non-dramatic verse appears in 'The Eve of the Conquest, and Other Poems' (1847), and in 'A Sicilian Summer, and Minor Poems' (1868), of which the title-piece is the already noted 'The Virgin Widow' under another name.

'Philip Van Artevelde' is a historical drama in two parts, or two five-act plays. Its length alone would preclude its production in a theatre; but in all respects it is a closet drama, to be read rather than enacted upon the stage. It makes use of the fourteenth-century Flemish struggle, in which Van Artevelde was a protagonist; the first play carrying the leader to his height of power, the second conducting him to his downfall and death. Taylor has a feeling for character; he gets the spirit of the age, and writes vigorous blank verse, rising at times to an incisive strength and nobility of diction which suggests the Elizabethans. The sympathetic handling of 'Philip Van Artevelde' has been explained by the fact that certain incidents in the Fleming's career — those having to do with his love — tally with Taylor's own subjective experiences. 'Philip Van Artevelde' is weakest on the purely dramatic side: as a study and description of character in an interesting historical setting, it is admirable, — a drama that can always be read with pleasure. The lyrics it contains show the author at his happiest in this kind.

The works of Sir Henry Taylor were published in five volumes in 1868. His very entertaining biography appeared in 1885, the Correspondence following in 1888. He died on March 28th, 1886, at Bournemouth, where he spent his final days in the sun of general esteem and regard. He had attained to the good old age of nearly eighty-six.

SONG

Down lay in a nook my lady's brach,
And said, "My feet are sore,—
I cannot follow with the pack
A-hunting of the boar.

"And though the horn sounds never so clear
With the hounds in loud uproar,
Yet I must stop and lie down here,
Because my feet are sore."

The huntsman when he heard the same,
What answer did he give?—
"The dog that's lame is much to blame,
He is not fit to live."

ARETINA'S SONG

From 'A Sicilian Summer'

I'm a bird that's free
Of the land and sea;
I wander whither I will;
But oft on the wing
I falter and sing,
O fluttering heart, be still,
Be still,
O fluttering heart, be still!

I'm wild as the wind,
But soft and kind,
And wander whither I may;
The eyebright sighs,
And says with its eyes,
Thou wandering wind, oh stay,
Oh stay,
Thou wandering wind, oh stay!

TO H. C.

(In Reply)

It may be folly,—they are free
Who think it so, to laugh or blame,—
But single sympathies to me
Are more than fame.

The glen and not the mountain-top
I love; and though its date be brief,
I snatch the rose you send, and drop
The laurel leaf.

THE FAMINE

From 'Philip Van Artevelde'

ARTEVELDE — Now render me account of what befell
Where thou hast been to-day.
Clara — Not much is that.
I paid a visit first to Ukenheim,
The man who whilome saved our father's life
When certain Clementists and ribald folk
Assailed him at Malines. He came last night,
And said he knew not if we owed him aught;
But if we did, a peck of oatmeal now
Would pay the debt and save more lives than one.
I went. It seemed a wealthy man's abode:
The costly drapery and good house-gear
Had, in an ordinary time, made known
That with the occupant the world went well.
By a low couch, curtained with cloth of frieze,
Sat Ukenheim, a famine-stricken man,
With either bony fist upon his knees
And his long back upright. His eyes were fixed
And moved not, though some gentle words I spake:
Until a little urchin of a child
That called him father, crept to where he sat
And plucked him by the sleeve, and with its small
And skinny finger pointed; then he rose
And with a low obeisance, and a smile
That looked like watery moonlight on his face,
So pale and weak a smile, he bade me welcome.
I told him that a lading of wheat-flour
Was on its way; whereat, to my surprise,
His countenance fell, and he had almost wept.
Artevelde — Poor soul! and wherefore?
Clara — That I saw too soon.
He plucked aside the curtain of the couch,
And there two children's bodies lay composed.
They seemed like twins of some ten years of age,
And they had died so nearly both at once
He scarce could say which first; and being dead,
He put them, for some fanciful affection,
Each with its arm about the other's neck,
So that a fairer sight I had not seen
Than those two children with their little faces
So thin and wan, so calm and sad and sweet.

I looked upon them long, and for a while
I wished myself their sister, and to lie
With them in death as with each other they;
I thought that there was nothing in the world
I could have loved so much; and then I wept:
And when he saw I wept, his own tears fell,
And he was sorely shaken and convulsed
Through weakness of his frame and his great grief.

Artevelde — Much pity was it he so long deferred
To come to us for aid.

Clara — It was indeed;
But whatsoe'er had been his former pride,
He seemed a humble and heart-broken man.
He thanked me much for what I said was sent,
But I knew well his thanks were for my tears.
He looked again upon the children's couch,
And said, low down, they wanted nothing now.
So, to turn off his eyes and change his mood,
I drew the small survivor of the three
Before him, and he snatched it up, and soon
Seemed lost and quite forgetful; and with that
I stole away.

VENGEANCE ON THE TRAITORS

From 'Philip Van Artevelde'

ARTEVELDE — I thank you, sirs; I knew it could not be
But men like you must listen to the truth.
Sirs, ye have heard these knights discourse to you
Of your ill fortunes, numbering in their glee
The worthy leaders ye have lately lost.
True, they were worthy men, most gallant chiefs,
And ill would it become us to make light
Of the great loss we suffer by their fall:
They died like heroes: for no recreant step
Had e'er dishonored them, — no stain of fear,
No base despair, no cowardly recoil;
They had the hearts of freemen to the last,
And the free blood that bounded in their veins
Was shed for freedom with a liberal joy.
But had they guessed, or could they but have dreamed,
The great examples which they died to show
Should fall so flat, should shine so fruitless here,

That men should say, "For liberty these died,
Wherefore let us be slaves,"—had they thought this,
Oh then with what an agony of shame,
Their blushing faces buried in the dust,
Had their great spirits parted hence for heaven!
What! shall we teach our chroniclers henceforth
To write that in five bodies were contained
The sole brave hearts of Ghent! which five defunct,
The heartless town by brainless counsel led
Delivered up her keys, stript off her robes,
And so with all humility besought
Her haughty lord to scourge her lightly! No,
It shall not be—no, verily! for now,
Thus looking on you as ye gather round,
Mine eyes can single out full many a man
Who lacks but opportunity to shine
As great and glorious as the chiefs that fell.
But lo, the earl is mercifully moved!
And surely if we, rather than revenge
The slaughter of our bravest, cry them shame,
And fall upon our knees, and say we've sinned,
Then will the earl take pity on his thralls
And pardon us our letch for liberty!
What pardon it shall be, if we know not,
Yet Ypres, Courtray, Grammont, Bruges, they know;
For never can those towns forget the day
When by the hangman's hands five hundred men,
The bravest of each guild, were done to death
In those base butcheries that he called pardons.
And did it seal their pardons, all this blood?
Had they the earl's good love from that time forth?
O sirs! look round you lest ye be deceived:
Forgiveness may be written with the pen,
But think not that the parchment-and-mouth pardon
Will e'er eject old hatreds from the heart.
There's that betwixt you been, men ne'er forget
Till they forget themselves, till all's forgot;
Till the deep sleep falls on them in that bed
From which no morrow's mischief knocks them up.
There's that betwixt you been, which you yourselves,
Should ye forget, would then not be yourselves;
For must it not be thought some base men's souls
Have ta'en the seats of yours and turned you out,
If in the coldness of a craven heart
Ye should forgive this bloody-minded man

For all his black and murderous monstrous crimes?
Think of your mariners,—three hundred men,—
After long absence in the Indian seas,
Upon their peaceful homeward voyage bound,
And now, all dangers conquered as they thought,
Warping the vessels up their native stream,
Their wives and children waiting them at home
In joy, with festal preparations made,—
Think of these mariners, their eyes torn out,
Their hands chopped off, turned staggering into Ghent
To meet the blasted eyesight of their friends!
And was not this the earl? 'Twas none but he!
No Hauterive of them all had dared to do it
Save at the express instance of the earl.
And now what asks he? Pardon me, sir knights,
[*To Grutt and Bette.*
I had forgotten, looking back and back
From felony to felony foregoing,
This present civil message which ye bring:
Three hundred citizens to be surrendered
Up to that mercy which I tell you of,—
That mercy which your mariners proved,—which steeped
Courtray and Ypres, Grammont, Bruges, in blood!
Three hundred citizens—a secret list:
No man knows who; not one can say he's safe;
Not one of you so humble but that still
The malice of some secret enemy
May whisper him to death;—and hark—look to it!
Have some of you seemed braver than their peers,
Their courage is their surest condemnation;
They are marked men—and not a man stands here
But may be so.—Your pardon, sirs, again!
[*To Grutt and Bette.*
You are the pickers and the choosers here,
And doubtless you're all safe, ye think—ha! ha!
But we have picked and chosen, too, sir knights.
What was the law for, I made yesterday?
What! is it you that would deliver up
Three hundred citizens to certain death?
Ho! Van den Bosch! have at these traitors: there!
[*Stabs Grutt, who falls.*

Van den Bosch—

Die, treasonable dog! is that enough?
Down, felon, and plot treacheries in hell.
[*Stabs Bette.*

ARTEVELDE REFUSES TO DISMISS ELENA

From 'Philip Van Artevelde'

Scene: Van Artevelde's Tent in the Flemish Camp before Oudenarde. Present, Elena *and* Cecile.

ELENA (*singing*)

QUOTH tongue of neither maid nor wife
To heart of neither wife nor maid,
"Lead we not here a jolly life
Betwixt the shine and shade?"

Quoth heart of neither maid nor wife
To tongue of neither wife nor maid,
"Thou wag'st; but I am worn with strife,
And feel like flowers that fade."

There was truth in that, Cecile.

Cecile— Fie on such truth!
Rather than that my heart spoke truth in dumps,
I'd have it what it is,—a merry liar.

Elena— Yes, you are right: I would that I were merry!
Not for my own particular, God knows:
But for his cheer,—he needs to be enlivened;
And for myself in him, because I know
That often he must think me dull and dry,—
I am so heavy-hearted, and at times
Outright incapable of speech. Oh me!
I was not made to please.

Cecile— Yourself, my lady.
'Tis true, to please yourself you were not made,
Being truly by yourself most hard to please:
But speak for none beside; for you were made,
Come gleam or gloom, all others to enchant,
Wherein you never fail.

Elena— Yes, but I do:
How can I please him when I cannot speak?
When he is absent I am full of thought,
And fruitful in expression inwardly;
And fresh and free and cordial is the flow
Of my ideal and unheard discourse,
Calling him in my heart endearing names,
Familiarly fearless. But alas!
No sooner is he present than my thoughts
Are breathless and bewitched; and stunted so
In force and freedom, that I ask myself

Whether I think at all, or feel, or live,
So senseless am I!

Cecile — Heed not that, my lady:
Men heed it not; I never heard of one
That quarreled with his lady for not talking.
I have had lovers more than I can count,
And some so quarrelsome a slap in the face
Would make them hang themselves, if you'd believe them:
But for my slackness in the matter of speech
They ne'er reproached me; no, the testiest of them
Ne'er fished a quarrel out of that.

Elena — Thy swains
Might bear their provocations in that kind,
Yet not of silence prove themselves enamored.
But mark you this, Cecile: your grave and wise
And melancholy men, if they have souls,
As commonly they have, susceptible
Of all impressions, lavish most their love
Upon the blithe and sportive, and on such
As yield their want and chase their sad excess
With jocund salutations, nimble talk,
And buoyant bearing. Would that I were merry.
Mirth have I valued not before; but now,
What would I give to be the laughing fount
Of gay imagination's ever bright
And sparkling fantasies! Oh, all I have
(Which is not nothing, though I prize it not),—
My understanding soul, my brooding sense,
My passionate fancy; and the gift of gifts
Dearest to woman, which deflowering Time,
Slow ravisher, from clenched'st fingers wrings,
My corporal beauty,—would I barter now
For such an antic and exulting spirit
As lives in lively women.—Who comes hither?

Cecile — 'Tis the old friar: he they sent abroad;
That ancient man so yellow! Od's my life!
He's yellower than he went. Note but his look:
His rind's the color of a moldy walnut.
Troth! his complexion is no wholesomer
Than a sick frog's.

Elena — Be silent: he will hear.

Cecile — It makes me ill to look at him.

Elena — Hush! hush!

Cecile — It makes me very ill.

Enter Father John of Heda

Father John— Your pardon, lady:
I seek the Regent.
Elena— Please you, sit awhile:
He comes anon.
Father John— This tent is his?
Elena— It is.
Father John—
And likewise yours.—[*Aside.*] Yea, this is as I heard.
A wily woman hither sent from France.
Alas, alas, how frail the state of man!
How weak the strongest! This is such a fall
As Samson suffered.
Cecile [*aside to Elena*]— How the friar croaks!
What gibbering is this?
Elena— May we not deem
Your swift return auspicious? Sure it denotes
A prosperous mission?
Father John— What I see and hear
Of sinful courses, and of nets and snares
Encompassing the feet of them that once
Were steadfast deemed, speaks only to my heart
Of coming judgments.
Cecile— What I see and hear
Of naughty friars and of—
Elena— Peace, Cecile!
Go to your chamber: you forget yourself.
Father, your words afflict me.

[*Exit Cecile.*

Enter Artevelde

Artevelde [*as he enters*]— Who is it says
That Father John is come? Ah! here he is.
Give me your hand, good father! For your news,
Philosophy befriend me that I show
No strange impatience; for your every word
Must touch me in the quick.
Father John— To you alone
Would I address myself.
Artevelde— Nay, heed not her:
She is my privy councilor.
Father John— My Lord,
Such councilors I abjure. My function speaks,

And through me speaks the Master whom I serve;
After strange women them that went astray
God never prospered in the olden time,
Nor will he bless them now. An angry eye
That sleeps not, follows thee till from thy camp
Thou shalt have put away the evil thing.
This in her presence will I say —

Elena — O God!

Father John —

That whilst a foreign leman —

Artevelde — Nay, spare her:

To me say what thou wilt.

Father John — Thus then it is:

This foreign tie is not to Heaven alone
Displeasing, but to those on whose firm faith
Rests under Heaven your all; 'tis good you know
It is offensive to your army; — nay,
And justly, for they deem themselves betrayed,
When circumvented thus by foreign wiles
They see their chief.

Elena — Oh! let me quit the camp.

Misfortune follows wheresoe'er I come;
My destiny on whomsoe'er I love
Alights: it shall not, Artevelde, on thee;
For I will leave thee to thy better star
And pray for thee aloof.

Father John — Thou shalt do well

For him and for thyself: the camp is now
A post of danger.

Elena — Artevelde! O God!

In such an hour as this — in danger's hour —
How can I quit thee?

Father John — Dost thou ask? I say,

As thou wouldst make his danger less or more,
Depart or stay. The universal camp,
Nay more, the towns of Flanders, are agape
With tales of sorceries, witcheries, and spells,
That blind their chief and yield him up a prey
To treasons foul. How much is true or false
I know not and I say not; but this truth
I sorrowfully declare, — that ill repute
And sin and shame grow up with every hour
That sees you linked together in these bonds
Of spurious love.

Elena — Father, enough is said.
Clerk's eyes nor soldier's will I more molest
By tarrying here. Seek other food to feed
Your pious scorn and pertinent suspicions.
Alien from grace and sinful though I be,
Yet is there room to wrong me. I will go,
Lest this injustice done to me work harm
Unto my lord the Regent.

Artevelde — Hold, I say;
Give me a voice in this. You, Father John,
I blame not, nor myself will justify;
But call my weakness what you will, the time
Is past for reparation. Now to cast off
The partner of my sin were further sin;
'Twere with her first to sin, and next against her.
And for the army, if their trust in me
Be sliding, let it go: I know my course;
And be it armies, cities, people, priests,
That quarrel with my love, wise men or fools,
Friends, foes, or factions, they may swear their oaths,
And make their murmur,— rave, and fret, and fear,
Suspect, admonish,— they but waste their rage,
Their wits, their words, their counsel: here I stand
Upon the deep foundations of my faith
To this fair outcast plighted; and the storm
That princes from their palaces shakes out,
Though it should turn and head me, should not strain
The seeming silken texture of this tie.—
To business next: Nay, leave us not, beloved,—
I will not have thee go as one suspect;
Stay and hear all. Father, forgive my heat,
And do not deem me stubborn. Now at once
The English news?

Father John — Your deeds upon your head!
Be silent my surprise — be told my tale.

JEREMY TAYLOR

(1613–1667)

BY T. W. HIGGINSON

HAWTHORNE once pointed out the intrinsic perishableness of all volumes of sermons; and the fact that goes farthest to refute this theory is the permanent readableness of Jeremy Taylor. Not always profound as a thinker, and not consistent in that large theory of religious liberty in which he surpassed his times, he holds his own by pure beauty of rhetoric, wealth of imagination, and abundant ardor of mind. Coleridge calls him "most eloquent of divines;" adding further, "had I said 'of men,' Cicero would forgive me, and Demosthenes add assent." So beautiful is Taylor's imagery, so free the motion of his wings in upper air, that when he once appeals to the reader with a sentence beginning "So have I seen," it is impossible to withdraw attention until the whole series of prolonged and balanced clauses comes to an end. Like other fine rhetoricians, he has also a keen ear for rhetoric in others; and his ample notes preserve for us many fine and pithy Greek or Latin or Italian sentences, which otherwise might have faded even from human memory. Indeed, his two most carefully prepared works, 'Holy Living' and 'Holy Dying,' need to be read twice with different ends in view: once for the text, and once for the accompanying quotations.

JEREMY TAYLOR

Jeremy Taylor, the son of a Cambridge barber, was born on August 15th, 1613, took his degrees at the University (Caius College), where he was also a fellow; and afterwards obtained through Archbishop Laud a fellowship at Oxford (All Souls). He later became rector at Uppingham, and was twice married; his second wife, Joanna Bridges, being, in the opinion of Bishop Heber, an illegitimate daughter of Charles I. when Prince of Wales. His first work, published in 1642, bore the curious name of 'Episcopacy Asserted against the Acephali and Aërians New and Old,' and hardly gave a hint of his future

reputation. He is thought to have served as chaplain during the civil war, and was impoverished by that great convulsion, as were so many others; becoming later a schoolmaster in Wales. Here he was befriended by Richard Vaughan, Earl of Carbery, whose residence «Golden Grove» affords a title to Taylor's manual of devotion, published in 1655. This, with the other works by which the author is now best known, was prepared during his retirement from the world, between 1647 and 1660. 'The Liberty of Prophesying' (1655) was far above the prevalent opinions of the time, or indeed of any time. In this he sets aside all grounds of authority except the words of Scripture, placing reason above even those; and denies the right of civil government to exercise discipline over opinions. The fact that he was three times in his life imprisoned for his own utterances may well have strengthened this liberality; but unfortunately it did not prevent him, when after the Restoration he became Bishop of Down and Connor, from ejecting thirty-six ministers from their pulpits for doctrines too strongly Presbyterian. He was capable even of very questionable casuistry; justified the Israelites for spoiling the Egyptians, maintained that private evil might be employed for the public good, and that we may rightfully employ reasonings which we know to be unfounded. This was in a book expressly designed as a guide to learners,—the 'Ductor Dubitantium, or the Rule of Conscience in all her General Measures' (1660).

Taylor's whole theory of religious liberty may be found summed up in one passage, which heads the series of selections that follow in this volume; and which may be thus condensed still further: No man, he thinks, can be trusted to judge for others unless he be infallible,—which no man is. It is, however, perfectly legitimate for men to choose guides who shall judge for them; only it is to be remembered that those thus choosing have not got rid of the responsibility of selection, since they select the guides. The best course for a man, Taylor also points out, is to follow his guide while his own reason is satisfied, and no farther; since no man can escape this responsibility without doing willful violence to his own nature. Reason is thus necessarily the final arbiter; and all things else — Scriptures, traditions, councils, and fathers — afford merely the evidences in the question, while reason remains and must remain the judge. It is needless to say that in this statement every vestige of infallible authority is swept away.

In handling practical questions, Jeremy Taylor displays an equal freedom from traditional bondage. In dealing with the difficult subject of marriage, for instance, it is to be noticed that he places the two parties, ordinarily, on more equal terms than English usage, or even the accustomed discipline of the English Church, has recognized;

and that his exhortations are usually addressed to both parties as if they stood on equal terms. «Let them be sure to abstain from all those things which by experience and observation they find to be contrary to each other.» Again he says, «Man and wife are equally concerned to avoid all offenses of each other in the beginning of their conversation;» and all his suggestions of caution and self-restraint apply alike to both parties. The same justness and humane sympathy extend to his remarks on children: who, as he observes, have tenderer feeling and greater suffering in respect to their senses; and are not fortified by the results of long experience, as grown persons are, nor have they heard the instructive words of philosophers, or acquired the habit of setting their blessings against their sorrows: and yet they «wade through the storm and murmur not,» and give an example to their elders.

His supreme wisdom is shown, however, in all his discussion of the trials and cares of life, and of the means of defying them. No one has painted quite so vividly the difference between the cares that come with increased wealth or office, and the peace that dwells in humble stations. «They that admire the happiness of a prosperous prevailing tyrant, know not the felicities that dwell in innocent hearts, and poor cottagers, and small fortunes.» He thinks that man miserable who has no adversity; and virtues, he says, are but in the seed at first, and need heat and cold, showers as well as sunshine, before they can be of any value. God himself, he boldly says, «loves to see us struggling with a disease, and resisting the Devil, and contesting against the weaknesses of nature.» The gladiators of old did not cry or complain; the soldier stands at his post through everything. It is to Taylor that we chiefly owe the attention latterly attracted to the oft-quoted saying of Xenophon, that the same labors are easier to the general officer than to the common soldier, because the former is «supported by the huge appetites of honor.» Again, reasoning more minutely, he points out that in most forms of grief or pain, we deal with it only, as it were, from moment to moment, and can therefore meet it with strength supplied at the same short intervals. There is rarely a cumulative or composite pain; but it flows «like the drops of a river or the little shreds of time.» Each duty can thus be mastered, if we will but make sure of the present moment.

All these things show that Jeremy Taylor had not lived for nothing through the ordeal of a civil war; that he was not merely a gentle and placid dweller amid the calms of life, but had encountered its storms with an equal mind. They still show you, at Chepstow Castle, the room where he was imprisoned; and his kindred in the little city still boast of the period as an honor. That he was patient in adversity cannot be denied; although it may be that when

his turn of prosperity and power came, he was not always mindful of his own broad theories. Nevertheless, a halo of purity and elevation will always hallow his name. A portrait of him hangs in All Souls College at Oxford; and this, like all the pictures of him, justifies the tradition of personal beauty so long attributed to Taylor. The legend seems appropriate to the charm of his style; and recalls the opinion expressed by Dr. Parr,—that Hooker may be the object of our reverence, and Barrow of our admiration, but that Jeremy Taylor will always be the object of our love.

T. W. Higginson

OF THE AUTHORITY OF REASON

From the 'Liberty of Prophesying'

Here then I consider, that although no man may be trusted to judge for all others, unless this person were infallible and authorized so to do,—which no man nor no company of men is,—yet every man may be trusted to judge for himself;—I say, every man that can judge at all: as for others, they are to be saved as it pleaseth God;—but those that can judge at all must either choose their guides who shall judge for them,—and then they oftentimes do the wisest, and always save themselves a labor, but then they choose too: or if they be persons of great understanding, then they are to choose for themselves in particular what the others do in general, and by choosing their guide. And for this, any man may be better trusted for himself than any man can be for another: for in this case his own interest is most concerned; and ability is not so necessary as honesty, which certainly every man will best preserve in his own case, and to himself,—and if he does not, it is he that must smart for 't: and it is not required of us not to be in error, but that we endeavor to avoid it.

He that follows his guide so far as his reason goes along with him, or—which is all one—he that follows his own reason (not guided only by natural arguments, but by divine revelation and all other good means), hath great advantages over him that gives himself wholly to follow any human guide whatsoever; because he follows all their reasons, and his own too: he follows them till reason leaves them, or till it seems so to him,—which is all one

to his particular; for by the confession of all sides, an erroneous conscience binds him when a right guide does not bind him. But he that gives himself up wholly to a guide is oftentimes (I mean if he be a discerning person) forced to do violence to his own understanding, and to lose all the benefit of his own discretion, that he may reconcile his reason to his guide. . . .

So that Scripture, traditions, councils, and fathers are the evidence in a question, but reason is the judge: that is, we being the persons that are to be persuaded, we must see that we be persuaded reasonably; and it is unreasonable to assent to a lesser evidence when a greater and clearer is propounded.

THE TRUE PROSPERITY

From Sermon: 'Faith and Patience of the Saints'

IS THAT man prosperous who hath stolen a rich robe, and is in fear to have his throat cut for it, and is fain to defend it with greatest difficulty and the greatest danger? Does not he drink more sweetly that takes his beverage in an earthen vessel, than he that looks and searches into his golden chalices for fear of poison, and looks pale at every sudden noise, and sleeps in armor, and trusts nobody, and does not trust God for his safety, but does greater wickedness only to escape awhile unpunished for his former crimes? "*Auro bibitur venenum.*" No man goes about to poison a poor man's pitcher, nor lays plots to forage his little garden, made for the hospital of two beehives and the feasting of a few Pythagorean herb-eaters. They that admire the happiness of a prosperous, prevailing tyrant know not the felicities that dwell in innocent hearts, and poor cottagers, and small fortunes.

And so have I often seen young and unskillful persons sitting in a little boat, when every little wave sporting about the sides of the vessel, and every motion and dancing of the barge, seemed a danger, and made them cling fast upon their fellows; and yet all the while they were as safe as if they sat under a tree, while a gentle wind shook the leaves into a refreshment and a cooling shade. And the unskillful, inexperienced Christian shrieks out whenever his vessel shakes, thinking it always a danger that the watery pavement is not stable and resident like a

rock: and yet all his danger is in himself, none at all from without; for he is indeed moving upon the waters, but fastened to a rock: faith is his foundation, and hope is his anchor, and death is his harbor, and Christ is his pilot, and heaven is his country. And all the evils of poverty and affronts, of tribunals and evil judges, of fears and sadder apprehensions, are but like the loud wind blowing from the right point,—they make a noise, and drive faster to the harbor; and if we do not leave the ship and leap into the sea, quit the interests of religion and run to the securities of the world, cut our cables and dissolve our hopes, grow impatient and hug a wave, and die in its embraces,—we are as safe at sea; safer in the storm which God sends us than in a calm wind when we are befriended by the world.

THE MERITS OF ADVERSITY

From 'Rules and Exercises of Holy Dying'

No man is more miserable than he that hath no adversity,—that man is not tried whether he be good or bad: and God never crowns those virtues which are only faculties and dispositions; but every act of virtue is an ingredient into reward. And we see many children fairly planted, whose parts of nature were never dressed by art, nor called from the furrows of their first possibilities by discipline and institution, and they dwell forever in ignorance, and converse with beasts; and yet if they had been dressed and exercised, might have stood at the chairs of princes, or spoken parables amongst the rulers of cities. Our virtues are but in the seed when the grace of God comes upon us first; but this grace must be thrown into broken furrows, and must twice feel the cold and twice feel the heat, and be softened with storms and showers, and then it will arise into fruitfulness and harvests. And what is there in the world to distinguish virtues from dishonors, or the valor of Cæsar from the softness of the Egyptian eunuchs, or that can make anything rewardable but the labor and the danger, the pain and the difficulty? Virtue could not be anything but sensuality if it were the entertainment of our senses and fond desires; and Apicius had been the noblest of all the Romans, if feeding and great appetite and despising the severities of temperance had been the work and proper employment of a wise man. But otherwise do

fathers and otherwise do mothers handle their children. These soften them with kisses and imperfect noises, with the pap and breast-milk of soft endearments; they rescue them from tutors and snatch them from discipline; they desire to keep them fat and warm, and their feet dry, and their bellies full: and then the children govern, and cry, and prove fools and troublesome, so long as the feminine republic does endure. But fathers — because they design to have their children wise and valiant, apt for counsel or for arms — send them to severe governments, and tie them to study, to hard labor, and afflictive contingencies. They rejoice when the bold boy strikes a lion with his hunting-spear, and shrinks not when the beast comes to affright his early courage. Softness is for slaves and beasts, for minstrels and useless persons, for such who cannot ascend higher than the state of a fair ox or a servant entertained for vainer offices; but the man that designs his son for nobler employments,—to honors and to triumphs, to consular dignities and presidencies of councils,— loves to see him pale with study or panting with labor, hardened with suffrance or eminent by dangers. And so God dresses us for heaven: he loves to see us struggling with a disease, and resisting the Devil, and contesting against the weaknesses of nature, and against hope to believe in hope,—resigning ourselves to God's will, praying him to choose for us, and dying in all things but faith and its blessed consequents; *ut ad officium cum periculo sinus prompti* — and the danger and the resistance shall endear the office. For so have I known the boisterous north wind pass through the yielding air, which opened its bosom, and appeased its violence by entertaining it with easy compliance in all the region of its reception; but when the same breath of heaven hath been checked with the stiffness of a tower, or the united strength of a wood, it grew mighty and dwelt there, and made the highest branches stoop and make a smooth path for it on the top of all its glories.

THE POWER OF ENDURANCE

From 'Rules and Exercises of Holy Dying'

If we consider how much men can suffer if they list, and how much they do suffer for great and little causes, and that no causes are greater than the proper causes of patience and sickness,—that is, necessity and religion,—we cannot without

huge shame to our nature, to our persons, and to our manners, complain of this tax and impost of nature. This experience added something to the old philosophy. When the gladiators were exposed naked to each other's short swords, and were to cut each other's souls away in portions of flesh, as if their forms had been as divisible as the life of worms, they did not sigh or groan: it was a shame to decline the blow but according to the just measures of art. The women that saw the wound shriek out, and he that receives it holds his peace. He did not only stand bravely, but would also fall so; and when he was down, scorned to shrink his head when the insolent conqueror came to lift it from his shoulders: and yet this man in his first design only aimed at liberty, and the reputation of a good fencer; and when he sunk down, he saw he could only receive the honor of a bold man, the noise of which he shall never hear when his ashes are crammed in his narrow urn. And what can we complain of the weakness of our strengths, or the pressures of diseases, when we see a poor soldier stand in a breach almost starved with cold and hunger, and his cold apt to be relieved only by the heats of anger, a fever, or a fired musket, and his hunger slaked by a greater pain and a huge fear? This man shall stand in his arms and wounds, *patiens luminis atque solis*, pale and faint, weary and watchful; and at night shall have a bullet pulled out of his flesh, and shivers from his bones, and endure his mouth to be sewed up from a violent rent to its own dimensions: and all this for a man whom he never saw, or if he did was not noted by him, but one that shall condemn him to the gallows if he runs from all this misery. It is seldom that God sends such calamities upon men as men bring upon themselves, and suffer willingly. But that which is most considerable is, that any passion and violence upon the spirit of man makes him able to suffer huge calamities with a certain constancy and an unwearied patience. Scipio Africanus was wont to commend that saying in Xenophon, That the same labors of warfare were easier far to a general than to a common soldier; because he was supported by the huge appetites of honor, which made his hard marches nothing but stepping forward and reaching at a triumph.

ON HUSBAND AND WIFE

From Sermon: 'The Marriage Ring'

MAN and wife are equally concerned to avoid all offenses of each other in the beginning of their conversation,—every little thing that can blast an infant blossom: and the breath of the south can shake the little rings of the vine when first they begin to curl like the locks of a new-weaned boy; but when by age and consolidation they stiffen into the hardness of a stem, and have, by the warm embraces of the sun and the kisses of heaven, brought forth their clusters, they can endure the storms of the north, and the loud noises of a tempest, and yet never be broken: so are the early unions of an unfixed marriage,—watchful and observant, jealous and busy, unquisitive and careful, and apt to take alarm at every unkind word. For infirmities do not manifest themselves in the first scenes, but in the succession of a long society; and it is not chance, or weakness when it appears at first, but it is a want of love or prudence, or it will be so expounded; and that which appears ill at first, usually affrights the inexperienced man or woman, who makes unequal conjectures, and fancies mighty sorrows by the proportions of the new and early unkindness. . . .

Let man and wife be careful to stifle little things,—as fast as they spring, they be cut down and trod upon; for if they be suffered to grow by numbers, they make the spirit peevish, and the society troublesome, and the affections loose and easy by an habitual aversion. Some men are more vexed with a fly than with a wound; and when the gnats disturb our sleep, and the reason is disquieted but not perfectly awakened, it is often seen that he is fuller of trouble than if, in the daylight of his reason, he were to contest with a potent enemy. In the frequent little accidents of a family, a man's reason cannot always be awake; and when his discourses are imperfect, and a trifling trouble makes him yet more restless, he is soon betrayed to the violence of passion. It is certain that the man or woman are in a state of weakness and folly then, when they can be troubled with a trifling accident; and therefore it is not good to tempt their affections, when they are in that state of danger. In this case the caution is to subtract fuel from the sudden flame; for stubble, though it be quickly kindled, yet it is as soon extinguished, if it be not blown by a pertinacious breath or fed with new

materials. Add no new provocations to the accident, and do not inflame this, and peace will soon return; and the discontent will pass away soon, as the sparks from the collision of a flint: ever remembering that discontent proceeding from little daily things do breed a secret undiscernible disease, which is more dangerous than a fever proceeding from a discerned notorious surfeit.

Let them be sure to abstain from all those things which by experience and observation they find to be contrary to each other. They that govern elephants never appear before them in white; and the masters of bulls keep from them all garments of blood and scarlet, as knowing that they will be impatient of civil usages and discipline, when their natures are provoked by their proper antipathies. The ancient in their marital hieroglyphics used to depict Mercury standing by Venus, to signify that by fair language and sweet entreaties the minds of each other should be united; and hard by them . . . they would have all deliciousness of manners, compliance, and mutual observance to abide.

THE VALUE OF AN HOUR

From 'Rules and Exercises of Holy Dying'

In taking the accounts of your life, do not reckon by great distances, and by the periods of pleasure, or the satisfaction of your hopes, or the sating your desires; but let every intermedial day and hour pass with observation. He that reckons he hath lived but so many harvests, thinks they come not often enough, and that they go away too soon. Some lose the day with longing for the night, and the night in waiting for the day. Hope and fantastic expectations spend much of our lives; and while with passion we look for a coronation, or the death of an enemy, or a day of joy, passing from fancy to possession without any intermedial notices, we throw away a precious year, and use it but as the burden of our time,—fit to be pared off and thrown away, that we may come at those little pleasures which first steal our hearts, and then steal our life.

LIFE AND DEATH

From 'Rules and Exercises of Holy Dying'

XERXES wept sadly when he saw his army of thirteen hundred thousand men, because he considered that within a hundred years all the youth of that army should be dust and ashes: and yet, as Seneca well observes of him, he was the man that should bring them to their graves; and he consumed all that army in two years, for whom he feared and wept the death after an hundred. Just so do we all.

THE ROSE

From 'Rules and Exercises of Holy Dying'

So have I seen a rose newly springing from the clefts of its hood, and at first it was fair as the morning, and full with the dew of heaven as a lamb's fleece: but when a ruder breath had forced open its virgin modesty, and dismantled its too youthful and unripe retirements, it began to put on darkness, and to decline to softness and the symptoms of a sickly age: it bowed the head, and broke its stalk, and at night having lost some of its leaves and all its beauty, it fell into the portion of weeds and outworn faces. The same is the portion of every man and every woman.

REMEDIES AGAINST IMPATIENCE

From 'Rules and Exercises of Holy Dying'

CERTAIN it is, reason was as well given us to harden our spirits, and stiffen them in passions and sad accidents, as to make us bending and apt for action: and if in men God hath heightened the faculties of apprehension, he hath increased the auxiliaries of reasonable strengths, that God's rod and God's staff might go together; and the beam of God's countenance may as well refresh us with its light as scorch us with its heat. But poor children that endure so much, have not inward supports and refreshments to bear them through it: they never heard the sayings of old men, nor have been taught the principles of severe philosophy, nor are assisted with the results of a long experience, nor know they how to turn a sickness into virtue

and a fever into a reward; nor have they any sense of favors, the remembrance of which may alleviate their burden: and yet nature hath in them teeth and nails enough to scratch and fight against their sickness; and by such aids as God is pleased to give them, they wade through the storm, and murmur not. And besides this, yet although infants have not such brisk perceptions upon the stock of reason, they have a more tender feeling upon the accounts of sense; and their flesh is as uneasy by their unnatural softness and weak shoulders as ours by our too forward apprehensions. Therefore bear up: either you or I, or some man wiser, and many a woman weaker, than us both, or the very children, have endured worse evil than this that is upon thee now.

That sorrow is hugely tolerable which gives its smart but by instants and smallest proportions of time. No man at once feels the sickness of a week, or of a whole day, but the smart of an instant; and still every portion of a minute feels but its proper share, and the last groan ended all the sorrow of its peculiar burden. And what minute can that be which can pretend to be intolerable? and the next minute is but the same as the last, and the pain flows like the drops of a river, or the little shreds of time: and if we do but take care of the present minute, it cannot seem a great charge or a great burden; but that care will secure one duty, if we still but secure the present minute.

ESAIAS TEGNÈR.

ESAIAS TEGNÉR

(1782–1846)

BY WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE

In his interesting critical study of Tegnér, Dr. Brandes assigns the poet his place in Swedish literature in the following terms: «He is not the greatest poet of the Swedish tongue: one great singer before him, and after him another, molded that speech into forms that surpass his in perspicuity and actual life. But it is with Bellman and Runeberg that he must be named and classed; and while he is inferior to them as a poet, he outshines them both intellectually.» Tegnér appeared in Swedish literature at the time of sharpest conflict between the two poetical camps of the Phosphorists and the Gothics, and the day was won definitely for the latter by his activity. The Phosphorists, represented by such men as Atterbom, Stagnelius, and Sjöberg (Vitalis), were the standard-bearers of a misty romanticism inspired by the contemporary movement of thought in Germany, and even improving upon its models in the direction of the fantastic and the transcendental. The Gothic school, on the other hand,—chiefly represented by Geijer, Afzelius, and Ling,—pursued a more local and national ideal, seeking in the life and legendary history of the North the materials for a literature that should be independent of foreign influences. The advent of Tegnér was decisive for this conflict of ideals; for in him the national principle found as valiant a representative as it had found in Denmark in the person of Oehlenschläger, and in the presence of his work the controversy was silenced.

Esaias Tegnér, born November 13th, 1782, was sprung from the purest of peasant stock. His father, who was parish priest of Kyrkerud, died a few years later, leaving a widow and six children (of whom Esaias was the fifth in age) without any means of support. A neighboring official agreed to take charge of Esaias, and provided the nine-year-old boy with a place in his home and his office, where he was given some simple clerical work. His employer's business took him upon many excursions through the Wermeland district; and the boy, who usually went with him, received a deep impression of the natural beauties of the country. At the same time he was an eager reader of poetry, history, and saga-books; and we have thus accounted for the two distinguishing traits of his writings,—a

passionate love of nature and a deep sense of the significance of the legendary past. One evening, returning from one of these country excursions, he astonished his employer by taking an intelligent part in a conversation upon «God's omnipotence and its visible traces throughout nature.» The old man was so impressed by this precocity that a few days later he announced his intention of giving the boy an academic education.

After two or three years of fitting, under the care of an elder brother who occupied the post of private tutor in a wealthy family, Tegnér entered the University of Lund in 1799, at the age of seventeen. In 1802 he took his degree, and received the laurel crown bestowed upon successful candidates; and soon thereafter got into a serious scrape by participating in a student demonstration against the unpopular rector of the university. But his friends saved him from the disgrace of the *consilium abeundi cum infamia*, and got him instead an appointment as docent. His vacations were spent with the family in which he had been prepared for college, and he soon won the love of the daughter of the house. The story of his courtship, to say nothing of the boy-and-girl intercourse of the earlier years, may be read plainly enough in the love episodes of 'Frithjof's Saga'; for Tegnér put into his own poetry the candor that he esteemed so highly in other men, and much of his work is hardly more than a direct transcript of his own experience. After his marriage, he remained at Lund for many years; until 1810 as docent, then as lecturer on Greek literature, and finally as full professor,—a post which carried with it, according to the curious Swedish custom, the duties of a parish priest, although the incumbent had taken no degree in theology. Promotion to a bishopric followed as a matter of course in the case of so brilliant a man as Tegnér; and he was given charge of the diocese of Vexiö in 1825. He made a very active sort of bishop; his first care being to clear his diocese of drunken clergymen, or at least to insist that they should not appear drunk on public occasions. He also undertook a close supervision of the parish schools under his charge, and took pains to see that his subordinates kept their accounts correctly. This very wholesome way of looking at his official duties was characteristic of a man who cared little for theology, but who recognized the importance of conduct. He accepted the forms of the established church, but interpreted them in a liberal spirit. The rationalism of the eighteenth century had left its mark upon him, and he was never orthodox in the narrow intolerant sense. His instincts were so unclerical as to enable him to enjoy a jest, even if the subject were of questionable taste; and he retained throughout the years of his health a certain buoyancy of spirits that marked him as a true child of the world.

In thus sketching Tegnér's official life, we have anticipated a little, and must turn back to the time of his docentship, when his first fame as a poet was won. His first poem of importance was a thrilling war-song, 'För Skånska Landtvärnet' (For the Reserves of Scania), written in 1808. In 1811 the fine patriotic poem 'Svea' won the prize of the Swedish Academy. Many other poems followed, and his most famous works were produced before the date of his removal to Vexiö. The last five years of his stay in Lund witnessed the publication of the three poems by which he is most widely known. They are the beautiful idyl 'Nattvärdsbarnen' (The Children of the Lord's Supper), which the translation of Longfellow has made one of the most familiar of English poems; the narrative poem 'Axel,' rich in sentiment and diversified by exquisite lyrical episodes; and the world-famous cycle of 'Frithjof's Saga.' The first of these three poems is in hexameters, and was obviously inspired by 'Goethe's 'Hermann and Dorothea'; while the second is in rhymed octosyllabic verse, and much in the manner of Byron. As for the last of the three, a great variety of metrical forms is made use of in the several songs or cantos, and the most astonishing virtuosity in the poetical use of the Swedish language is displayed. The subject of the 'Frithjof's Saga' is taken from the Icelandic tale of 'Frithjof the Bold,' one of the later and more sophisticated products of the old Norse genius for story-telling. The significance of this choice of a subject, which preferred to the simple and rugged themes of the great age of saga-writing one belonging to a more self-conscious and artificial period, is thus commented upon by Professor Ker:—"The original Frithjof is almost as remote as Tegnér himself from the true heroic tradition; and like Tegnér's poem, makes up for this want of a pedigree by a study and imitation of the great manner, and by a selection and combination of heroic traits from the older authentic literature." But criticism, although it may cavil at the choice of subject, and at the rhetorical character of the diction, and at the poet's flagrant violation of historical verisimilitude, cannot rob this poem of its beauty, or lessen its appeal to every noble instinct and generous sentiment. It has made its way triumphantly round the world, and been translated into almost every civilized tongue. There are not less than a score of English translations, and nearly that number in the German language.

For a number of years after he became Bishop of Vexiö, Tegnér's life was one of rich and varied activity. Besides performing his strictly official duties, he wrote many poems, and made many addresses upon educational and other occasions. But the cloud was slowly gathering that was to break upon his life and destroy its fairest prospects. Attacked by an insidious disease, the nature of

which long baffled his physicians, his mind broke down, and insanity made him its prey. During the years 1830–40 the shadow grew darker and darker, until in the latter year his intellect gave way completely, and he had to be placed in an asylum. Within a year partial recovery followed, and he was able again to take up his work. But his powers were failing in other directions also, and in 1845 he applied for relief from his duties. The year following, he succumbed to a stroke of paralysis; and died November 2d, 1846. His mind was clear at the end, and his last words were: "I will lift up my hands unto the house and the mountain of God."

The impression made upon the student of his life and works is well stated in the words with which Dr. Brandes closes the monograph mentioned at the beginning of this article:—

"Esaias Tegnér was beyond all else a whole man; for in his faults as well as his virtues he was an honest upright soul, easily wrought upon, but with a radiant love for the beautiful and the true. His human and earthly nature is so full of worth that it must always remain in a high degree attractive and interesting to every one who can appreciate the value of a rich personality; while the ideal image of Tegnér the poet will ever stand in luminous outline before the people upon whom he once shone as a living beam from the sun of the nineteenth century.

FROM 'FRITHIOF'S SAGA'

Frithiof and Ingeborg

[Ingeborg, daughter of Bele, King of Sygua-fylke in Norway, having lost her mother, is brought up by her foster-father Hilding, who also rears Frithiof. Frithiof and Ingeborg become lovers; but her brothers refuse her to Frithiof, because they are jealous of his superior valor and fame.]

Two plants, in Hilding's garden fair,
Grew up beneath his fostering care;
Their match the North had never seen,
So nobly towered they in the green!

The one shot forth like some broad oak,
Its trunk a battle lance unbroke;
But helmet-like the top ascends,
As heaven's soft breeze its arched round bends.

Like some sweet rose,—bleak winter flown,—
That other fresh young plant y-shone;

From out this rose spring yet scarce gleameth,
Within the bud it lies and dreameth.

But cloud-sprung storm round th' earth shall go,—
That oak then wrestles with his foe;
Her heavenly path spring's sun shall tread,—
Then opes that rose her lips so red!

Thus sportful, glad, and green they sprung:
And Frithiof was that oak the young;
The rose so brightly blooming there,
She hight was Ingeborg the fair.

Saw'st thou the two by gold-beamed day,
To Freja's courts thy thoughts would stray;
Where, bright-haired and with rosy pinions,
Swings many a bride pair, Love's own minions.

But saw'st thou them, by moonlight's sheen,
Dance round beneath the leafy green,
Thou'dst say, In yon sweet garland grove
The king and queen of fairies move.

How precious was the prize he earned
When his first rune the youth had learned!
No king's could his bright glory reach,—
That letter would he Ing'borg teach.

How gladly at her side steered he
His barque across the dark blue sea!
When gaily tacking Frithiof stands,
How merrily clap her small white hands!

No birds' nests yet so lofty were,
That thither he not climbed for her;
E'en th' eagle, as he cloudward swung,
Was plundered both of eggs and young.

No streamlet's waters rushed so swift,
O'er which he would not Ing'borg lift;
So pleasant feels, when foam-rush 'larms,
The gentle cling of small white arms!

The first pale flower that spring had shed,
The strawberry sweet that first grew red,
The corn-ear first in ripe gold clad,
To her he offered, true and glad.

But childhood's days full quickly fly:
He stands a stripling now, with eye
Of haughty fire which hopes and prayeth;
And she, with budding breast, see! strayeth.

The chase young Frithiof ceaseless sought;
Nor oft would hunter so have fought:
For, swordless, spearless all, he'd dare
With naked strength the savage bear;

Then breast to breast they struggled grim;—
Though torn, the bold youth masters him!
With shaggy hide now see him laden:
Such spoils refuse, how can the maiden?

For man's brave deeds still women wile;
Strength well is worth young beauty's smile:
Each other suit they, fitly blending
Like helm o'er polished brows soft bending!

But read he, some cold winter's night,
(The fire-hearth's flaming blaze his light,)
A song of Valhall's brightnesses,
And all its gods and goddesses,—

He'd think, "Yes! yellow's Freja's hair,
A cornland sea, breeze-waved so fair;
Sure Ing'borg's, that like gold-net trembles
Round rose and lily, hers resembles!

"Rich, white, soft, clear is Idun's breast;
How it heaves beneath her silken vest!
A silk I know, whose heave discloses
Light-fairies two with budding roses.

"And blue are Frigga's eyes to see,
Blue as heaven's cloudless canopy!
But I know eyes, to whose bright beams
The light-blue spring day darksome seems.

"The bards praise Gerda's cheeks too high,
Fresh snows which playful north-lights dye!
I cheeks have seen whose day lights, clear,
Two dawnings blushing in one sphere.

"A heart like Nanna's own I've found,
As tender—why not so renowned?

Ah! happy Balder: ilk breast swelleth
To share the death thy scald o'ertelleth.

«Yes! could my death like Balder's be,—
A faithful maid lamenting me,—
A maid like Nanna, tender, true,—
How glad I'd stay with Hel the blue!»

But the king's child — all glad her love —
Sat murmuring hero-songs, and wove
Th' adventures that her chief had seen,
And billows blue, and groves of green;

Slow start from out the wool's snow-fields
Round, gold-embroidered, shining shields,
And battle's lances flying red,
And mail-coats stiff with silver thread:

But day by day her hero still
Grows Frithiof like, weave how she will;
And as his form 'mid th' armed host rushes,—
Though deep, yet joyful, are her blushes!

And Frithiof, where his wanderings be,
Carves I and F i' th' tall birch-tree;
The runes right gladly grow united,
Their young hearts like by one flame lighted.

Stands Day on heaven's arch,— throne so fair!—
King of the world, with golden hair,
Waking the tread of life and men,—
Each thinks but of the other then!

Stands Night on heaven's arch,— throne so fair!—
World's mother with her dark-hued hair,
While stars tread soft, all hushed 'mong men,—
Each dreams but of the other then!

«Thou Earth! each spring through all thy bowers
Thy green locks jeweling thick with flowers,—
Thy choicest give! fair weaving them,
My Frithiof shall the garland gem.»

«Thou Sea! in whose deep gloomy hall
Shine thousand pearls,— hear Love's loud call!
Thy fairest give me, to bedeck
That whiter pearl, my Ing'borg's neck!»

«O crown of Oden's royal throne,
Eye of the world, bright golden Sun!
Wert thou but mine, should Frithiof wield
Thy shining disk, his shining shield.»

«O lamp of great All-father's dome,
Thou Moon, whose beams so pale-clear roam!
Wert thou but mine, should Ing'borg wear
Thy crescent-orb among her hair.»

Then Hilding spoke:—«From this love-play
Turn, foster-son, thy mind away:
Had wisdom ruled, thou ne'er hadst sought her,—
'The maid,' Fate cries, 'is Bele's daughter!'

«To Oden, in his starlit sky,
Ascends her titled ancestry;
But Thorsten's son art thou: give way!
For 'like thrives best with like,' they say.»

But Frithiof smiling said:—«Down fly
To death's dark vale my ancestry:
Yon forest's king late slew I; pride
Of high birth heired I with his hide.

«The free-born man yields not; for still
His arm wins worlds where'er it will:
Fortune can mend as well as mar,—
Hope's ornaments right kingly are!

«What is high birth for force? Yes! Thor,
Its sire, in Thrudvang's fort gives law:
Not birth, but worth, he weighs above;
The sword pleads strongly for its love!

«Yes! I will fight for my young bride,
Though e'en the thundering god defied.
Rest thee, my lily, glad at heart;
Woe him whose rash hand would us part!»

Frithiof Goes into Banishment

[Frithiof, persistently refused Ingeborg's hand, wishes her to fly with him, but she refuses. He goes to the Orkney Islands to fetch tribute to her brothers in order to win their favor; but on returning finds that she has been forced into marriage with another suitor, King Ring, and has gone with him to his country. Quarreling with the brothers again, he is forced to go into exile.]

His ship's deck slight,
I' th' summer night,
Bore th' hero grieving.
Like waves high heaving,
Now rage now woe
Thro' his bosom flow;
Smoke still ascended,
The fire not ended.

"Thou free broad Sea!
Unknown to thee
Are despot's glances
And tyrant's fancies.
Where freemen swing
Is he thy king
Who never shivers,
Howe'er high quivers,
With rage oppressed,
Thy froth-white breast!
Thy plains, blue-spreading,
Glad chiefs are treading;
Like ploughs thereon
Their keels drive on;
And blood-rain patters
In shade th' oak scatters,
But steel-bright there
The corn-seeds glare!
Those plains so hoary
Bear crops of glory,
Rich crops of gold:
Thou billow bold
Befriend me! Never
I'll from thee sever!
My father's mound
Dull stands, fast-bound,

And selfsame surges
Chant changeless dirges;
But blue shall mine
Through foam-flowers shine,
'Mid tempests swimming,
And storms thick dimming,
And draw yet mo
Down, down, below.—
My life-home given,
Thou shalt, far-driven!
My barrow be,
Thou free broad Sea!"

Day's orb now shined
Hill-tops behind;
Fresh breezes bounded
From shore, and sounded
Each wave to dance
In morning's glance.
Where th' high surge leapeth
Ellida sweepeth,
Glad stretched her wings.
But Frithiof sings:—

"Heimskringla's forehead,
Thou lofty North!
Away I'm hurried
From this thine earth.
My race from thee goes,
I boasting tell;
Now, nurse of heroes—
Farewell! Farewell!

"Farewell, high-gleaming
Valhalla's throne,
Night's eye, bright-beaming
Midsummer's sun!
Sky! where, as in hero's
Soul, pure depths dwell,
And thronging star-rows,—
Farewell! Farewell!

"Farewell, ye mountains,
Seats glory for;
Ye tablet fountains
For mighty Thor!

Ye lakes and highlands
I left so sel',
Ye rocks and islands,
Farewell! Farewell!

"Farewell, cairns dreaming
By wave of blue,
Where, snow-white gleaming,
Limes flower-dust strew!
But Saga spieth
And doometh well
I' the earth what lieth;—
Farewell! Farewell!

"Farewell, ye bowers,
Fresh houses green,
Where youth plucked flowers
By murm'ring stream;
Ye friends of childhood
Who meant me well,
Ye're yet remembered;—
Farewell! Farewell!

"My love insulted,
My palace brent,
My honor tarnished,
In exile sent,—
From land in sadness
To th' sea we appeal;
But Life's young gladness,
Farewell! Farewell!"

The Viking Code

[Frithiof having set sail, draws up a code of conduct and honor for himself and his party; and after a career of successful sea-roving, resolves to revisit his native land.]

Far and wide, like the falcon that hunts through the sky, flew he now o'er the desolate sea;
And his Vikinga Code, for his champions on board, wrote he well: wilt thou hear what it be?

"On thy ship pitch no tent; in no house shalt thou sleep: in the hall who our friends ever knew?

On his shield sleeps the Viking, his sword in his hand, and for tent
has yon heaven the blue.

"With a short-shafted hammer fights conquering Thor; Frey's own
sword but an ell long is made:
That's enough. Hast thou courage? Strike close to thy foe: not too
short for thee then is thy blade!

"When the storm roars on high, up aloft with the sail; ah! how
pleasant's the sea in its wrath!
Let it blow, let it blow! He's a coward that furls; rather founder
than furl in thy path.

"On the shore, not on board, mayst thou toy with a maid: Freja's
self would prove false to thy love;
For the dimple deceives on her cheek, and her tresses would net-like
entrap thee above!

"Wine is Valfather's drink,—a carouse thou mayst have; but yet
steady and upright appear:
He who staggers on shore may stand up, but will soon down to
sleep-giving Ran stagger here.

"Sails the merchant ship forth, thou his bark mayst protect, if due
tribute his weak hand has told:
On thy wave art thou king; he's a slave to his pelf, and thy steel is
as good as his gold!

"With the dice and the lot shall the booty be shared; and complain
not, however it goes:
But the sea-king himself throws no dice on the deck,—only glory he
seeks from his foes.

"Heaves a Viking in sight,—then come boarding and strife, and hot
work is it under the shield;
But from us art thou banished—forget not the doom—if a step or a
foot thou shalt yield!

"'Tis enough, shouldst thou conquer! Who prays thee for peace has
no sword, and cannot be thy foe:
Prayer is Valhalla's child, hear the pale Virgin's voice; yes! a
scoundrel is he who says no!

"Viking gains are deep wounds, and right well they adorn if they
stand on the brow or the breast.
Let them bleed! Twice twelve hours first must circle ere binds
them, who Vikinga comrade would rest!"

Thus his laws carved he out, and fresh exploits each day and fresh
fame to strange coast-lands he brought;
And his like found he none on the blue-rolling sea, and his cham-
pions right willing they fought.

But himself sat all darkly, with rudder in hand, and looked down on
the slow-rocking spray;—
«Deep thou art! Peace perchance in those depths still may bloom,
but above here all peace dies away.

«Is the White God enraged? Let him take his good sword,—I will
fall should it so be decreed:
But he sits in yon sky, gloomy thoughts sending down; ne'er my
soul from their sadness is freed!»

Yet when battle is near, like the fresh eagle flying, his spirit fierce
soars with delight;
Loudly thunders his voice, and with clear brow he stands, like the
lightener still foremost in fight.

Thus from vict'ry to vict'ry he ceaselessly swam, on that wide-
foaming grave all secure;
And fresh islands he saw, and fresh bays in the south, till fair winds
on to Greek-Land allure.

When its groves he beheld, in the green tide reflected, its temples
in ruin bent low,—
Freja knows what he thought, and the scald; and if e'er thou hast
known how to love—thou wilt know!

«Here our dwelling had been! Here's the isle, here's the land: of
this temple my sire oft would tell;
Hither 'twas, hither 'twas, I invited my maid;—ah! she, cruel, the
North loved 'too well!

«'Mong these happy green vales dwells not peace? and remembrance,
ah! haunts she not columns so fair?
Like the whisp'rings of lovers soft murmur those springs, and with
bridal songs birds fill the air.

«Where is Ingeborg now?—Is so soon all forgot, for a chief with-
ered, gray-haired, and old?
I, I cannot forget! Gladly gave I my life, yet once more that dear
form to behold!

«And three years have gone by since my own land I saw, kingly hall
of fair Saga the Queen!

Rise there yet so majestic those mountains to heaven? keeps my
forefathers' dale its bright green?

"On the cairn where my father lies buried, a lime-tree I planted,—
ah! blooms it there now?
Who its tender shoot guards? Give thy moisture, O earth! and thy
dews, O thou heaven, give thou!

"Yet why linger I here, on the wave of the stranger?—Is tribute, is
blood, then my goal?
I have glory sufficient; and beggarly gold and its brightness, deep
scorneth my soul.

"There's the flag on the mast; to the Northland it points, and the
North holds the country I love:
Back to northward I'll steer, and will follow the course of the
breezes fresh-blowing above!"

[In the thirteenth canto, Frithiof in a defiant mood enters the temple of Balder, seizes the arm-ring, pulls down the image of Balder, and involves the whole temple in ruin, it being consumed in a blaze of unquenchable fire.

Returning from the sea, Frithiof in disguise visits the court of King Ring, and sees Ingeborg, who recognizes him through his disguise. King Ring also divines his secret, but magnanimously allows him to depart in peace.

Frithiof rebuilds the temple in a spirit of sincere repentance.

King Ring has died, and Ingeborg is free.

The last canto is entitled 'The Reconciliation,' and is full of noble sentiment. Frithiof has made atonement, resumes his place in the kingdom, and is united to Ingeborg.]

The Reconciliation

Finished great Balder's temple stood!
Round it no palisade of wood
Ran now as erst:
A railing stronger, fairer than the first,
And all of hammered iron,—each bar
Gold-tipped and regular,—
Walls Balder's sacred house. Like some long line
Of steel-clad champions, whose bright war-spears shine
And golden helms afar, so stood
This glittering guard within the holy wood! . . .

Proud stood it there on mountain steep, its lofty brow
Reflected calmly on the sea's bright-flowing wave.
But round about, some girdle like of beauteous flowers,

Went Balder's dale, with all its groves' soft-murmured sighs,
And all its birds' sweet twittered songs,—the home of peace. . . .

Farthest within, the god's high altar rested,
Hewn all of one sole block
From Northern marble rock;
And round thereon its scroll the serpent twisted,
With solemn rune
Each fold thick strewn,
Whose words from Havamal and Vala taken
Deep thoughts in every human bosom waken,—
While in the wall above
A niche was seen with stars of gold
On dark-blue ground; and there, behold!
All mild and gentle as the silver moon
Sitting heaven's blue aboon,
The silver image stands of Balder, God of Love!—

So seemed the sanctuary.—Forth in pairs now tread
Twelve temple virgins; vests of silver thread
Adorn each slender form, and roses red
O'er ev'ry cheek soft graces shed,
And spread
O'er ev'ry innocent heart a fragrant fair rose-bed.—
Before the White God's image, and around
The late-blessed altar, dancing, light they bound
As spring winds leap where rippling fount waves sound,
As woodland elves that skip along the ground,
Skimming the high-grown grass
Which morning's dew
Still hangs with sparkling gems of every hue;—
Ah! how those jewels tremble as the fairies pass!

And while the dance went round, a holy song they sung
Of Balder, that mild god, and how he was beloved
By every creature, till he fell by Höder's dart,
And earth and ocean wide, and heaven itself, sore wept!
How pure, how tender that song it pealeth!
Sure never sprang
Such tuneful clang
From mortal breast! No,—heaven revealeth
Some tone from Breidablick, from out the gods' own hall,
All soft as lonely maiden's thoughts on him she loves,
What time the quail calls deeply 'mid the peace of night;
The North's tall birches bathed i' th' moon's pale-quivering sheen.

And Frithiof, leaning on his sword, whose glance
Shines far around, stood lost as in a trance,
And charmed and silent gazed upon the dance!—
Thereat his childhood's memories, how they throng
Before his raptured eye!—A jocund train, and long,
And innocent and glad and true,
With eyes like heaven's own blue,
And heads rich circled by bright-golden tresses,—
His former youth-friend each with some sign addresses;
Then all his Viking life,
With scenes of murderous strife
And bold adventures rife,
Like some dark bloody shadow sinketh
Fast down to night.—Ah! glad he drinketh
Forgetfulness's sweet cup, and thinketh,
"Repose at last those sea-king exploits have,—
I stand a flower-crowned Bauta-Stone upon their grave!" . . .

"Son Frithiof, welcome! Yes, I've long expected
That thou shouldst come;—for force, 'tis true, still wanders
Round land and sea afar, wild Berserk like
That pale with rage the shield's hard border biteth;
But yet at last it home returns again,
Outwearied and all calm.—The strong-armed Thor
Full oft 'gainst giant Jotunheim did wend;
But spite his belt celestial, spite his gauntlets,
Utgårda-Loke still his throne retains;—
Evil, itself a force, to force yields never!
Goodness, not joined with strength, must child's-play be;—
On Ägir's bosom so, the sun shines prettily;
But fickle as the flood the graspless splendor see!
As sink or rise the billows, thus all changeably
The fairy brightness flitteth, moving endlessly.
And force, from goodness severed, surely dies;
Self-eating, self-consumed, as sword that lies
In some damp cairn, black rust corrodes the prize:
Yes! Life's debauch fierce strength's mad riot is!
But ah! Oblivion's heron flutters still
O'er goblet-brim that traitorous sweet draughts fill,
And deep's the wakened drunkard's shame for deeds of ill! . . .

"King Helge is no more!"—
"King Helge, he," said Frithiof,—"when, where, how?"

"Thyself know'st well that whilst thou here hast builded
This temple to the god, King Helge marched

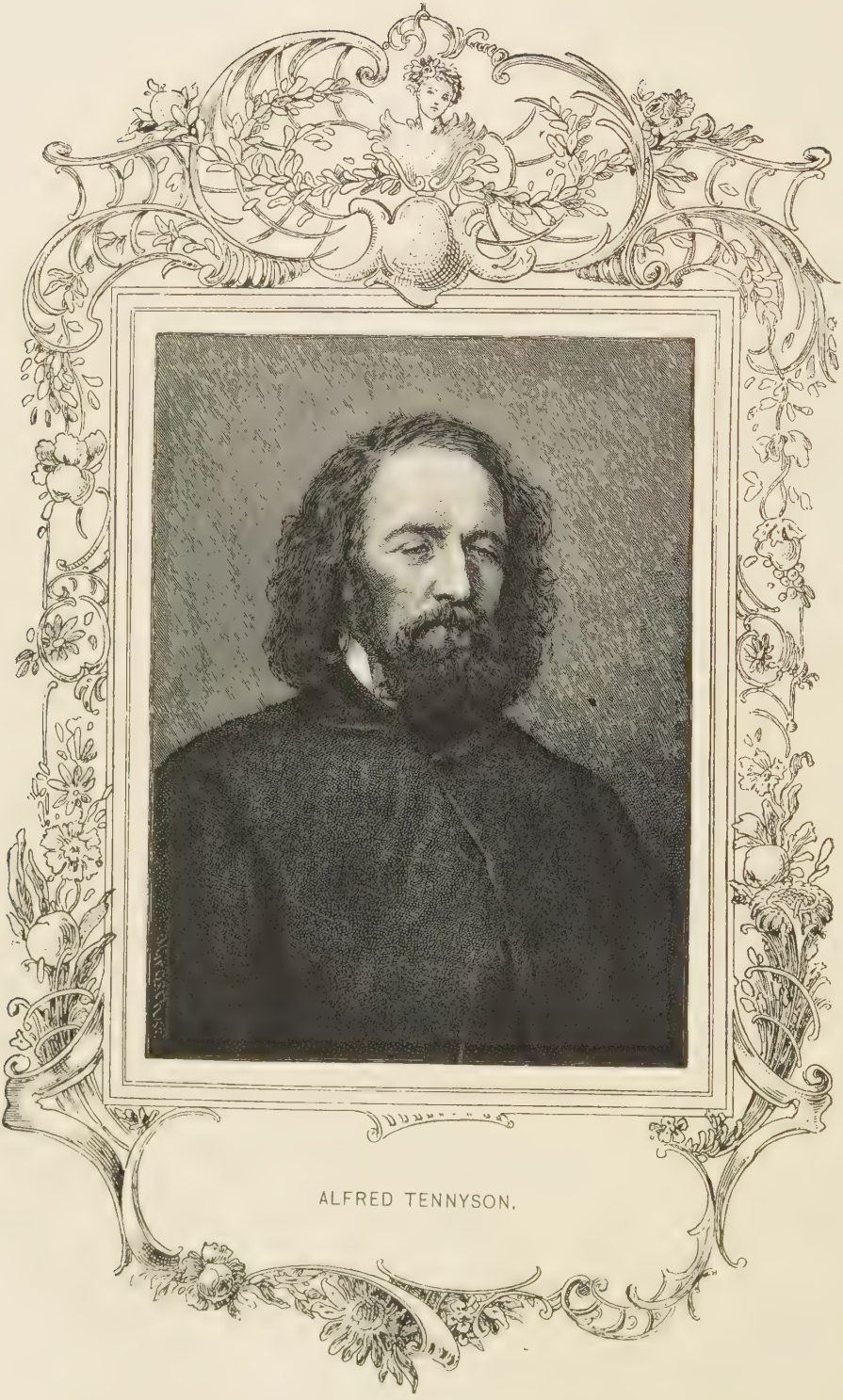
On painful foray 'mong the heathen Fins,
Scaling each mountain wall. In Finland's borders,
Raised on a barren time-worn peak, there stood
An ancient temple consecrate to Jumala:
Abandoned and fast-shut, for many ages
This desolate fane had been, its every rite
Long since forgotten; but above the portal
An old and monstrous idol of the god
Stood, frail-supported, trembling to its fall.
This temple none dared enter, scarce approach;
For down from sire to son an eld tradition
Went dimly warning, that whoever first
The temple visited should Jumala view!
This Helge heard, and in his blind fierce rage,
The pathless wilds trod 'gainst this deity
So hated from of old, all bent on razing
The temple's heathen walls. But when he'd marched
Up where the ruin threatened, lo! all fast
The massy moss-grown door was closed; and, covered
With thick brown rust, the key still sat within it.
Grim Helge then, the door-posts griping hard,
With rude uncivil strain the moldering pillars
Fierce shook, and straightway — with tremendous crash
The sculptured image fell, burying beneath it
Valhalla's impious son; and so dread Jumala
His eyes behold.— A messenger in haste
These tidings brought ere yet last night was ended.

«Now, only Halfdan sits on Bele's chair.
Thy hand, brave Frithiof, offer him! Revenge
And passion sacrifice to heaven's high gods:
This Balder's shrine demandeth; — I demand, too,
As Balder's highest priest, in token meet
That peace's gentle chief thou hast not mocked
With vain professions and an empty homage.—
Decide, my son! — shall Balder's peace be broken?
If so, in vain thou'st built this fane, the token
Of mild forgiveness, and in vain aged priest hath spoken!»

Over the copper threshold Halfdan now,
With pallid brow
And fearful fitful glance, advanceth slow
Tow'rds yonder tow'ring ever-dreaded foe,
And, silent, at a distance stands.
Then Frithiof, with quick hands,

The corslet-hater, Angurvadel, from his thigh
Unbuckleth, and his bright shield's golden round
Leaning 'gainst the altar, thus draws nigh;
While his cowed enemy
He thus accosts, with pleasant dignity:—
"Most noble in this strife will he be found
Who first his right hand good
Offers in pledge of peaceful brotherhood!"
Then Halfdan, deeply blushing, doffs with haste
His iron gauntlet, and—with hearty grasp embraced—
Each long, long severed hand
Its friend-foe hails, steadfast as mountain-bases stand!

That aged and awful priest then glad removeth
The curse that rested on the varg I veum,
Frithiof the outlaw; and as the last deep accents
Of reconcilement and of blessing sounded—
Lo! Ing'borg sudden enters, rich adorned
With bridal ornaments, and all enrobed
In gorgeous ermine, and by bright-eyed maidens
Slow followed, as on heaven's broad canopy
Attending star-trains guard the regent moon!
But the young bride's fair eyes,
Those two blue skies,
Fill quick with tears,
And to her brother's heart she trembling sinketh;—
He, with his sister's fears
Deep-moved, her hand all tenderly in Frithiof's linketh,
His burden soft transferring to that hero's breast,
Its long-tried faith fit place for Ing'borg's rest.
Then, to her heart's first, best beloved, her childhood's friend,
In nuptial band
She gives her lily hand,
As before pardoning Balder's altar both low bend!



ALFRED TENNYSON.

ALFRED TENNYSON

(1809–1892)

BY HENRY VAN DYKE

ALFRED TENNYSON, the most representative English poet of the nineteenth century, was born at Somersby, in Lincolnshire, on August 6th, 1809. His boyhood was passed in his father's country rectory, in an atmosphere that was full of poetry and music; and at a very early age he began to try his wings in verse. Some of his youthful efforts were published in partnership with his elder brother Charles, in 1826, in a volume entitled 'Poems by Two Brothers.' Two years later he entered Trinity College, Cambridge, and became a member of an intimate society called "The Apostles," which included some of the most brilliant young men in England. Among them was Arthur Henry Hallam, the closest friend of Tennyson. In 1829 he won the chancellor's medal with his poem called 'Timbuctoo'; and in the following year he published 'Poems, Chiefly Lyrical,' a slender volume of new and delicate melodies. He left college without taking his degree, soon after his father's death in 1831, and gave himself to a poet's life with a clear resolution which never wavered for sixty years.

His volume of poems published in 1832 marked a distinct growth in strength and skill. It was but a tiny book; but there was a quality in it which more than balanced the lack of quantity. 'The Lady of Shalott,' 'Œnone,' 'The Lotos Eaters,' 'The Palace of Art,' and 'A Dream of Fair Women,' revealed the presence of a true dreamer of dreams, gifted with the magic which translates visions into music. 'The Miller's Daughter,' 'The May Queen,' and 'New Year's Eve,' showed the touch of one who felt the charm of English rural scenery and common life with a sentiment so fresh and pure and deep that he might soon be able to lay his hand upon the very heart of the people.

But before this highest potency of the poet's gift could come to Tennyson, there was need of a baptism of conflict and sorrow, to purify him from the mere love of art for art's sake, to save him from sinking into an over-dainty weaver of exquisite verse, and to consecrate his genius to the severe and noble service of humanity and truth. This liberating and uplifting experience was enfolded in the

profound grief which fell upon him in Arthur Hallam's sudden death at Vienna, in 1833. How deeply this irretrievable loss shook the poet's heart, how closely and how strenuously it forced him to face the mystery and the meaning of life in lonely spiritual wrestling, was fully disclosed, after seventeen years, in the famous elegy, 'In Memoriam.' But the traces of the conflict and some of its fine results were seen even earlier, in the two volumes of 'Poems' which appeared in 1842, as the fruitage of a decade of silence. 'Ulysses,' 'Morte d'Arthur,' 'St. Simeon Stylites,' 'Dora,' 'Locksley Hall,' 'A Vision of Sin,' 'The Two Voices,' and that immortal lyric, 'Break, Break, Break,' were not the work of

«An idle singer of an empty day.»

A new soul had entered into his poetry. His Muse had been born again, from above. He took his place with the master-minstrels who sing with a full voice out of a full heart, not for a coterie, but for the age and for the race.

It was the recognition that Tennyson really belonged to this higher class of poets,— a recognition which at first was confined to a clear-sighted circle, but spread by degrees to the wider reading public,— that prepared an expectant audience for his first long poem, 'The Princess,' which appeared in 1847. The subject was the eternal woman question, treated in the form of an epic, half heroic and half humorous: the story of a king's daughter who sought to emancipate, and even to separate, her sex from man, by founding a wonderful woman's college; but was conquered at last (or at least modified), by the love of an amorous, chivalrous, dreamy prince, who wooed and married her. The blank verse in which the tale is told has great beauty, though it is often too ornate; the conclusion of the poem is a superb and sonorous tribute to the honor of «das ewig weibliche»: but the little interludes of song which are scattered through the epic shine as the chief jewels in a setting which is not all of pure gold.

In 1850 the long-delayed and nobly labored elegy on the death of Hallam was given to the world. It is hardly too much to say that 'In Memoriam' stands out, in present vision, as the most illustrious poem of the century. Certainly it has been the most frequently translated, the most widely quoted, and the most deeply loved. It is far more than a splendid monument to the memory of a friend. It is an utterance of the imperishable hopes and aspirations of the human soul passing through the valley of the shadow of death. It is a unique group of lyrics, finished each one with an exquisite artist's care, which is only surpassed by the intense and steady passion which fuses them into a single poem. It is the English classic on the love of immortality and the immortality of love.

In the same year with the appearance of this poem happened the two most important events of Tennyson's career. He was married in June to Miss Emily Sellwood, a lady of rare and beautiful endowments, who proved herself, through a long life of unselfish devotion, the true partner of a poet's existence. And he was appointed in November to succeed Wordsworth as poet laureate.

His first official poem was the stately 'Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington,' in 1852. The majestic march of the verse, its freedom, its organ-toned music, its patriotic vigor, and the lofty solemnity with which it closes, give it a higher place than can be claimed for any other poetical production of an English laureate for a public occasion. 'The Charge of the Light Brigade,' written in 1854, was a trumpet-note that rang through England and echoed around the world.

'Maud' was published in 1855. It is a lyrical monodrama, in which the hero, a sensitive and morbid man, with a hereditary tendency to madness, tells the story of his redemption from misanthropy and despair by the power of a pure love, unhappy but victorious. The variety of the metrical forms in this poem, the passionate tenderness of the love songs, the beautiful truth of the descriptive passages, and the intense personality of its spirit, give it a singular charm, which is felt most deeply perhaps by those who are young and in love. Tennyson himself said to me, "I think 'Maud' is one of my most original poems."

In 1859 began the publication of the epical sequence called 'Idylls of the King'; the largest, and in some respects the most important, of the works of Tennyson. The first group contained 'Enid,' 'Vivien,' 'Elaine,' and 'Guinevere.' The second group appeared in 1870, and consisted of 'The Coming of Arthur,' 'The Holy Grail,' 'Pelleas and Ettarre,' and 'The Passing of Arthur.' In 1872 'Gareth and Lynette' and 'The Last Tournament' were published; and in 1885 'Balin and Balan' was printed in the volume entitled 'Tiresias and Other Poems.' The division of 'Enid' into two parts — 'The Marriage of Geraint' and 'Geraint and Enid' — makes the epic as it now stands consist of twelve idylls. Each of these idylls clothes an ancient legend from the history of King Arthur of Britain, in the richest and most harmonious of modern blank verse. They are so far independent that any one of them might stand alone as a complete poem. But there is a connecting thread running through them all in the threefold love-story of Arthur, Guinevere, and Lancelot, though the separate pearls often hide the string. The underlying motive of the whole series is to shadow forth the war of Sense against the Soul. The idylls are to be interpreted therefore as movements in a symphony, the theme of which is the rightful royalty of man's spiritual nature,

seeking to establish itself in a settled reign of law, and constantly opposed by the disorderly and disintegrating elements of humanity. In 'The Coming of Arthur' it is doubt that threatens the kingdom; in 'Gareth and Lynette' the conflict is with ambition; in 'The Marriage of Geraint,' with pride; in 'Geraint and Enid,' with jealousy; in 'Balin and Balan,' with suspicion; in 'Merlin and Vivien,' with lust; in 'The Holy Grail,' with superstition; until at last the poison of unlawful love has crept through all the court, and Arthur's Round Table is dissolved in ruin,—but not without a vision of peace for the king who has kept his soul unstained, and a dim promise of new hope for some future age, when he shall return to bloodless victory.

Tennyson has not allowed the ethical purpose of these poems to confuse their interest or bedim their beauty. They are not in any sense an allegory. The tales of love and knight-errantry, of tournament and battle and quest, are vividly told in the true romantic spirit, lighting up the olden story with the thoughts and feelings of to-day. There is perhaps a touch of over-elaborateness in the style; but after all the figures stand out to the full as distinctly as they ought to do in such a large tapestry. In the finer idylls, like 'Guinevere' and 'The Passing of Arthur,' the verse moves with a grandeur and dignity, a broad, measured, fluent harmony, unrivaled in England since the days when Milton's organ voice was stilled.

The rest of Tennyson's poetical work includes his dramas,—'Queen Mary,' 'Harold,' 'Becket,' 'The Cup and the Falcon,' and a few others,—and several volumes of miscellaneous poems: 'Enoch Arden' (1864), 'The Lover's Tale' (1879), 'Ballads' (1880), 'Tiresias' (1885), 'Locksley Hall Sixty Years After' (1886), 'Demeter' (1889), and 'The Death of Œnone,' published posthumously in 1892. The great age to which his life was prolonged, the unswerving fidelity with which he devoted himself to the sole pursuit of his chosen art, the freshness of spirit which made him delight in labor to the very last, and the fine versatility of mind with which he turned from one field of production to another,—brought it to pass that both in amount and in variety of work, Tennyson stands in the front rank of English poets. I can think of but two—Shakespeare and Robert Browning—who produced more.

In 1883 a title of nobility was offered to Tennyson through Mr. Gladstone. This honor, which he had declined at least once before, he now accepted; and in January 1884 he was admitted (we can hardly say elevated) to the peerage,—taking his title, Baron of Aldworth and Farringford, from his two country houses, in Sussex and in the Isle of Wight.

It would be difficult, of course, to characterize the style and estimate the value of such a varied and fertile poet in a brief essay.

But there are certain qualities in the poetry of Tennyson which are unmistakable and vital.

1. His diction is singularly lucid, smooth, and melodious. He avoids sharp and strident effects. Not only in his choice of metres, but also in his choice of words and cadences, we feel a musical influence controlling his verse. Sometimes this results in a loss of force or definiteness. But it makes his poetry, whether in the long swinging lines of 'Locksley Hall,' or in the brief simple measures of the shorter songs, eminently readable. Any one who recites it aloud will find how natural it is to fall, as Tennyson always did, into a rhythmical tone, almost like chanting. And this close relation of his poetry to music may be felt also in the quality of subtle suggestiveness, of intimate and indefinable charm, which makes his brief lyrics as perfect as anything of their kind in the world's literature. He has the power of expressing the vague, delicate, yet potent emotions, the feelings that belong to the twilight of the heart, when the glow of love and the shadow of regret are mingled, in melodies of words as simple and as magical as the chime of far-off bells, or the echoes of a bugle-call dying among the hills.

2. He has an extraordinary truthfulness and delicacy of touch in natural description. This appears equally in minute, pre-Raphaelite work, where he speaks of the color of the buds on different trees in early spring; or of the way in which a wave-crest is reflected in the smooth hollow before it breaks; and in wide, vague landscapes, where he renders the turbulence of the coming storm or the still glory of an autumnal morning in a few broad lines. Add to this the quality of blending and interfusing all his epithets and descriptions with the sentiment of the poem, so that they do not distract the feeling but enhance and deepen it, and you have one of the traits by which the poetry of Tennyson is most easily distinguished.

3. His range of imaginative sympathy, as shown in his ballads and character pieces, is very wide; but it moves for the most part along natural and normal rather than strange and eccentric lines. His dramatic lyrics differ in this respect from those of Browning. Tennyson expresses the feeling of the philosopher in 'Lucretius,' of the peasant in 'Rizpah,' of the child in 'The Children's Hospital,' of the old sea-fighter in 'The Revenge,' of the intellectual adventurer in 'Ulysses,' in order to bring out in each, not that which is exceptional and rare, but that which is most deeply human and typical.

4. His work reflects with singular fidelity the scientific and social movements of the age. The discoveries and inventions of modern times are translated into poetic language, and turned to poetic use. In his verse the earth moves, the planets are molded of star-dust,

and the mystery of an unfinished creation is still in evolution. It is possible, often, to assign dates to his poems by an allusion to some newly seen moon or comet, or some critical event in the social history of mankind. It is true that he mistrusts many of the new devices to bring in the millennium. He takes a dark view of some of the elements of nineteenth-century civilization. But still he feels the forward movement of the world; and his poetry mirrors truly the spirit of modern optimism, with shadows.

5. As in its form, so in its spirit, the verse of Tennyson expresses a constant and controlling sense of law and order. He is in the opposite camp from the poets of revolt. Harmony is essential to his conception of beauty. His patriotism is sober, steadfast, thoughtful, law-abiding. His love moves within the bounds of order, purity, and reverence. His conception of power is never akin to blind force, but carries within itself the higher elements of intelligence and voluntary restraint.

> «Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,—
> These three alone lead life to sovereign power.»

6. The poetry of Tennyson is pervaded by a profoundly religious spirit. His view of the world — his view even of the smallest flower that blossoms in the world — is illuminated through and through by his faith in the Divine presence and goodness and beauty. He cannot conceive of a purely physical universe. Nothing that he has written could have been written as it is, if he had been an atheist or an agnostic. Even his poems of doubt and conflict are the resurgent protests of the heart against the cold negations which destroy personal trust in the unseen God, in whom we live and move and have our being. His method in dealing with religious subjects is not theological, like that of Milton or Wordsworth; nor philosophical, like that of Browning or Arnold or Clough. Tennyson speaks more from the side of the feelings, the ultimate spiritual instincts and cravings of humanity. The strongest of these is the desire and hope of a life beyond the grave. To this passion for immortality he gives full play, and it evokes some of the strongest and sweetest tones of his music. From 'The Deserted House' to 'Crossing the Bar,' his poetry is an evidence of his conviction that death cannot end all. This faith in the life that is to come elevates and purifies his conception of the life that now is. It gives a new meaning to duty and to love. And when we think of the many noble poems in which it has found expression,—'The Two Voices,' 'The May Queen,' 'Locksley Hall,' 'Enoch Arden,' 'The Leper's Bride,' 'Guinevere,' 'In Memoriam,' 'Vastness,' 'Wages,'—we may well call Tennyson the poet of the endless life.

His influence upon the thought and feeling of the age has been far-reaching and potent. He has stood among the doubts and confusions of these latter days, as a witness for the things that are invisible and eternal,—the things that men may forget if they will, but if they forget them, their hearts wither and the springs of poesy run dry. His verse has brought new cheer and courage to the youth of to-day who would fain defend their spiritual heritage against the invasions of materialism. In the vital conflict for the enlargement of faith to embrace the real results of science, he stood forth as a leader. In the great silent reaction of our age from the desperate solitude of a consistent skepticism, his voice was a clear-toned bell, calling the unwilling exiles of belief to turn again. And when at last, on the 6th of October 1892, he passed away from his quiet home at Aldworth, with the moonlight falling on closed eyes and voiceless lips, the world mourned for him as for a mighty prophet, and rejoiced for him as a poet who had finished his course and kept the faith.

Henry van Dyke

THE LADY OF SHALOTT

PART I

On either side the river lie
Long fields of barley and of rye,
That clothe the wold and meet the sky;
And through the field the road runs by
To many-towered Camelot:
And up and down the people go,
Gazing where the lilies blow
Round an island there below,
The island of Shalott.

Willows whiten, aspens quiver,
Little breezes dusk and shiver
Through the wave that runs for ever
By the island in the river
Flowing down to Camelot.
Four gray walls, and four gray towers,
Overlook a space of flowers,
And the silent isle embowers
The Lady of Shalott.

By the margin, willow-veiled,
Slide the heavy barges trailed
By slow horses; and unhailed
The shallop flitteth silken-sailed
Skimming down to Camelot:
But who hath seen her wave her hand?
Or at the casement seen her stand?
Or is she known in all the land,
The Lady of Shalott?

Only reapers, reaping early
In among the bearded barley,
Hear a song that echoes cheerly
From the river winding clearly,
Down to towered Camelot;
And by the moon the reaper weary,
Piling sheaves in uplands airy,
Listening, whispers "'Tis the fairy
Lady of Shalott."

PART II

There she weaves by night and day
A magic web with colors gay.
She has heard a whisper say,
A curse is on her if she stay
To look down to Camelot.
She knows not what the curse may be,
And so she weaveth steadily,
And little other care hath she,
The Lady of Shalott.

And moving through a mirror clear
That hangs before her all the year,
Shadows of the world appear.
There she sees the highway near
Winding down to Camelot;
There the river eddy whirls,
And there the surly village churls,
And the red cloaks of market girls,
Pass onward from Shalott.

Sometimes a troop of damsels glad,
An abbot on an ambling pad,

Sometimes a curly shepherd lad,
Or long-haired page in crimson clad,
Goes by towered Camelot;
And sometimes through the mirror blue
The knights come riding two and two;—
She hath no loyal knight and true,
The Lady of Shalott.

But in her web she still delights
To weave the mirror's magic sights:
For often through the silent nights
A funeral, with plumes and lights
And music, went to Camelot;
Or when the moon was overhead,
Came two young lovers lately wed:
"I am half sick of shadows," said
The Lady of Shalott.

PART III

A bowshot from her bower eaves,
He rode between the barley sheaves;
The sun came dazzling through the leaves,
And flamed upon the brazen greaves
Of bold Sir Lancelot.
A red-cross knight for ever kneeled
To a lady in his shield,
That sparkled on the yellow field
Beside remote Shalott.

The gemmy bridle glittered free,
Like to some branch of stars we see
Hung in the golden Galaxy.
The bridle bells rang merrily
As he rode down to Camelot;
And from his blazoned baldric slung,
A mighty silver bugle hung,
And as he rode his armor rung,
Beside remote Shalott.

All in the blue unclouded weather
Thick-jeweled shone the saddle leather;
The helmet and the helmet feather
Burned like one burning flame together,
As he rode down to Camelot:

As often through the purple night,
Below the starry clusters bright,
Some bearded meteor, trailing light,
Moves over still Shalott.

His broad clear brow in sunlight glowed;
On burnished hooves his war-horse trode;
From underneath his helmet flowed
His coal-black curls as on he rode,
As he rode down to Camelot.
From the bank and from the river
He flashed into the crystal mirror;
"Tirra lirra," by the river
Sang Sir Lancelot.

She left the web, she left the loom;
She made three paces through the room;
She saw the water-lily bloom,
She saw the helmet and the plume,
She looked down to Camelot.
Out flew the web and floated wide;
The mirror cracked from side to side:
"The curse is come upon me," cried
The Lady of Shalott.

PART IV

In the stormy east-wind straining,
The pale yellow woods were waning,
The broad stream in his banks complaining,
Heavily the low sky raining
Over towered Camelot:
Down she came and found a boat
Beneath a willow left afloat,
And round about the prow she wrote —
The Lady of Shalott.

And down the river's dim expanse,
Like some bold seër in a trance
Seeing all his own mischance,
With a glassy countenance
Did she look to Camelot.
And at the closing of the day
She loosed the chain, and down she lay;
The broad stream bore her far away,
The Lady of Shalott.

Lying robed in snowy white
That loosely flew to left and right—
The leaves upon her falling light—
Through the noises of the night
She floated down to Camelot;
And as the boat-head wound along,
The willowy hills and fields among,
They heard her singing her last song,
The Lady of Shalott.

Heard a carol, mournful, holy,
Chanted loudly, chanted lowly,
Till her blood was frozen slowly,
And her eyes were darkened wholly,
Turned to towered Camelot.
For ere she reached upon the tide
The first house by the water-side,
Singing in her song she died,
The Lady of Shalott.

Under tower and balcony,
By garden wall and gallery,
A gleaming shape, she floated by
Dead-pale between the houses high,
Silent into Camelot.
Out upon the wharfs they came,
Knight and burgher, lord and dame,
And round the prow they read her name,
The Lady of Shalott.

Who is this? and what is here?
And in the lighted palace near
Died the sound of royal cheer;
And they crossed themselves for fear,
All the knights at Camelot:
But Lancelot mused a little space;
He said, "She has a lovely face;
God in his mercy lend her grace,
The Lady of Shalott."

CHORIC SONG

From 'The Lotos-Eaters'

I

THERE is sweet music here that softer falls
Than petals from blown roses on the grass,
Or night-dews on still waters between walls
Of shadowy granite, in a gleaming pass;
Music that gentlier on the spirit lies
Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes;
Music that brings sweet sleep down from the blissful skies.
Here are cool mosses deep,
And through the moss the ivies creep,
And in the stream the long-leaved flowers weep,
And from the craggy ledge the poppy hangs in sleep.

II

Why are we weighed upon with heaviness,
And utterly consumed with sharp distress,
While all things else have rest from weariness?
All things have rest: why should we toil alone,
We only toil, who are the first of things,
And make perpetual moan,
Still from one sorrow to another thrown:
Nor ever fold our wings,
And cease from wanderings,
Nor steep our brows in slumber's holy balm;
Nor harken what the inner spirit sings,
"There is no joy but calm!"
Why should we only toil, the roof and crown of things?

III

Lo! in the middle of the wood,
The folded leaf is wooed from out the bud
With winds upon the branch, and there
Grows green and broad, and takes no care,
Sun-steeped at noon, and in the moon
Nightly dew-fed; and turning yellow
Falls, and floats adown the air.
Lo! sweetened with the summer light,
The full-juiced apple, waxing over-mellow,
Drops in a silent autumn night.

All its allotted length of days,
The flower ripens in its place;
Ripens and fades, and falls, and hath no toil,
Fast-rooted in the fruitful soil.

IV

Hateful is the dark-blue sky,
Vaulted o'er the dark-blue sea.
Death is the end of life: ah, why
Should life all labor be?
Let us alone. Time driveth onward fast,
And in a little while our lips are dumb.
Let us alone. What is it that will last?
All things are taken from us, and become
Portions and parcels of the dreadful Past.
Let us alone. What pleasure can we have
To war with evil? Is there any peace
In ever climbing up the climbing wave?
All things have rest, and ripen toward the grave
In silence; ripen, fall, and cease:
Give us long rest or death; dark death, or dreamful ease.

V

How sweet it were, hearing the downward stream,
With half-shut eyes ever to seem
Falling asleep in a half-dream!
To dream and dream, like yonder amber light,
Which will not leave the myrrh-bush on the height;
To hear each other's whispered speech;
Eating the Lotos day by day,
To watch the crisping ripples on the beach,
And tender curving lines of creamy spray;
To lend our hearts and spirits wholly
To the influence of mild-minded melancholy;
To muse and brood and live again in memory,
With those old faces of our infancy
Heaped over with a mound of grass,—
Two handfuls of white dust, shut in an urn of brass!

VI

Dear is the memory of our wedded lives,
And dear the last embraces of our wives

And their warm tears; but all hath suffered change:
For surely now our household hearths are cold;
Our sons inherit us; our looks are strange:
And we should come like ghosts to trouble joy.
Or else the island princes over-bold
Have eat our substance, and the minstrel sings
Before them of the ten years' war in Troy,
And our great deeds, as half-forgotten things.
Is there confusion in the little isle?
Let what is broken so remain.
The gods are hard to reconcile:
'Tis hard to settle order once again.
There *is* confusion worse than death,
Trouble on trouble, pain on pain,
Long labor unto aged breath,
Sore task to hearts worn out by many wars
And eyes grown dim with gazing on the pilot-stars.

VII

But propt on beds of amaranth and moly,
How sweet (while warm airs lull us, blowing lowly)
With half-dropt eyelid still,
Beneath a heaven dark and holy,
To watch the long bright river drawing slowly
His waters from the purple hill—
To hear the dewy echoes calling
From cave to cave through the thick-twinèd vine—
To watch the emerald-colored water falling
Through many a woven acanthus wreath divine!
Only to hear and see the far-off sparkling brine,
Only to hear were sweet, stretched out beneath the pine.

VIII

The Lotos blooms below the barren peak;
The Lotos blows by every winding creek;
All day the wind breathes low with mellower tone;
Through every hollow cave and alley lone,
Round and round the spicy downs the yellow Lotos-dust is blown.
We have had enough of action, and of motion we,
Rolled to starboard, rolled to larboard, when the surge was seething free,
Where the wallowing monster spouted his foam-fountains in the sea.

Let us swear an oath, and keep it with an equal mind:
In the hollow Lotos-land to live and lie reclined
On the hills like Gods together, careless of mankind.
For they lie beside their nectar, and the bolts are hurled
Far below them in the valleys, and the clouds are lightly curled
Round their golden houses, girdled with the gleaming world;
Where they smile in secret, looking over wasted lands,
Blight and famine, plague and earthquake, roaring deeps and fiery sands,
Clanging fights, and flaming towns, and sinking ships, and praying hands.
But they smile, they find a music centred in a doleful song
Steaming up, a lamentation and an ancient tale of wrong,
Like a tale of little meaning though the words are strong,—
Chanted from an ill-used race of men that cleave the soil,
Sow the seed, and reap the harvest with enduring toil,
Storing yearly little dues of wheat, and wine, and oil;
Till they perish and they suffer — some, 'tis whispered — down in hell
Suffer endless anguish; others in Elysian valleys dwell,
Resting weary limbs at last on beds of asphodel.
Surely, surely, slumber is more sweet than toil, the shore
Than labor in the deep mid-ocean, wind and wave and oar;
Oh rest ye, brother mariners, we will not wander more.

ULYSSES

It little profits that, an idle king,
By this still hearth, among these barren crags,
Matched with an aged wife, I mete and dole
Unequal laws unto a savage race,
That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know not me.
I cannot rest from travel; I will drink
Life to the lees: all times I have enjoyed
Greatly, have suffered greatly, both with those
That loved me, and alone; on shore, and when
Through scudding drifts the rainy Hyades
Vext the dim sea. I am become a name:
For always roaming with a hungry heart,
Much have I seen and known,— cities of men,
And manners, climates, councils, governments,
Myself not least, but honored of them all;
And drunk delight of battle with my peers,

Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.
I am a part of all that I have met;
Yet all experience is an arch wherethrough
Gleams that untraveled world, whose margin fades
For ever and for ever when I move.
How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnished, not to shine in use!
As though to breathe were life. Life piled on life
Were all too little, and of one to me
Little remains; but every hour is saved
From that eternal silence,—something more,
A bringer of new things: and vile it were
For some three suns to store and hoard myself,
And this gray spirit yearning in desire
To follow knowledge like a sinking star,
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.
This is my son, mine own Telemachus,
To whom I leave the sceptre and the isle:
Well loved of me, discerning to fulfill
This labor, by slow prudence to make mild
A rugged people, and through soft degrees
Subdue them to the useful and the good.
Most blameless is he, centred in the sphere
Of common duties, decent not to fail
In offices of tenderness, and pay
Meet adoration to my household gods,
When I am gone. He works his work, I mine.
There lies the port; the vessel puffs her sail;
There gloom the dark broad seas. My mariners,
Souls that have toiled, and wrought, and thought with me,
That ever with a frolic welcome took
The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
Free hearts, free foreheads,—you and I are old;
Old age hath yet his honor and his toil:
Death closes all; but something, ere the end,
Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
Not unbecoming men that strove with gods.
The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks;
The long day wanes; the slow moon climbs; the deep
Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths

Of all the western stars, until I die.
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down;
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.
Though much is taken, much abides; and though
We are not now that strength which in old days
Moved earth and heaven—that which we are, we are:
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

LOCKSLEY HALL

COMRADES, leave me here a little, while as yet 'tis early morn;
Leave me here, and when you want me, sound upon the bugle-horn.

'Tis the place, and all around it, as of old, the curlews call,
Dreary gleams about the moorland flying over Locksley Hall;

Locksley Hall, that in the distance overlooks the sandy tracts,
And the hollow ocean-ridges roaring into cataracts.

Many a night from yonder ivied casement, ere I went to rest,
Did I look on great Orion sloping slowly to the West.

Many a night I saw the Pleiads, rising through the mellow shade,
Glitter like a swarm of fireflies tangled in a silver braid.

Here about the beach I wandered, nourishing a youth sublime
With the fairy tales of science, and the long result of Time;

When the centuries behind me like a fruitful land reposed;
When I clung to all the present for the promise that it closed;

When I dipt into the future far as human eye could see,—
Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be.—

In the Spring a fuller crimson comes upon the robin's breast;
In the Spring the wanton lapwing gets himself another crest;

In the Spring a livelier iris changes on the burnished dove;
In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.

Then her cheek was pale and thinner than should be for one so young,
And her eyes on all my motions with a mute observance hung.

And I said, "My cousin Amy, speak, and speak the truth to me:
Trust me, cousin, all the current of my being sets to thee."

On her pallid cheek and forehead came a color and a light,
As I have seen the rosy red flushing in the northern night.

And she turned — her bosom shaken with a sudden storm of sighs —
All the spirit deeply dawning in the dark of hazel eyes —

Saying, "I have hid my feelings, fearing they should do me wrong;"
Saying, "Dost thou love me, cousin?" weeping, "I have loved thee long."

Love took up the glass of Time, and turned it in his glowing hands:
Every moment, lightly shaken, ran itself in golden sands.

Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all the chords with might;
Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, passed in music out of sight.

Many a morning on the moorland did we hear the copses ring,
And her whisper thronged my pulses with the fullness of the Spring.

Many an evening by the waters did we watch the stately ships,
And our spirits rushed together at the touching of the lips.

O my cousin, shallow-hearted! O my Amy, mine no more!
Oh the dreary, dreary moorland! Oh the barren, barren shore!

Falser than all fancy fathoms, falser than all songs have sung,
Puppet to a father's threat, and servile to a shrewish tongue!

Is it well to wish thee happy? — having known me, to decline
On a range of lower feelings and a narrower heart than mine!

Yet it shall be: thou shalt lower to his level day by day;
What is fine within thee growing coarse to sympathize with clay.

As the husband is, the wife is: thou art mated with a clown,
And the grossness of his nature will have weight to drag thee down.

He will hold thee, when his passion shall have spent its novel force,
Something better than his dog, a little dearer than his horse.

What is this? his eyes are heavy: think not they are glazed with wine.
Go to him — it is thy duty: kiss him; take his hand in thine.

It may be my lord is weary, that his brain is overwrought:
Soothe him with thy finer fancies, touch him with thy lighter thought.

He will answer to the purpose, easy things to understand —
Better thou wert dead before me, though I slew thee with my hand!

Better thou and I were lying, hidden from the heart's disgrace,
Rolled in one another's arms, and silent in a last embrace.

Cursed be the social wants that sin against the strength of youth!
Cursed be the social lies that warp us from the living truth!

Cursed be the sickly forms that err from honest Nature's rule!
Cursed be the gold that gilds the straitened forehead of the fool!

Well — 'tis well that I should bluster! — Hadst thou less unworthy proved —
Would to God — for I had loved thee more than ever wife was loved.

Am I mad, that I should cherish that which bears but bitter fruit?
I will pluck it from my bosom, though my heart be at the root.

Never, though my mortal summers to such length of years should come
As the many-wintered crow that leads the clanging rookery home.

Where is comfort? in division of the records of the mind?
Can I part her from herself, and love her, as I knew her, kind?

I remember one that perished; sweetly did she speak and move:
Such a one do I remember, whom to look at was to love.

Can I think of her as dead, and love her for the love she bore?
No — she never loved me truly: love is love for evermore.

Comfort? comfort scorned of devils! this is truth the poet sings,
That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things.

Drug thy memories, lest thou learn it, lest thy heart be put to proof,
In the dead unhappy night, and when the rain is on the roof.

Like a dog, he hunts in dreams, and thou art staring at the wall,
Where the dying night-lamp flickers, and the shadows rise and fall.

Then a hand shall pass before thee, pointing to his drunken sleep,
To thy widowed marriage pillows, to the tears that thou wilt weep.

Thou shalt hear the "Never, never," whispered by the phantom years,
And a song from out the distance in the ringing of thine ears;

And an eye shall vex thee, looking ancient kindness on thy pain.—
Turn thee, turn thee on thy pillow; get thee to thy rest again.

Nay, but Nature brings thee solace; for a tender voice will cry.
'Tis a purer life than thine; a lip to drain thy trouble dry.

Baby lips will laugh me down; my latest rival brings thee rest.
Baby fingers, waxen touches, press me from the mother's breast.

Oh, the child too clothes the father with a dearness not his due
Half is thine and half is his; it will be worthy of the two.

Oh, I see thee old and formal, fitted to thy petty part,
With a little hoard of maxims preaching down a daughter's heart.

"They were dangerous guides the feelings — she herself was not exempt —
Truly, she herself had suffered —" Perish in thy self-contempt!

Overlive it — lower yet — be happy! wherefore should I care?
I myself must mix with action, lest I wither by despair.

What is that which I should turn to, lighting upon days like these?
Every door is barred with gold, and opens but to golden keys.

Every gate is thronged with suitors, all the markets overflow.
I have but an angry fancy: what is that which I should do?

I had been content to perish, falling on the foeman's ground,
When the ranks are rolled in vapor, and the winds are laid with sound.

But the jingling of the guinea helps the hurt that Honor feels,
And the nations do but murmur, snarling at each other's heels.

Can I but relive in sadness? I will turn that earlier page.
Hide me from my deep emotion, O thou wondrous Mother-Age!

Make me feel the wild pulsation that I felt before the strife,
When I heard my days before me, and the tumult of my life:

Yearning for the large excitement that the coming years would yield
Eager-hearted as a boy when first he leaves his father's field,

And at night along the dusky highway near and nearer drawn,
Sees in heaven the light of London flaring like a dreary dawn;

And his spirit leaps within him to be gone before him then,
Underneath the light he looks at, in among the throngs of men:

Men, my brothers, men the workers, ever reaping something new;
That which they have done but earnest of the things that they shall do:

For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be;

Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales;

Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rained a ghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue;

Far along the world-wide whisper of the south-wind rushing warm,
With the standards of the peoples plunging through the thunder-
storm;

Till the war-drum throbbed no longer, and the battle-flags were furled
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.

There the common-sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in awe,
And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal law.

So I triumphed ere my passion sweeping through me left me dry,
Left me with the palsied heart, and left me with the jaundiced eye;

Eye, to which all order festers, all things here are out of joint:
Science moves, but slowly slowly, creeping on from point to point;

Slowly comes a hungry people, as a lion, creeping nigher,
Glares at one that nods and winks behind a slowly dying fire.

Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns.

What is that to him that reaps not harvest of his youthful joys,
Though the deep heart of existence beat for ever like a boy's?

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and I linger on the shore,
And the individual withers, and the world is more and more.

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and he bears a laden breast,
Full of sad experience, moving toward the stillness of his rest.

Hark, my merry comrades call me, sounding on the bugle-horn,
They to whom my foolish passion were a target for their scorn:

Shall it not be scorn to me to harp on such a moldered string?
I am shamed through all my nature to have loved so slight a thing.

Weakness to be wroth with weakness! woman's pleasure, woman's
pain—
Nature made them blinder motions bounded in a shallower brain;

Woman is the lesser man, and all thy passions, matched with mine,
Are as moonlight unto sunlight, and as water unto wine —

Here at least, where nature sickens, nothing. Ah, for some retreat
Deep in yonder shining Orient, where my life began to beat;

Where in wild Mahratta-battle fell my father evil-starred; —
I was left a trampled orphan, and a selfish uncle's ward.

Or to burst all links of habit — there to wander far away,
On from island unto island at the gateways of the day;

Larger constellations burning, mellow moons and happy skies,
Breadths of tropic shade and palms in cluster, knots of Paradise.

Never comes the trader, never floats a European flag,
Slides the bird o'er lustrous woodland, swings the trailer from the crag;

Droops the heavy-blossomed bower, hangs the heavy-fruited tree —
Summer isles of Eden lying in dark-purple spheres of sea.

There methinks would be enjoyment more than in this march of mind,
In the steamship, in the railway, in the thoughts that shake mankind.

There the passions, cramped no longer, shall have scope and breathing-space:
I will take some savage woman, she shall rear my dusky race.

Iron-jointed, supple-sinewed, they shall dive, and they shall run,
Catch the wild goat by the hair, and hurl their lances in the sun;

Whistle back the parrot's call, and leap the rainbows of the brooks,
Not with blinded eyesight poring over miserable books —

Fool, again the dream, the fancy! but I *know* my words are wild, —
But I count the gray barbarian lower than the Christian child.

I, to herd with narrow foreheads, vacant of our glorious gains,
Like a beast with lower pleasures, like a beast with lower pains!

Mated with a squalid savage — what to me were sun or clime?
I the heir of all the ages, in the foremost files of time —

I that rather held it better men should perish one by one,
Than that earth should stand at gaze like Joshua's moon in Ajalon!

Not in vain the distance beacons. Forward, forward let us range;
Let the great world spin for ever down the ringing grooves of change.

Through the shadow of the globe we sweep into the younger day:
Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay.

Mother-Age (for mine I knew not) help me as when life begun:
Rift the hills, and roll the waters, flash the lightnings, weigh the Sun.

Oh, I see the crescent promise of my spirit hath not set:
Ancient founts of inspiration well through all my fancy yet.

Howsoever these things be, a long farewell to Locksley Hall!
Now for me the woods may wither, now for me the roof-tree fall.

Comes a vapor from the margin, blackening over heath and holt,
Cramming all the blast before it, in its breast a thunderbolt.

Let it fall on Locksley Hall, with rain or hail, or fire or snow;
For the mighty wind arises, roaring seaward, and I go.

«BREAK, BREAK, BREAK»

BREAK, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

Oh, well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play!
Oh, well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill:
But oh! for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

THE BROOK

"HERE, by this brook, we parted; I to the East
And he for Italy — too late — too late.
One whom the strong sons of the world despise:
For lucky rhymes to him were scrip and share,
And mellow metres more than cent. for cent.;
Nor could he understand how money breeds,—
Thought it a dead thing,—yet himself could make
The thing that is not as the thing that is.
Oh, had he lived! In our schoolbooks we say,
Of those that held their heads above the crowd,
They flourished then or then; but life in him
Could scarce be said to flourish,—only touched
On such a time as goes before the leaf,
When all the wood stands in a mist of green,
And nothing perfect: yet the brook he loved,
For which, in branding summers of Bengal,
Or even the sweet half-English Neilgherry air
I panted, seems, as I re-listen to it,
Prattling the primrose fancies of the boy,
To me that loved him; for 'O brook,' he says,
'O babbling brook,' says Edmund in his rhyme,
'Whence come you?' and the brook — why not? — replies:

I come from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river:
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

"Poor lad, he died at Florence, quite worn out,
Traveling to Naples. There is Darnley bridge —
It has more ivy; there the river; and there
Stands Philip's farm where brook and river meet.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,

I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret,
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river:
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

"But Philip chattered more than brook or bird —
Old Philip; all about the fields you caught
His weary daylong chirping, like the dry
High-elbowed grigs that leap in summer grass.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling,

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel
With many a silvery water-break
Above the golden gravel;

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river:
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

"O darling Katie Willows, his one child!
A maiden of our century, yet most meek;
A daughter of our meadows, yet not coarse;
Straight, but as lissome as a hazel wand;
Her eyes a bashful azure, and her hair
In gloss and hue the chestnut, when the shell
Divides threefold to show the fruit within.

"Sweet Katie, once I did her a good turn,—
Her and her far-off cousin and betrothed,
James Willows, of one name and heart with her.
For here I came, twenty years back — the week
Before I parted with poor Edmund; crost
By that old bridge which, half in ruins then,
Still makes a hoary eyebrow for the gleam
Beyond it, where the waters marry — crost,
Whistling a random bar of 'Bonny Doon,'

And pushed at Philip's garden gate. The gate,
Half parted from a weak and scolding hinge,
Stuck; and he clamored from a casement, 'Run!'
To Katie somewhere in the walks below,
'Run, Katie!' Katie never ran: she moved
To meet me, winding under woodbine bowers,
A little fluttered, with her eyelids down,—
Fresh apple-blossom, blushing for a boon.

"What was it?—Less of sentiment than sense
Had Katie: not illiterate; nor of those
Who dabbling in the fount of fictive tears,
And nursed by mealy-mouthed philanthropies,
Divorce the Feeling from her mate the Deed.

"She told me. She and James had quarreled. Why?
What cause of quarrel? None, she said, no cause;
James had no cause: but when I prest the cause,
I learnt that James had flickering jealousies
Which angered her. Who angered James? I said.
But Katie snatched her eyes at once from mine,
And sketching with her slender pointed foot
Some figure like a wizard pentagram
On garden gravel, let my query pass
Unclaimed, in flushing silence, till I asked
If James were coming. 'Coming every day,'
She answered, 'ever longing to explain:
But evermore her father came across
With some long-winded tale, and broke him short;
And James departed, vext with him and her.'
How could I help her? 'Would I—was it wrong?'
(Claspt hands and that petitionary grace
Of sweet seventeen subdued me ere she spoke)
'Oh, would I take her father for one hour,
For one half-hour, and let him talk to me!'
And even while she spoke, I saw where James
Made toward us, like a wader in the surf,
Beyond the brook, waist-deep in meadow-sweet.

"O Katie, what I suffered for your sake!
For in I went, and called old Philip out
To show the farm: full willingly he rose;
He led me through the short sweet-smelling lanes
Of his wheat suburb, babbling as he went.
He praised his land, his horses, his machines;

He praised his plows, his cows, his hogs, his dogs;
He praised his hens, his geese, his guinea-hens;
His pigeons, who in session on their roofs
Approved him, bowing at their own deserts:
Then from the plaintive mother's teat he took
Her blind and shuddering puppies, naming each,
And naming those, his friends, for whom they were:
Then crost the common into Darnley chase
To show Sir Arthur's deer. In copse and fern
Twinkled the innumerable ear and tail.
Then, seated on a serpent-rooted beech,
He pointed out a pasturing colt, and said,
'That was the four-year-old I sold the Squire.'
And there he told a long long-winded tale
Of how the Squire had seen the colt at grass,
And how it was the thing his daughter wished,
And how he sent the bailiff to the farm
To learn the price, and what the price he asked,
And how the bailiff swore that he was mad,
But he stood firm: and so the matter hung;
He gave them line: and five days after that
He met the bailiff at the Golden Fleece,
Who then and there had offered something more,
But he stood firm: and so the matter hung;
He knew the man; the colt would fetch its price;
He gave them line: and how by chance at last
(It might be May or April, he forgot,
The last of April or the first of May)
He found the bailiff riding by the farm,
And, talking from the point, he drew him in,
And there he mellowed all his heart with ale,
Until they closed a bargain, hand in hand.

"Then, while I breathed in sight of haven, he—
Poor fellow, could he help it?—recommenced,
And ran through all the coltish chronicle,
Wild Will, Black Bess, Tantivy, Tallyho,
Reform, White Rose, Bellerophon, the Jilt,
Arbaces, and Phenomenon, and the rest,—
Till, not to die a listener, I arose,
And with me Philip, talking still; and so
We turned our foreheads from the falling sun,
And following our own shadows thrice as long
As when they followed us from Philip's door,

Arrived, and found the sun of sweet content
Re-risen in Katie's eyes, and all things well.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars;
I loiter round my cresses;

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river:
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

"Yes, men may come and go; and these are gone,
All gone. My dearest brother Edmund sleeps,
Not by the well-known stream and rustic spire,
But unfamiliar Arno, and the dome
Of Brunelleschi — sleeps in peace; and he,
Poor Philip, of all his lavish waste of words
Remains the lean P. W. on his tomb —
I scraped the lichen from it; Katie walks
By the long wash of Australasian seas
Far off, and holds her head to other stars,
And breathes in April-autumns. All are gone."

So Lawrence Aylmer, seated on a stile
In the long hedge, and rolling in his mind
Old waifs of rhyme, and bowing o'er the brook
A tonsured head in middle age forlorn,
Mused, and was mute. On a sudden a low breath
Of tender air made tremble in the hedge
The fragile bindweed bells and briony rings;
And he looked up. There stood a maiden near,
Waiting to pass. In much amaze he stared
On eyes a bashful azure, and on hair
In gloss and hue the chestnut, when the shell
Divides threefold to show the fruit within;
Then, wondering, asked her, "Are you from the farm?"

"Yes," answered she.—"Pray stay a little: pardon me—
What do they call you?"—"Katie."—"That were strange.
What surname?"—"Willows."—"No!"—"That is my
name."—
"Indeed!" and here he looked so self-perplext
That Katie laughed, and laughing blushed, till he
Laughed also, but as one before he wakes,
Who feels a glimmering strangeness in his dream.
Then looking at her—"Too happy, fresh, and fair,
Too fresh and fair in our sad world's best bloom,
To be the ghost of one who bore your name
About these meadows, twenty years ago."
"Have you not heard?" said Katie: "we came back.
We bought the farm we tenanted before.
Am I so like her? so they said on board.
Sir, if you knew her in her English days,
My mother, as it seems you did,—the days
That most she loves to talk of,—come with me.
My brother James is in the harvest-field;
But she—you will be welcome—oh, come in!"

SONG: "THE SPLENDOR FALLS ON CASTLE WALLS"

From 'The Princess'

THE splendor falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story:
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow! set the wild echoes flying!
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes—dying, dying, dying.

Oh hark, oh hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
Oh, sweet and far from cliff and scar
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow! let us hear the purple glens replying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes—dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river:
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow for ever and for ever.
Blow, bugle, blow! set the wild echoes flying!
And answer, echoes, answer—dying, dying, dying.

SONG: «TEARS, IDLE TEARS»

From 'The Princess'

TEARS, idle tears, I know not what they mean:
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy Autumn fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,
That brings our friends up from the underworld;
Sad as the last which reddens over one
That sinks with all we love below the verge:
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns
The earliest pipe of half-awakened birds
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square:
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

Dear as remembered kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned
On lips that are for others; deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret—
O death in Life, the days that are no more.

PERFECT UNITY

From 'The Princess'

"BLAME not thyself too much," I said, "nor blame
Too much the sons of men and barbarous laws:
These were the rough ways of the world till now.
Henceforth thou hast a helper, me, that know
The woman's cause is man's; they rise or sink
Together, dwarfed or godlike, bond or free:
For she that out of Lethe scales with man
The shining steps of Nature, shares with man
His nights, his days, moves with him to one goal,
Stays all the fair young planet in her hands—
If she be small, slight-natured, miserable,
How shall men grow? But work no more alone!
Our place is much: as far as in us lies

We two will serve them both in aiding her;
Will clear away the parasitic forms
That seem to keep her up but drag her down;
Will leave her space to burgeon out of all
Within her; let her make herself her own
To give or keep, to live and learn and be
All that not harms distinctive womanhood.
For women is not undevelopt man,
But diverse: could we make her as the man,
Sweet Love were slain; his dearest bond is this,
Not like to like, but like in difference.
Yet in the long years liker must they grow;
The man be more of woman, she of man:
He gain in sweetness and in moral height,
Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world;
She mental breadth, nor fail in childward care,
Nor lose the childlike in the larger mind:
Till at the last she set herself to man,
Like perfect music unto noble words;
And so these twain, upon the skirts of Time,
Sit side by side, full-summed in all their powers,
Dispensing harvest, sowing the To-be,
Self-reverent each and reverencing each,
Distinct in individualities,
But like each other even as those who love.
Then comes the statelier Eden back to men;
Then reign the world's great bridals, chaste and calm;
Then springs the crowning race of human-kind.
May these things be!»
Sighing she spoke, «I fear
They will not.»
«Dear, but let us type them now
In our own lives, and this proud watchword rest
Of equal; seeing either sex alone
Is half itself, and in true marriage lies
Nor equal, nor unequal; each fulfills
Defect in each, and always thought in thought,
Purpose in purpose, will in will, they grow,
The single pure and perfect animal,
The two-celled heart beating, with one full stroke,
Life.»
And again sighing she spoke: «A dream
That once was mine! What woman taught you this?»
«Alone,» I said, «from earlier than I know,
Immersed in rich foreshadowings of the world,

I loved the woman: he that doth not, lives
A drowning life, besotted in sweet self,
Or pines in sad experience worse than death,
Or keeps his winged affections clipt with crime:
Yet was there one through whom I loved her,—one
Not learnèd, save in gracious household ways;
Not perfect, nay, but full of tender wants;
No Angel, but a dearer being, all dipt
In Angel instincts, breathing Paradise,
Interpreter between the Gods and men;
Who looked all native to her place, and yet
On tiptoe seemed to touch upon a sphere
Too gross to tread, and all male minds perforce
Swayed to her from their orbits as they moved,
And girdled her with music. Happy he
With such a mother! Faith in womankind
Beats with his blood, and trust in all things high
Comes easy to him; and though he trip and fall,
He shall not blind his soul with clay."

"But I,"
Said Ida tremulously, "so all unlike—
It seems you love to cheat yourself with words:
This mother is your model. I have heard
Of your strange doubts: they well might be; I seem
A mockery to my own self. Never, Prince:
You cannot love me."

"Nay, but thee," I said,
"From year-long poring on thy pictured eyes,
Ere seen I loved, and loved thee seen, and saw
Thee woman through the crust of iron moods
That masked thee from men's reverence up, and forced
Sweet love on pranks of saucy boyhood: now,
Given back to life, to life indeed, through thee,
Indeed I love; the new day comes, the light
Dearer for night, as dearer thou for faults
Lived over: lift thine eyes; my doubts are dead,
My haunting sense of hollow shows: the change,
This truthful change in thee, has killed it. Dear,
Look up, and let thy nature strike on mine,
Like yonder morning on the blind half-world;
Approach and fear not; breathe upon my brows:
In that fine air I tremble; all the past
Melts mist-like into this bright hour, and this
Is morn to more, and all the rich to-come
Reels, as the golden Autumn woodland reels

Athwart the smoke of burning weeds. Forgive me
I waste my heart in signs: let be. My bride,
My wife, my life. Oh, we will walk this world,
Yoked in all exercise of noble end,
And so through those dark gates across the wild
That no man knows. Indeed I love thee; come,
Yield thyself up,—my hopes and thine are one:
Accomplish thou my manhood and thyself;
Lay thy sweet hands in mine and trust to me."

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

I

HALF a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.
"Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!" he said:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

II

"Forward, the Light Brigade!"
Was there a man dismayed?
Not though the soldier knew
Some one had blundered:
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

III

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,

Into the mouth of Hell
Rode the six hundred.

IV

Flashed all their sabres bare,
Flashed as they turned in air,
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wondered:
Plunged in the battery-smoke
Right through the line they broke;
Cossack and Russian
Reeled from the sabre-stroke
Shattered and sundered.
Then they rode back, but not—
Not the six hundred.

V

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came through the jaws of Death,
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.

VI

When can their glory fade?
Oh, the wild charge they made!
All the world wondered.
Honor the charge they made!
Honor the Light Brigade,
Noble six hundred!

FROM 'IN MEMORIAM'

STRONG Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove:

Thine are these orbs of light and shade;
Thou madest Life in man and brute;
Thou madest Death: and lo, thy foot
Is on the skull which thou hast made.

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust:
Thou madest man, he knows not why,—
He thinks he was not made to die;
And thou hast made him: thou art just.

Thou seemest human and divine,
The highest, holiest manhood, thou:
Our wills are ours, we know not how;
Our wills are ours, to make them thine.

Our little systems have their day;
They have their day and cease to be:
They are but broken lights of thee,
And thou, O Lord, art more than they.

We have but faith; we cannot know:
For knowledge is of things we see;
And yet we trust it comes from thee,
A beam in darkness: let it grow.

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell;
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before,

But vaster. We are fools and slight;
We mock thee when we do not fear:
But help thy foolish ones to bear;
Help thy vain worlds to bear thy light.

Forgive what seemed my sin in me;
What seemed my worth since I began:
For merit lives from man to man,
And not from man, O Lord, to thee.

Forgive my grief for one removed,—
Thy creature, whom I found so fair:
I trust he lives in thee, and there
I find him worthier to be loved.

Forgive these wild and wandering cries,
Confusions of a wasted youth;
Forgive them where they fail in truth,
And in thy wisdom make me wise.

I ENVY not in any moods
The captive void of noble rage,
The linnet born within the cage,
That never knew the summer woods;

I envy not the beast that takes
His license in the field of time,
Unfettered by the sense of crime,
To whom a conscience never wakes;

Nor, what may count itself as blest,
The heart that never plighted troth,
But stagnates in the weeds of sloth;
Nor any want-begotten rest.

I hold it true, whate'er befall,—
I feel it when I sorrow most,—
'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.

THAT each, who seems a separate whole,
Should move his rounds, and fusing all
The skirts of self again, should fall
Remerging in the general Soul,

Is faith as vague as all unsweet:
Eternal form shall still divide
The eternal soul from all beside;
And I shall know him when we meet;

And we shall sit at endless feast,
Enjoying each the other's good:
What vaster dream can hit the mood
Of Love on earth? He seeks at least

Upon the last and sharpest height,
Before the spirits fade away,
Some landing-place, to clasp and say,
"Farewell! We lose ourselves in light."

Oh yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood;

That nothing walks with aimless feet;
That not one life shall be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete;

That not a worm is cloven in vain;
That not a moth with vain desire
Is shriveled in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain.

Behold, we know not anything;
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last — far off — at last, to all,
And every winter change to spring.

So runs my dream: but what am I?
An infant crying in the night;
An infant crying for the light:
And with no language but a cry.

* * *

The wish, that of the living whole
No life may fail beyond the grave,
Derives it not from what we have
The likest God within the soul?

Are God and Nature then at strife,
That Nature lends such evil dreams?
So careful of the type she seems,
So careless of the single life;

That I, considering everywhere
Her secret meaning in her deeds,
And finding that of fifty seeds
She often brings but one to bear,

I falter where I firmly trod,
And falling with my weight of cares
Upon the great world's altar-stairs
That slope through darkness up to God,

I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope,
And gather dust and chaff, and call
To what I feel is Lord of all,
And faintly trust the larger hope.

* * *

"So careful of the type?" but no.
From scarpèd cliff and quarried stone
She cries, "A thousand types are gone:
I care for nothing; all shall go.

"Thou makest thine appeal to me:
I bring to life, I bring to death;
The spirit does but mean the breath:
I know no more." And he, shall he,

Man, her last work, who seemed so fair,
Such splendid purpose in his eyes,
Who rolled the psalm to wintry skies,
Who built him fanes of fruitless prayer,

Who trusted God was love indeed,
And love Creation's final law,—
Though Nature, red in tooth and claw
With ravine, shrieked against his creed,—

Who loved, who suffered countless ills,
Who battled for the True, the Just,—
Be blown about the desert dust,
Or sealed within the iron hills?

No more? A monster then, a dream,
A discord. Dragons of the prime,
That tare each other in their slime,
Were mellow music matched with him.

O life as futile, then, as frail!
Oh for thy voice to soothe and bless!
What hope of answer, or redress?
Behind the veil, behind the veil.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go:
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

Love is and was my Lord and King,
And in his presence I attend
To hear the tidings of my friend,
Which every hour his couriers bring.

Love is and was my King and Lord,
And will be, though as yet I keep
Within his court on earth, and sleep
Encompassed by his faithful guard,

And hear at times a sentinel
Who moves about from place to place,
And whispers to the worlds of space,
In the deep night, that all is well.

O LIVING will that shalt endure
When all that seems shall suffer shock,
Rise in the spiritual rock,
Flow through our deeds and make them pure;

That we may lift from out of dust
A voice as unto him that hears,
A cry above the conquered years
To one that with us works, and trust,

With faith that comes of self-control,
The truths that never can be proved
Until we close with all we loved,
And all we flow from, soul in soul.

O TRUE and tried, so well and long,
Demand not thou a marriage lay:
In that it is thy marriage day
Is music more than any song.

Nor have I felt so much of bliss
Since first he told me that he loved
A daughter of our house; nor proved
Since that dark day a day like this:

Though I since then have numbered o'er
Some thrice three years; they went and came,
Remade the blood and changed the frame,
And yet is love not less, but more:

No longer caring to embalm
In dying songs a dead regret,
But like a statue solid-set,
And molded in colossal calm.

Regret is dead, but love is more
  Than in the summers that are flown,
  For I myself with these have grown
To something greater than before;

Which makes appear the songs I made
  As echoes out of weaker times,
  As half but idle brawling rhymes,
The sport of random sun and shade.

But where is she, the bridal flower,
  That must be made a wife ere noon?
  She enters, glowing like the moon
Of Eden on its bridal bower:

On me she bends her blissful eyes,
  And then on thee; they meet thy look,
  And brighten like the star that shook
Betwixt the palms of Paradise.

Oh, when her life was yet in bud,
  He too foretold the perfect rose.
  For thee she grew, for thee she grows
For ever, and as fair as good.

And thou art worthy: full of power,
  As gentle; liberal-minded, great,
  Consistent; wearing all that weight
Of learning lightly like a flower.

But now set out: the noon is near,
  And I must give away the bride;
  She fears not, or with thee beside
And me behind her, will not fear.

For I that danced her on my knee,
  That watched her on her nurse's arm,
  That shielded all her life from harm,
At last must part with her to thee:

Now waiting to be made a wife,
  Her feet, my darling, on the dead;
  Their pensive tablets round her head,
And the most living words of life

Breathed in her ear. The ring is on,
The "wilt thou" answered, and again
The "wilt thou" asked, till out of twain
Her sweet "I will" has made you one.

Now sign your names, which shall be read,
Mute symbols of a joyful morn,
By village eyes as yet unborn;—
The names are signed, and overhead

Begins the clash and clang that tells
The joy to every wandering breeze;
The blind wall rocks, and on the trees
The dead leaf trembles to the bells.

O happy hour, and happier hours
Await them. Many a merry face
Salutes them — maidens of the place,
That pelt us in the porch with flowers.

O happy hour, behold the bride
With him to whom her hand I gave.
They leave the porch, they pass the grave
That has to-day its sunny side.

To-day the grave is bright for me;
For them the light of life increased.
Who stay to share the morning feast,
Who rest to-night beside the sea.

Let all my genial spirits advance
To meet and greet a whiter sun;
My drooping memory will not shun
The foaming grape of eastern France.

It circles round, and fancy plays,
And hearts are warmed and faces bloom,
As drinking health to bride and groom
We wish them store of happy days.

Nor count me all to blame if I
Conjecture of a stiller guest,
Perchance, perchance, among the rest,
And though in silence, wishing joy.

But they must go,—the time draws on,
And those white-favored horses wait:
They rise, but linger; it is late:
Farewell, we kiss, and they are gone.

A shade falls on us like the dark
From little cloudlets on the grass;
But sweeps away as out we pass
To range the woods, to roam the park,

Discussing how their courtship grew,
And talk of others that are wed,
And how she looked, and what he said,—
And back we come at fall of dew.

Again the feast, the speech, the glee,
The shade of passing thought, the wealth
Of words and wit, the double health,
The crowning cup, the three-times-three.

And last the dance;—till I retire.
Dumb is that tower which spake so loud,
And high in heaven the streaming cloud,
And on the downs a rising fire:

And rise, O moon, from yonder down,
Till over down and over dale
All night the shining vapor sail
And pass the silent-lighted town,

The white-faced halls, the glancing rills,
And catch at every mountain head,
And o'er the friths that branch and spread
Their sleeping silver through the hills;

And touch with shade the bridal doors,
With tender gloom the roof, the wall;
And breaking let the splendor fall
To spangle all the happy shores

By which they rest, and ocean sounds,
And, star and system rolling past,
A soul shall draw from out the vast
And strike his being into bounds,

And, moved through life of lower phase,
Result in man, be born and think,
And act and love, a closer link
Betwixt us and the crowning race

Of those that, eye to eye, shall look
On knowledge: under whose command
Is Earth and Earth's, and in their hand
Is Nature like an open book:

No longer half akin to brute,
For all we thought and loved and did
And hoped and suffered, is but seed
Of what in them is flower and fruit;

Whereof the man that with me trod
This planet was a noble type,
Appearing ere the times were ripe,—
That friend of mine who lives in God;

That God which ever lives and loves,—
One God, one law, one element,
And one far-off Divine event,
To which the whole creation moves.

«COME INTO THE GARDEN, MAUD»

From 'Maud'

COME into the garden, Maud,
For the black bat, night, has flown;
Come into the garden, Maud,
I am here at the gate alone;
And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,
And the musk of the rose is blown.

For a breeze of morning moves,
And the planet of Love is on high,
Beginning to faint in the light that she loves
On a bed of daffodil sky,
To faint in the light of the sun she loves,
To faint in his light, and to die.

All night have the roses heard
The flute, violin, bassoon;

All night has the casement jessamine stirred
To the dancers dancing in tune:
Till a silence fell with the waking bird,
And a hush with the setting moon.

I said to the lily, "There is but one
With whom she has heart to be gay.
When will the dancers leave her alone?
She is weary of dance and play."
Now half to the setting moon are gone,
And half to the rising day;
Low on the sand and loud on the stone
The last wheel echoes away.

I said to the rose, "The brief night goes
In babble and revel and wine.
O young lord-lover, what sighs are those,
For one that will never be thine?
But mine, but mine," so I swear to the rose,
"For ever and ever, mine."

And the soul of the rose went into my blood,
As the music clashed in the hall:
And long by the garden lake I stood,
For I heard your rivulet fall
From the lake to the meadow and on to the wood,—
Our wood, that is dearer than all;

From the meadow your walks have left so sweet
That whenever a March wind sighs,
He sets the jewel-print of your feet
In violets blue as your eyes,
To the woody hollows in which we meet
And the valleys of Paradise.

The slender acacia would not shake
One long milk-bloom on the tree;
The white lake-blossom fell into the lake
As the pimpernel dozed on the lea:
But the rose was awake all night for your sake,
Knowing your promise to me;
The lilies and roses were all awake,—
They sighed for the dawn and thee.

Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls,
Come hither—the dances are done—

In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls.
Queen lily and rose in one;
Shine out, little head, sunning over with curls,
To the flowers, and be their sun.

There has fallen a splendid tear
From the passion-flower at the gate.
She is coming, my dove, my dear;
She is coming, my life, my fate;
The red rose cries, "She is near, she is near;"
And the white rose weeps, "She is late;"
The larkspur listens, "I hear, I hear;"
And the lily whispers, "I wait."

She is coming, my own, my sweet.
Were it ever so airy a tread,
My heart would hear her and beat,
Were it earth in an earthly bed;
My dust would hear her and beat,
Had I lain for a century dead;
Would start and tremble under her feet,
And blossom in purple and red.

"OH THAT 'TWERE POSSIBLE"

From 'Maud'

OH THAT 'twere possible
After long grief and pain
To find the arms of my true love
Round me once again!

When I was wont to meet her
In the silent woody places
By the home that gave me birth,
We stood tranced in long embraces,
Mixt with kisses sweeter, sweeter,
Than anything on earth.

A shadow flits before me,
Not thou, but like to thee:
Ah Christ! that it were possible
For one short hour to see
The souls we loved, that they might tell us
What and where they be.

It leads me forth at evening;
It lightly winds and steals
In a cold white robe before me,
When all my spirit reels
At the shouts, the leagues of lights,
And the roaring of the wheels.

Half the night I waste in sighs,
Half in dreams I sorrow after
The delight of early skies;
In a wakeful doze I sorrow
For the hand, the lips, the eyes,
For the meeting of the morrow,
The delight of happy laughter,
The delight of low replies.

'Tis a morning pure and sweet,
And a dewy splendor falls
On the little flower that clings
To the turrets and the walls;
'Tis a morning pure and sweet,
And the light and shadow fleet:
She is walking in the meadow,
And the woodland echo rings;
In a moment we shall meet;
She is singing in the meadow,
And the rivulet at her feet
Ripples on in light and shadow
To the ballad that she sings.

Do I hear her sing as of old,
My bird with the shining head,
My own dove with the tender eye?
But there rings on a sudden a passionate cry,
There is some one dying or dead,
And a sullen thunder is rolled;
For a tumult shakes the city,
And I wake — my dream is fled;
In the shuddering dawn, behold,
Without knowledge, without pity,
By the curtains of my bed
That abiding phantom cold.

Get thee hence, nor come again;
Mix not memory with doubt;

Pass, thou deathlike type of pain,
Pass and cease to move about!
'Tis the blot upon the brain
That *will* show itself without.

Then I rise; the eavedrops fall,
And the yellow vapors choke
The great city sounding wide;
The day comes, a dull red ball
Wrapt in drifts of lurid smoke
On the misty river-tide.

Through the hubbub of the market
I steal, a wasted frame;
It crosses here, it crosses there,
Through all that crowd confused and loud,
The shadow still the same;
And on my heavy eyelids
My anguish hangs like shame.

Alas for her that met me,
That heard me softly call,
Came glimmering through the laurels
At the quiet evenfall,
In the garden by the turrets
Of the old manorial hall.

Would the happy spirit descend,
From the realms of light and song,
In the chamber or the street,
As she looks among the blest,—
Should I fear to greet my friend,
Or to say "Forgive the wrong,"
Or to ask her, "Take me, sweet,
To the regions of thy rest?"

But the broad light glares and beats,
And the shadow flits and fleets
And will not let me be:
And I loathe the squares and streets,
And the faces that one meets,
Hearts with no love for me;
Always I long to creep
Into some still cavern deep,
There to weep, and weep, and weep
My whole soul out to thee.

THE FAREWELL OF KING ARTHUR TO QUEEN GUINEVERE

From 'Idylls of the King'

BUT when the Queen, immersed in such a trance,
And moving through the past unconsciously,
Came to that point where first she saw the King
Ride toward her from the city, sighed to find
Her journey done, glanced at him, thought him cold,
High, self-contained, and passionless, not like him,
"Not like my Lancelot"—while she brooded thus
And grew half guilty in her thoughts again,
There rode an armèd warrior to the doors.
A murmuring whisper through the nunnery ran,
Then on a sudden a cry, "The King!" She sat
Stiff-stricken, listening: but when armèd feet
Through the long gallery from the outer doors
Rang coming, prone from off her seat she fell,
And groveled with her face against the floor;
There with her milk-white arms and shadowy hair
She made her face a darkness from the King;
And in the darkness heard his armed feet
Pause by her: then came silence, then a voice,
Monotonous and hollow like a ghost's
Denouncing judgment, but though changed, the King's:—

"Liest thou here so low, the child of one
I honored, happy, dead before thy shame?
Well is it that no child is born of thee.
The children born of thee are sword and fire,
Red ruin, and the breaking-up of laws,
The craft of kindred, and the Godless hosts
Of heathen swarming o'er the Northern Sea;
Whom I, while yet Sir Lancelot, my right arm,
The mightiest of my knights, abode with me,
Have everywhere about this land of Christ
In twelve great battles ruining overthrown.
And knowest thou now from whence I come?—From him,
From waging bitter war with him; and he,
That did not shun to smite me in worse way,
Had yet that grace of courtesy in him left,
He spared to lift his hand against the King
Who made him knight: but many a knight was slain;
And many more, and all his kith and kin
Clave to him, and abode in his own land.

And many more when Modred raised revolt,
Forgetful of their troth and fealty, clave
To Modred, and a remnant stays with me.
And of this remnant will I leave a part,
True men who love me still, for whom I live,
To guard thee in the wild hour coming on,
Lest but a hair of this low head be harmed.
Fear not: thou shalt be guarded till my death.
Howbeit I know, if ancient prophecies
Have erred not, that I march to meet my doom.
Thou hast not made my life so sweet to me,
That I the King should greatly care to live;
For thou hast spoilt the purpose of my life.
Bear with me for the last time while I show,
Even for thy sake, the sin which thou hast sinned.
For when the Roman left us, and their law
Relaxed its hold upon us, and the ways
Were filled with rapine, here and there a deed
Of prowess done redressed a random wrong.
But I was first of all the kings who drew
The knighthood-errant of this realm and all
The realms together under me, their Head,
In that fair Order of my Table Round,—
A glorious company, the flower of men,
To serve as model for the mighty world,
And be the fair beginning of a time.
I made them lay their hands in mine, and swear
To reverence the King as if he were
Their conscience, and their conscience as their King,
To break the heathen and uphold the Christ,
To ride abroad redressing human wrongs,
To speak no slander, no, nor listen to it,
To honor his own word as if his God's,
To lead sweet lives in purest chastity,
To love one maiden only, cleave to her,
And worship her by years of noble deeds
Until they won her; for indeed I knew
Of no more subtle master under heaven
Than is the maiden passion for a maid,
Not only to keep down the base in man,
But teach high thought, and amiable words,
And courtliness, and the desire of fame,
And love of truth, and all that makes a man.
And all this throve before I wedded thee,

Believing, 'Lo mine helpmate, one to feel
My purpose and rejoicing in my joy.'
Then came thy shameful sin with Lancelot;
Then came the sin of Tristram and Isolt;
Then others, following these my mightiest knights,
And drawing foul ensample from fair names,
Sinned also, till the loathsome opposite
Of all my heart had destined did obtain,
And all through thee! so that this life of mine
I guard as God's high gift from scathe and wrong,
Not greatly care to lose; but rather think
How sad it were for Arthur, should he live,
To sit once more within his lonely hall,
And miss the wonted number of my knights,
And miss to hear high talk of noble deeds
As in the golden days before thy sin.
For which of us, who might be left, could speak
Of the pure heart, nor seem to glance at thee?
And in thy bowers of Camelot or of Usk
Thy shadow still would glide from room to room,
And I should evermore be vext with thee
In hanging robe or vacant ornament,
Or ghostly footfall echoing on the stair.
For think not, though thou wouldst not love thy lord,
Thy lord has wholly lost his love for thee.
I am not made of so slight elements.
Yet must I leave thee, woman, to thy shame.
I hold that man the worst of public foes
Who either for his own or children's sake,
To save his blood from scandal, lets the wife
Whom he knows false, abide and rule the house;
For being through his cowardice allowed
Her station, taken everywhere for pure,
She like a new disease, unknown to men,
Creeps, no precaution used, among the crowd,
Makes wicked lightnings of her eyes, and saps
The fealty of our friends, and stirs the pulse
With devil's leaps, and poisons half the young.
Worst of the worst were that man he that reigns!
Better the King's waste hearth and aching heart
Than thou reseated in thy place of light,
The mockery of my people, and their bane."

He paused, and in the pause she crept an inch
Nearer, and laid her hands about his feet.

Far off a solitary trumpet blew.
Then waiting by the doors the war-horse neighed
As at a friend's voice, and he spake again:—

"Yet think not that I come to urge thy crimes;
I did not come to curse thee, Guinevere,—
I, whose vast pity almost makes me die
To see thee, laying there thy golden head,
My pride in happier summers, at my feet.
The wrath which forced my thoughts on that fierce law,
The doom of treason and the flaming death,
(When first I learnt thee hidden here) is past.
The pang which while I weighed thy heart with one
Too wholly true to dream untruth in thee,
Made my tears burn, is also past — in part.
And all is past, the sin is sinned, and I,
Lo! I forgive thee, as Eternal God
Forgives: do thou for thine own soul the rest.
But how to take last leave of all I loved?
O golden hair, with which I used to play,
Not knowing! O imperial-molded form,
And beauty such as never woman wore,
Until it came a kingdom's curse with thee —
I cannot touch thy lips,— they are not mine,
But Lancelot's: nay, they never were the King's.
I cannot take thy hand,— that too is flesh,
And in the flesh thou hast sinned; and mine own flesh,
Here looking down on thine polluted, cries
'I loathe thee;' yet not less, O Guinevere,—
For I was ever virgin save for thee,—
My love through flesh hath wrought into my life
So far, that my doom is, I love thee still.
Let no man dream but that I love thee still.
Perchance, and so thou purify thy soul,
And so thou lean on our fair father Christ,
Hereafter in that world where all are pure
We two may meet before high God, and thou
Wilt spring to me, and claim me thine, and know
I am thine husband — not a smaller soul,
Nor Lancelot, nor another. Leave me that,
I charge thee, my last hope. Now must I hence.
Through the thick night I hear the trumpet blow:
They summon me their King to lead mine hosts
Far down to that great battle in the west,
Where I must strike against the man they call

My sister's son — no kin of mine, who leagues
With Lords of the White Horse, heathen, and knights,
Traitors — and strike him dead, and meet myself
Death, or I know not what mysterious doom.
And thou remaining here wilt learn the event:
But hither shall I never come again,
Never lie by thy side; see thee no more —
Farewell!»

And while she groveled at his feet,
She felt the King's breath wander o'er her neck,
And in the darkness o'er her fallen head
Perceived the waving of his hands that blest.

IN THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL

EMMIE

I

Our doctor had called in another: I never had seen him before.
But he sent a chill to my heart when I saw him come in at the door,
Fresh from the surgery-schools of France and of other lands —
Harsh red hair, big voice, big chest, big merciless hands!
Wonderful cures he had done, oh yes, but they said too of him
He was happier using the knife than in trying to save the limb;
And that I can well believe, for he looked so coarse and so red,
I could think he was one of those who would break their jests on the dead,
And mangle the living dog that had loved him and fawned at his knee —
Drenched with the hellish oorali — that ever such things should be!

II

Here was a boy — I am sure that some of our children would die
But for the voice of Love, and the smile, and the comforting eye —
Here was a boy in the ward, every bone seemed out of its place —
Caught in a mill and crushed — it was all-but a hopeless case:
And he handled him gently enough; but his voice and his face were not kind,
And it was but a hopeless case, — he had seen it and made up his mind;

And he said to me roughly, "The lad will need little more of your care."
"All the more need," I told him, "to seek the Lord Jesus in prayer;
They are all his children here, and I pray for them all as my own."
But he turned to me, "Ay, good woman, can prayer set a broken bone?"
Then he muttered half to himself, but I know that I heard him say,
"All very well — but the good Lord Jesus has had his day."

III

Had? has it come? It has only dawned. It will come by-and-by.
Oh, how could I serve in the wards if the hope of the world were a lie?
How could I bear with the sights and the loathsome smells of disease
But that He said, "Ye do it to me, when ye do it to these"?

IV

So he went. And we past to this ward where the younger children are laid:
Here is the cot of our orphan, our darling, our meek little maid;
Empty you see just now! We have lost her who loved her so much —
Patient of pain though as quick as a sensitive plant to the touch;
Hers was the prettiest prattle, — it often moved me to tears;
Hers was the gratefulest heart I have found in a child of her years —
Nay, you remember our Emmie: you used to send her the flowers;
How she would smile at 'em, play with 'em, talk to 'em hours after hours!
They that can wander at will where the works of the Lord are revealed
Little guess what joy can be got from a cowslip out of the field:
Flowers to these "spirits in prison" are all they can know of the spring;
They freshen and sweeten the wards like the waft of an angel's wing;
And she lay with a flower in one hand and her thin hands crost on her breast, —
Wan, but as pretty as heart can desire, — and we thought her at rest,
Quietly sleeping; so quiet, our doctor said, "Poor little dear!
Nurse, I must do it to-morrow: she'll never live through it, I fear."

V

I walked with our kindly old doctor as far as the head of the stair,
Then I returned to the ward; the child didn't see I was there.

VI

Never since I was nurse, had I been so grieved and so vext!
Emmie had heard him. Softly she called from her cot to the next:
"He says I shall never live through it — O Annie, what shall I do?"
Annie considered. "If I," said the wise little Annie, "was you,
I should cry to the dear Lord Jesus to help me; for, Emmie, you see,
It's all in the picture there: 'Little children should come to me.'"
(Meaning the print that you gave us, — I find that it always can please
Our children, — the dear Lord Jesus with children about his knees.)
"Yes, and I will," said Emmie; "but then if I call to the Lord,
How should he know that it's me? such a lot of beds in the ward!"
That was a puzzle for Annie. Again she considered and said: —
"Emmie, you put out your arms, and you leave 'em outside on the bed —
The Lord has so *much* to see to! but, Emmie, you tell it him plain,
It's the little girl with her arms lying out on the counterpane."

VII

I had sat three nights by the child — I could not watch her for four;
My brain had begun to reel — I felt I could do it no more.
That was my sleeping-night, but I thought that it never would pass.
There was a thunderclap once, and a clatter of hail on the glass,
And there was a phantom cry that I heard as I tost about,
The motherless bleat of a lamb in the storm and the darkness without;
My sleep was broken besides with dreams of the dreadful knife,
And fears for our delicate Emmie, who scarce would escape with her life;
Then in the gray of the morning it seemed she stood by me and smiled,
And the doctor came at his hour, and we went to see to the child.

VIII

He had brought his ghastly tools: we believed her asleep again —
Her dear, long, lean, little arms lying out on the counterpane;
Say that His day is done! Ah, why should we care what they say?
The Lord of the children had heard her, and Emmie had past away.

THE THROSTLE

"SUMMER is coming, summer is coming.
I know it, I know it, I know it.
Light again, leaf again, life again, love again."
Yes, my wild little Poet.

Sing the new year in under the blue.
Last year you sang it as gladly.
"New, new, new, new!" Is it then *so* new
That you should carol so madly?

"Love again, song again, nest again, young again,"
Never a prophet so crazy!
And hardly a daisy as yet, little friend,
See, there is hardly a daisy.

"Here again, here, here, here, happy year!"
Oh, warble unchidden, unbidden!
Summer is coming, is coming, my dear,
And all the winters are hidden.

THE OAK

LIVE thy Life,
Young and old,
Like yon oak,
Bright in spring,
Living gold;

Summer-rich
Then; and then
Autumn-changed,
Soberer-hued
Gold again.

All his leaves
Fallen at length,
Look, he stands,
Trunk and bough,
Naked strength.

CROSSING THE BAR

SUNSET and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

For though from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar.

CHARLES TENNYSON TURNER

(1808–1879)

THE poetic gift in the Tennyson family was not confined to the laureate, although his accomplishment and fame overshadow his brothers. But both Frederick and Charles Tennyson were verse-writers of no mean power; and of Charles—who in 1835 assumed the name of Turner upon inheriting the estate of a great-uncle—it may be said that he was one of the most attractive and genuine of the minor Victorian lyric singers. His sonnets have a delicacy of art, a loveliness of expression, and a depth of feeling, which give them distinction and charm. They are quiet, reflective, unobtrusive; but their attraction is strong and lasting. This poet's range was not wide, but his note was very true and sweet.

TENNYSON TURNER

Charles Tennyson Turner was the son of the Rev. George Clayton Tennyson, rector of Somersby and Enderby in Lincolnshire, and was born in the former village on July 4th, 1808; being a year the elder of Alfred. Charles was educated at Louth Grammar School, and with Alfred at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he got his degree in 1832. As a Trinity student he did fine work in the classics, and won the Bell Scholarship. In 1835 he was appointed Vicar of Grąsby, and spent most of his life in the faithful discharge of the duties of a country parish, much beloved by his people. He married in 1836 Louisa Sellwood, the younger sister of Lady Tennyson.

Charles's initial appearance as a poet was with Alfred in the anonymous volume, now so much coveted, 'Poems by Two Brothers'; which was published in 1827, and drew the attention of the public to a new talent in English verse. Charles's share in the volume was but modest. His independent publication began three years later with the 'Sonnets and Fugitive Pieces'; and further volumes were 'Sonnets' (1864), 'Small Tableaux' (1868), 'Sonnets, Lyrics, and Translations' (1873), 'Collected Sonnets, Old and New' (1880),—the last a posthumous publication. The poet's death occurred at Cheltenham, April 25th, 1879.

The ethical is strongly marked in Charles Tennyson Turner's verse. His interest in spiritual themes rarely gave his poems the didactic flavor too commonly found in religious poetry. This was because he was naturally an artist; and also because he was full of feeling, richly human. He chose for the most part simple homely themes suggested by his environment, and illuminated them with tender imagination. As to poetic forms, the sonnet, "poising one bright thought," was with him the favorite mold into which to pour his thought and emotion. Its lyric requirements and demands suited his gift, and he gained mastery in it. Few sonneteers excel him for sentiment choicely and musically expressed. In such poems as 'Letty's Globe' and 'The Mummy,' he touches the heart and delights the sense of beauty. The former poem awoke the enthusiasm of Swinburne, who declared it to be unsurpassed among English child poems. At times too he was stimulated by a motif like that in 'The Lion's Skeleton' into a noble largeness of conception and utterance. Charles Tennyson Turner's sweet, pure pastoral melody must long afford pleasure and find appreciation.

THE LION'S SKELETON

How long, O lion, hast thou fleshless lain?
What rapt thy fierce and thirsty eyes away?
First came the vulture; worms, heat, wind, and rain
Ensued, and ardors of the tropic day.
I know not — if they spared it thee — how long
The canker sate within thy monstrous mane,
Till it fell piecemeal, and bestrewed the plain,
Or, shredded by the storming sands, was flung
Again to earth: but now thine ample front,
Whereon the great frowns gathered, is laid bare;
The thunders of thy throat, which erst were wont
To scare the desert, are no longer there:
Thy claws remain; but worms, wind, rain, and heat
Have sifted out the substance of thy feet.

THE LATTICE AT SUNRISE

As on my bed at dawn I mused and prayed,
I saw my lattice pranked upon the wall,
The flaunting leaves and flitting birds withal,—
A sunny phantom interlaced with shade:

"Thanks be to Heaven," in happy mood I said,
"What sweeter aid my matins could befall
Than the fair glory from the East hath made?
What holy sleights hath God, the Lord of all,
To bid us feel and see! We are not free
To say we see not, for the glory comes
Nightly and daily, like the flowing sea;
His lustre pierceth through the midnight glooms,
And, at prime hour, behold! he follows me
With golden shadows to my secret rooms."

THE ROOKERY

METHOUGHT, as I beheld the rookery pass
Homeward at dusk upon the rising wind,
How every heart in that close-flying mass
Was well befriended by the Almighty mind:
He marks each sable wing that soars or drops,
He sees them forth at morning to their fare,
He sets them floating on his evening air,
He sends them home to rest on the tree-tops.
And when through umbered leaves the night-winds pour,
With lusty impulse rocking all the grove,
The stress is measured by an eye of love:
No root is burst, though all the branches roar;
And in the morning, cheerly as before,
The dark clan talks, the social instincts move.

ORION

HOW oft I've watched thee from the garden croft,
In silence, when the busy day was done,
Shining with wondrous brilliancy aloft,
And flickering like a casement 'gainst the sun!
I've seen thee soar from out some snowy cloud,
Which held the frozen breath of land and sea,
Yet broke and severed as the wind grew loud—
But earth-bound winds could not dismember thee,
Nor shake thy frame of jewels: I have guessed
At thy strange shape and function, haply felt
The charm of that old myth about thy belt
And sword; but most, my spirit was possessed
By His great Presence, who is never far
From his light-bearers, whether man or star.

LETTY'S GLOBE

WHEN Letty had scarce passed her third glad year,
And her young, artless words began to flow,
One day we gave the child a colored sphere
Of the wide earth, that she might mark and know,
By tint and outline, all its sea and land.
She patted all the world; old empires peeped
Between her baby fingers; her soft hand
Was welcome at all frontiers. How she leaped,
And laughed, and prattled in her world-wide bliss!
But when we turned her sweet unlearnèd eye
On our own isle, she raised a joyous cry:
"Oh yes! I see it; Letty's home is there!"
And while she hid all England with a kiss,
Bright over Europe fell her golden hair!

HER FIRST-BORN

IT WAS her first sweet child, her heart's delight;
And though we all foresaw his early doom,
We kept the fearful secret out of sight;
We saw the canker, but she kissed the bloom.
And yet it might not be: we could not brook
To vex her happy heart with vague alarms,
To blanch with fear her fond intrepid look,
Or send a thrill through those encircling arms.
She smiled upon him, waking or at rest;
She could not dream her little child would die;
She tossed him fondly with an upward eye;
She seemed as buoyant as a summer spray
That dances with a blossom on its breast,
Nor knows how soon it will be borne away.

OUR MARY AND THE CHILD MUMMY

WHEN the four quarters of the globe shall rise,—
Men, women, children, at the judgment-time,—
Perchance this Memphian girl, dead ere her prime,
Shall drop her mask, and with dark, new-born eyes

Salute our English Mary, loved and lost:
The Father knows her little scroll of prayer,
And life as pure as his Egyptian air;—
For though she knew not Jesus, nor the cost
At which he won the world, she learned to pray;
And though our own sweet babe on Christ's good name
Spent her last breath, premonished and advised
Of him, and in his glorious church baptized,—
She will not spurn this old-world child away,
Nor put her poor embalmèd heart to shame.

THE BUOY-BELL

How like the leper, with his own sad cry
Enforcing its own solitude, it tolls!
That lonely bell set in the rushing shoals,
To warn us from the place of jeopardy!
O friend of man! sore vexed by Ocean's power,
The changing tides wash o'er thee day by day;
Thy trembling mouth is filled with bitter spray:
Yet still thou ringest on from hour to hour.
High is thy mission, though thy lot is wild:
To be in danger's realm a guardian sound;
In seamen's dreams a pleasant part to bear,
And earn their blessing as the year goes round;
And strike the keynote of each grateful prayer
Breathed in their distant homes by wife or child.

TERENCE

(B. C. 185?–159?)

BY THOMAS BOND LINDSAY

THE Comedy of Manners, to which the work of Terence belongs, represents in general the contemporary life of the people in its superficial aspect; the state of society which it depicts changes rapidly, and the comedy itself often loses interest except to the student of past forms of social development. The English comedies of this class that have retained popular favor, owe their continued existence rather to the power of the presentation than to their subject-matter. Where, however, the life of a particular community has evidently and forcibly affected the succeeding history of the world, the case is different: the life of such a people at such a time becomes of cosmopolitan importance. In estimating, then, the permanent value of the comedies of Terence, we must consider both the subject of his work and the quality of the workman. No amount of artistic subtlety can produce an enduring monument from perishable material; a marble statue is not formed from clay, nor are noble thoughts evolved from trivial platitudes. On the other hand, the barren-minded or unskillful fashioner may make the marble valueless as clay itself, and sink men's highest aspirations to the level of the street-boy's slang. The influence of Greek life and thought upon modern Europe is as remarkable as it is undisputed. The power of Terence to represent this life, as it was in the third century before Christ, will appear as we proceed. Suffice it for the present to suggest that his treatment of it was cosmopolitan, natural, and formally almost perfect. It was cosmopolitan, because as an African slave, writing at Rome and in the Roman speech, of the life of the Greeks, he had that perspective which in some form or other — local, chronological, or temperamental — is essential to clear vision and to the appreciation of relative values. It was natural, because he had the facts all before him

TERENCE

in the works of the Greek writers whom he followed, because he was young, and because he was an artist. It was formally almost perfect, because he used with an artist's power a speech form that had put off the crudities of his literary predecessors, and had become the most nearly perfect medium for the expression of thought that the world has ever known.

Roman comedy, as it has come down to us, is almost entirely founded on Greek models. Of the indigenous Latin comedy which preceded the translation made by Nævius (who died 204 B. C.) from the Greek, we know very little. The conflicts of rustic raillery at the vintage season, and at other festivals, gave rise to the Fescennine verses, which were probably modified by Etruscan influence and developed into the 'Saturæ,'—dramatic medleys with some musical accompaniment, upon which the later literary 'Saturæ' of Lucilius, and his successors Horace, Persius, and Juvenal, were based.

Among the Oscans in southern Italy there arose a form of comedy called the 'Fabula Atellana.' This seems to have contained a large pantomimic element, and produced the stock characters of Macco the stupid, Bucco the glutton, Pappus the vain old man, and Dosennus the wily rascal. The Romans possessed—in common with all Italians, both ancient and modern—a keen sense of the ridiculous, a talent for repartee, a gift of improvisation, and an art of mimicry, that might well have formed a really national comedy from these rude beginnings, had they not come into competition with the finer forms of Greek dramatic art. As a matter of fact, however, the influence of this national drama upon the literature of Rome was insignificant; and so far as extant writings are concerned, Roman comedy means the works of Plautus and Terence. Both these men found their models in the new Attic comedy,—a form that differed essentially from the Attic comedy of Aristophanes: the latter was distinctly political in tone, and was marked externally by the presence of the chorus; while its successor, represented by Menander, dealt almost without exception with the relations of private life, corresponded very closely with the society comedy of modern times, and had eliminated the chorus altogether.

The picture of Greek life furnished by Menander and the other comedy-writers of his time assumed two quite different forms as it was represented on the Roman stage,—in the earlier period by Plautus, in the later period by Terence. The times themselves had changed. When Plautus wrote, the Roman people was practically homogeneous: filled with a national, almost provincial spirit, contemptuous of foreigners and foreign ways, uncritical, careless of literary form, ready to be easily amused, looking to the stage for strong points and palpable hits rather than for fine discriminating

character studies and subtle suggestions of humorous situations. The audiences of Plautus were more ready to laugh than to smile, more affected by wit than by humor. The temporary theatre was the gathering-place of the whole community,—restless, impatient, eager to see something done rather than to hear something said; to be amused rather than to be instructed. The years that intervened before the production of the first of Terence's plays brought many important changes. The earlier rude brutality of strength had been modified to a calmer consciousness of power; the stern stoicism of the elder Cato had been softened by the finer elements of the Epicurean system; and more than all, the influence of Greek art and Greek culture had begun to permeate the nation, and to form an educated literary class, distinct from the body of the people. In the former generation there had been men who recognized the value of the Greek spirit: such men as Scipio the Elder, and Fulvius Nobilior, both friends of the poet Ennius. But the men of the younger generation had made this Greek culture their own; had not only recognized its value but actually assimilated it.

Terence came into intimate contact with the leading men of this movement, the so-called Scipionic circle; Scipio Æmilianus, Lælius, and Furius Philo received him into such cordial intimacy that he was even suspected and accused of giving out, as his own, works that were in reality the product of their minds. This charge has never been refuted. In fact, Terence refers to it in the prologue to the 'Adelphi,' in such a way as to make it highly probable that he rather admitted than disclaimed the aid with which his enemies reproached him.

Thus, while the earlier writers, including the dramatists, had appealed to the general public, Terence and his successors looked to the literary class for approbation and encouragement. The earlier men had written, the later cultivated literature, until we find even Horace openly proclaiming his indifference to the judgment of the uncritical many.

In spite of the fact that the life of Terence—written by Suetonius during the early part of the second century A. D.—is extant, there is doubt as to many of the facts concerning his career. He was probably born in 185 B. C., and came to Rome from Carthage when very young. He was a slave in the family of Terentius Lucanus, from whom his name is derived. He was educated with great care, and came early into contact with the young men of the best Roman families, with whom he kept up an intimate friendship until his death. The fact that such a friendship could exist between an emancipated slave and men of the old Roman nobility causes less surprise when we remember that the slaves in Rome were frequently

men of excellent education; and that the fortune of war might easily bring a man of noble birth and high rank into that position. There is indeed no parallel between the slavery of ancient times and that which existed, for instance, in America until so recently.

Terence's first play — the 'Andria' — was brought out in 166 B. C. There is a story that he carried the MS. to Cæcilius, who was the recognized successor of Plautus, and the arbiter of dramatic success at this time; and that the great man bade the youth in his shabby clothes sit down upon a stool at the foot of his couch, and read to him while he continued the dinner which the coming of Terence had interrupted. After listening to a few lines from the opening scene, which Cicero often referred to as a model of narrative style, Cæcilius indicated his admiration by placing the young poet beside him at the table. The other five comedies of Terence were put upon the stage during the next five years; and soon after the production of the 'Adelphi' in 160 B. C., Terence set sail for Greece, whence he never returned. He died in the following year, but the circumstances of his death are variously related. It was said that he was returning with a large number of MSS. when the ship that carried him was wrecked. It seems to have been more commonly believed, however, that grief at the loss of these MSS., which he had sent home before him, caused his death. Suetonius states that he was of medium stature, slender figure, and dark complexion.

The 'Andria,' which was the earliest of Terence's works, is so called from the fact that the heroine, Glycerium, came to Athens from the island of Andros, where she had been shipwrecked with her uncle Phania, to whom she had been intrusted by her father Chremes, an Athenian, on the occasion of his journey into Asia. Upon the death of her uncle, she is adopted by an Andrian, and brought up with his own daughter Chrysis. When this man dies, the two girls come to Athens; and Pamphilus, whose father Simo has arranged his marriage with a younger daughter of this same Chremes, falls madly in love with Glycerium. Davus, the slave, is eager to help Pamphilus, but anxious to avoid the anger of Simo. Finally by a stratagem he brings it about that Chremes refuses to consent to the marriage of the younger daughter with Pamphilus. A cousin from Andros appears on the scene, and makes the astonishing but satisfactory revelation that the supposed Glycerium is really the long-lost elder daughter of Chremes himself. Thus all objections to the marriage are removed. As usual in the plays of Terence, there is an underplot. Here Charinus is as desperately in love with a younger daughter of Chremes as is Pamphilus with her sister. In the progress of the play, Pamphilus is obliged to seem to consent to carry out his father's wishes, which interferes decidedly with the happiness of

Charinus. The resolution of one plot is of course the disentangling of the other.

The 'Andria' is the most interesting and the least amusing of the comedies of Terence. It has more pathetic situations and less of the real comedy element than any of the others. It is indeed rather what the French call a "comédie larmoyante." This play was translated into English during the reign of Edward VI., and has been imitated by Baron in his 'Andrienne.' It furnished too some of the scenes in Moore's 'Foundling.' The best imitation however is Steele's 'Conscious Lovers.' The plot of the latter play is an improvement on that of Terence, but the characters are less carefully drawn.

The 'Hecyra' (The Stepmother), was brought out in 165 B. C.; but as it came into competition with a rope-dancing entertainment, it was unsuccessful and was withdrawn, to be reproduced in 160. It has the fatal fault of dullness, and has never found an adapter. The prologue is interesting for the information it contains on the subject of the management of the Roman theatre.

The 'Hautontimorumenos' (The Self-Tormentor) contains a highly original character in the person of Menedemus the father, whose severity to his son causes him such deep distress that the anxiety and sympathy of his neighbor Chremes are aroused. He goes to Menedemus, and protests that he is killing himself by his self-imposed laborious penance. Menedemus's repulse of his neighbor's kind offices, and inquiry as to why he should concern himself so deeply about other men's affairs, is the occasion for the famous line—

"I am a man: all that concerns my fellow-men is my concern,"—

a line at which the whole house rose and shouted its applause. It was indeed a summary, an epigrammatic statement, of the new doctrine of a broader interest: "To be a Roman citizen is much; to be a man is more." It marked the transition from a narrow provincial view of the world to that which recognized the brotherhood of men. We may well imagine that at this time, when the new party in politics, as well as in literature, was struggling for development as opposed to repression,—was claiming that Rome could be truly great only as she absorbed and assimilated the best that all the world could offer her,—such an expression would catch the enthusiastic spirit of a Roman audience. The play, like the 'Andria,' has little comic force; but as the Spectator observes, while there is not in the whole drama one passage that could raise a laugh, it is from beginning to end the most perfect picture of human life that ever was exhibited. It has been imitated in Chapman's comedy 'All Fools.'

The 'Eunuchus' was brought out in 161 B. C. On the Roman stage it was by far the most popular of all Terence's plays. It has a vivacity, a continued interest, a grouping of lively characters, that

almost redeems its author from Cæsar's reproach of lack of "comic power." The parasite Gnatho is a new type; less like the broadly flattering parasites of Plautus, more like the delicate and artful flatterers of Juvenal or of Shakespeare. The braggart captain too, Thraso, is free from the incredible extravagances of Plautus's Miles Gloriosus, and yet ridiculous enough in his boastfulness to fill his rôle of laughing-stock. A new trait is his desire to pose as a wit, and his tendency to repeat old stories.

The 'Eunuchus' has been imitated by Aretine in 'La Talanta,' by La Fontaine in 'L'Eunuque,' by Bruyès in 'Le Muet,' and by Sir Charles Sedley in 'Bellamira.'

The 'Phormio' appeared in the same year with the 'Eunuchus,' and takes its name from that of the parasite; who, however, is neither an imitation of the parasites of Plautus, nor a repetition of the new type shown in the Gnatho of the 'Eunuchus.' He is a well-meaning, sympathetic, but somewhat impecunious gentleman, who is anxious to arrange things to the general satisfaction as well as to his own. There is a quiet humor in the scene between Demipho, the anxious father, and the gentlemen whom he has called in to advise him, that is characteristic of Terence. Demipho turns to the first of the visitors, Hegio, and says, "You see how things stand: what am I to do? Tell me, Hegio;" and Hegio replies, "What! I? I think you will do well to consult Cratinus." So Demipho turns to the second friend: "Tell me, Cratinus."—"Who, I?"—"Yes, you."—"Well, I think you should do that which is best for yourself. It seems to me like this: it is only fair and right that what this boy of yours did in your absence should be considered null and void, and I think the court will hold it so; that's my opinion." Demipho returns to Hegio: "Now then, Hegio."—"I have no doubt that our friend here has spoken after due consideration: but many men, many minds; each has his own way of looking at things. It does not seem to me that what has been done in regular legal form can be undone, and it is a bad thing to undertake." So Demipho looks to the third man, Crito, to settle the matter. "Well, Crito, what do you say?"—"I think the matter needs further deliberation. It is an important case." Hegio inquires if they can serve him further, and as Demipho replies, "No, you have done remarkably well," they solemnly file out, leaving Demipho to remark to himself, "I am decidedly more undecided than I was before."

The 'Adelphi' (The Brothers), the last of Terence's comedies, was brought out in 160 B. C. The chief interest of the piece is due to the contrast between the two brothers. Demea, the elder, is a hard-handed, tight-fisted countryman,—a Pharisee of the strictest sect. Micio, the younger, is open-hearted and open-handed, and inclined to leniency towards the faults and follies of youth. He is a bachelor,

and has adopted Æschinus, the elder son of his brother. Ctesipho, Demea's younger son, has been brought up by his father on the most approved principles; and outwardly at least, justifies his father's boasts of the success of his system. When Æschinus runs away with a music-girl, Demea's regret at the disgrace of the family is tempered with satisfaction at the failure of his less strait-laced brother's methods of education. The discovery, however, that Æschinus is not the principal in the affair, but is only acting for his moral brother, Ctesipho, opens Demea's eyes, and causes him to reverse his judgment as to the wisdom of an extreme severity. The 'Adelphi' is as full of human nature as the 'Hautontimorumenos,' and affords even more marked examples of Terence's inimitable success in character-drawing. The 'Adelphi' has been often imitated in whole or in part: the contrasting characters of the two brothers have been particularly attractive to modern playwrights.

The closest imitation is that of Baron in 'L'École des Pères.' Molière used it in 'L'École des Maris.' Diderot seems to have had Micio and Demea in mind in writing his 'Père de Famille.' Shadwell based his 'Squire of Alsatia' on the 'Adelphi.' The principal characters in Cumberland's 'Choleric Man' come from the same source. Kno'well in Ben Jonson's 'Every Man in his Humour' has a strong resemblance to Micio. Fagan's 'La Pupille,' Garrick's 'Guardian,' and John Hare's 'A Pair of Spectacles,' all owe more or less to Terence's play.

The most striking characteristic in these six plays of Terence is the broad grasp of human nature. His characters are alive, not because he seizes their salient features and forces them upon us, but because he shows us each individual fitting himself into his own place according to the fundamental laws that govern temperament and character, whatever their immediate environment may be. The characters of Plautus, in spite of the Greek setting of his plays, are Romans: the characters of Terence are neither Greeks nor Romans, but men and women. Dramatists and novelists often produce strong effects in character-drawing by placing some dominant quality in the foreground, and massing everything else behind it. We remember Mr. Micawber because he was always waiting for something to turn up; but we remember Major Pendennis because he was Major Pendennis. This very fact gives to the characters of Dickens, as to those of Plautus, an apparently greater individuality; but often at the expense of truth. Men and women are not built up around single qualities, unless indeed they be monomaniacs; and the greater artists like Thackeray and Terence show us, not the dominant quality with the man attached to it, but the man himself affected more or less by the dominant quality.

Terence shares with Horace that urbanity, that spirit of moderation and mutual concession, which is the almost inevitable result of the association of men in large numbers. Angularities wear off by friction; and this quality of urbanity, developed by the friction of life in the great Roman city, became a marked feature of later Latin literature, and remains as the special heritage of French literature to-day.

The expression of real tenderness, the feeling that lies in the region between sport and earnest, is rare among the Romans. Sentiment that is neither passion on the one hand nor sentimentality on the other does not readily lend itself to forms of words. In his power to present this finer feeling, Terence is excelled by only one among Roman writers, Catullus,—

«Tenderest of Roman poets nineteen hundred years ago.»

With Catullus, too, Terence shares that indefinable quality of charm which has no less distinct a place in literature than in society,— that gift of the gods which turns readers of Charles Lamb, of Heine, of Stevenson, into friends and almost lovers. Indefinable, indeed; but surely resting on those two qualities so eminent in all these authors,— spontaneity and grace. We require of the lyric poet that he express emotion; we expect the epic poet to deal with action: in the dramatist we look for development of emotion through the will into action. The first may ignore the result of the emotion; the second may merely imply the motive of the action: but the dramatist must trace the cause to its effect.

In the skill with which this development of plot and character is carried on, Terence ranks with the greatest dramatists. The leading emotion — the motive — of all his plays is love; and as the plot moves on, we may trace the working out of this emotion in the whole action of the piece. In the delineation of character there are no mere superficial portraits, no over-intensified high lights; all is simple and consistent. We find none of the broad strokes of Plautus, no impressionist pictures, but always the fine suggestive detail of the etcher. Here, as elsewhere, Terence closely followed his Greek models. In his systematic use of double plots, however, he showed his ability to fit his material to his purpose. The Roman stage demanded more action than a single Greek comedy afforded. By a skillful combination of two Greek plays into one, Terence secured the added action without loss of continuity.

In creative force, Terence is undoubtedly inferior to his great predecessor. His characters all belong to a few types. The warm-hearted, open-minded young man, careless of conventions, but generous and faithful to his own standard of honor; the easy-going,

indulgent father, a man of the world, whose motto is, "Boys will be boys;" the stern old man, grumbling at the degeneracy of the times, forgetting that he himself was ever young; the weak, devoted mother, who can see no faults in her darling boy; the suave plausible parasite, ever on the lookout for his own advantage, serving others often, but always himself; the fine-spirited young girl, whom misfortune has placed in the false position of a slave, whose weakness is her strength,—loving, constant, and faithful; slaves of various sorts, some wily enough to scheme successfully for their masters' success, some dull enough to involve their masters in unnecessary and unlooked-for complications, some honestly devoted, some cunningly subservient,—these and some few other characters appear in all the plays; but each one, drawn by a master hand, is simple, natural, and consistent.

The diction of Terence was the model of his successors. He marks, indeed, no less an epoch in the development of the language of the Romans than in the progress of their views of life; and in both, the changes, the permanence of which his power assured, were similar. In language as in life, Terence stands for sweet reasonableness, for moderation, for sympathetic kindliness, for elegance, for art —for classicism. His work brought into Latin literature that element of perfect style which it retained in Cicero and in Horace; which it lost in the later empire in the hands of Seneca and Fronto; which reappeared in France. So too in his philosophy of life and manners, he finds a follower in Horace, a stern opponent in Juvenal—and an appreciative audience in modern Paris. It is indeed the philosophy of compromise, not that of strong enthusiastic conviction. Terence, like Horace, has always been a favorite author with men of wide experience; while Plautus, like Juvenal, appeals to the reader whose youth—of years or of heart—knows no fine distinctions.

While the moderation of Terence's diction precludes his use of the forceful energetic word-strokes that lend themselves so well to quotation, the very fineness of his art furnishes many phrases that became proverbial; such as—Lovers' quarrels are love's renewal; Silence is praise enough; You are singing the same old song; Hence these tears; I am a man—all that concerns my fellow-men is my concern; Many men, many minds; He is holding a wolf by the ears; Not too much of anything.

As regards the effect of Roman comedy on Roman morals much might be said, and on both sides. There is undoubtedly a laxity of view concerning the relations of the sexes that does not commend itself to modern minds. On the other hand, it is to be remembered that the increase of wealth and luxury, tending to make of marriage a matter of mutual material advantage,—a legal relation, looking to

the establishment of the family—forces the playwright to step outside the conventions of society if he would deal with love as an emotion and as the basis of romantic attachment. Terence meets this difficulty by supposing his heroine to be ineligible, owing to poverty, or to her position as a slave or a foreigner. Thus the romantic element in the attachment is justified. In every case, however, she is discovered to be the daughter of a wealthy Athenian citizen, the stigma of ineligibility is removed, and the curtain is rung down to the sound of wedding-bells. Thus the playwright finds his field, and yet conventional morality is satisfied.

A comparison of the two great Roman comedy-writers will show that Terence has the broader view, Plautus the more definite focus; Terence is cosmopolitan, Plautus is national; Terence's pathos is the deeper, that of Plautus the more evident; Terence has subtler humor, Plautus a bolder wit: in Terence there is less vivacity of action, less variety of incident; on the other hand, there is a smoother flow of action and a greater consistency of plot. The vituperative exuberance of Plautus is replaced in Terence by the more gentlemanly weapon of polished irony; while Plautus reveals his close acquaintance with the narrow lanes of the Subura, Terence introduces us to the language of the aristocratic quarter of the Palatine; Terence is careful of the dramatic unities of time and place, to which Plautus is indifferent; the versification of Terence is smoother and more elegant, that of Plautus is stronger and less monotonous; Terence wins his victories in the library, Plautus on the stage; Terence seeks to teach his audiences what good taste demands, Plautus tries to give them what they want. After reading one of Plautus's plays we are eager to read another; after reading one of Terence's, we are anxious to read it over again.

If we may attribute a distinct purpose to Terence, it was this: to introduce a finer tone into both the life and language of his countrymen, by picturing for them in the purity of their own idiom the gentler and more human life of Greece. Not only the critics, but the subsequent history of Roman life and Roman literature, assure us that he did not fail.

Thomas Bond Lindsay

BIBLIOGRAPHY.— The best English editions of Terence are those of Bentley, Parry, and Wagner. The best translation is that of Colman. The best sketch of his life and work is that by Sellar, in his 'Roman Poets of the Republic.' Substantially the same article appears in the 'Encyclopædia Britannica' in an abridged form. There is a very full account in Dunlop's 'History of Roman Literature.'

FROM 'THE SELF-TORMENTOR'

Opening Scene: Enter Chremes, *and* Menedemus *with a spade in his hand; the latter falls to digging.*

CHREMES — Although this acquaintanceship between us is of very recent date, from the time in fact of your purchasing an estate here in the neighborhood, yet either your good qualities, or our being neighbors (which I take to be a sort of friendship), induces me to inform you, frankly and familiarly, that you appear to me to labor beyond your years, and beyond what your affairs require. For, in the name of gods and men, what would you have? What can be your aim? You are, as I conjecture, sixty years of age or more. No man in these parts has a better or more valuable estate, no one more servants; and yet you discharge their duties just as diligently as if there were none at all. However early in the morning I go out, and however late in the evening I return home, I see you either digging or plowing, or doing something, in fact, in the fields. You take respite not an instant, and are quite regardless of yourself. I am very sure that this is not done for your amusement. But really I am vexed how little work is done here. If you were to employ the time you spend in laboring yourself, in keeping your servants at work, you would profit much more.

Menedemus — Have you so much leisure, Chremes, from your own affairs, that you can attend to those of others — those which don't concern you?

Chremes — I am a man: and nothing that concerns a man do I deem a matter of indifference to me.* Suppose that I wish either to advise you in this matter, or to be informed myself: if

*«I am a man,» etc.: «Homo sum: humani nihil a me alienum puto.» St. Augustine says that at the delivery of this sentiment, the theatre resounded with applause; and deservedly, indeed, for it is replete with the very essence of benevolence and disregard of self.

what you do is right, that I may do the same; if it is not, then that I may dissuade you.

Menedemus — It's requisite for me to do so: do you as it is necessary for you to do.

Chremes — Is it requisite for any person to torment himself?

Menedemus — It is for me.

Chremes — If you have any affliction, I could wish it otherwise. But prithee, what sorrow is this of yours? How have you deserved so ill of yourself?

Menedemus — Alas! alas! [*He begins to weep.*]

Chremes — Do not weep; but make me acquainted with it, whatever it is. Do not be reserved; fear nothing; trust me, I tell you. Either by consolation, or by counsel, or by any means, I will aid you.

Menedemus — Do you wish to know this matter?

Chremes — Yes; and for the reason I mentioned to you.

Menedemus — I will tell you.

Chremes — But still, in the mean time, lay down that rake; don't fatigue yourself.

Menedemus — By no means.

Chremes — What can be your object? [*Tries to take the rake from him.*]

Menedemus — Do leave me alone, that I may give myself no respite from my labor.

Chremes — I will not allow it, I tell you. [*Taking the rake from him.*]

Menedemus — Ah, that's not fair!

Chremes [*poising the rake*] — Whew! such a heavy one as this, pray!

Menedemus — Such are my deserts.

Chremes — Now speak. [*Laying down the rake.*]

Menedemus — I have an only son, a young man,—alas! why did I say, "I have"?—rather I should say, "I had" one, Chremes: whether I have him now or not is uncertain.

Chremes — Why so?

Menedemus — You shall know. There is a poor woman here, a stranger from Corinth; her daughter, a young woman, he fell in love with, insomuch that he almost regarded her as his wife: all this took place unknown to me. When I discovered the matter, I began to reprove him; not with gentleness, nor in the way suited to the lovesick mind of a youth, but with violence, and

after the usual method of fathers. I was daily reproaching him, — "Look you, do you expect to be allowed any longer to act thus, myself your father being alive: to be keeping a mistress pretty much as though your wife? You are mistaken, Clinia; and you don't know me if you fancy that. I am willing that you should be called my son just as long as you do what becomes you; but if you do not do so, I shall find out how it becomes me to act towards you. This arises from nothing, in fact, but too much idleness. At your time of life I did not devote my time to dalliance; but in consequence of my poverty, departed hence for Asia, and there acquired in arms both riches and military glory." At length the matter came to this: the youth, from hearing the same things so often, and with such severity, was overcome. He supposed that I, through age and affection, had more judgment and foresight for him than himself. He went off to Asia, Chremes, to serve under the king.

Chremes — What is it you say?

Menedemus — He departed without my knowledge; and has been gone these three months.

Chremes — Both are to be blamed — although I still think this step shows an ingenuous and enterprising disposition.

Menedemus — When I learnt this from those who were in the secret, I returned home sad, and with feelings almost overwhelmed and distracted through grief. I sit down: my servants run to me; they take off my shoes; then some make all haste to spread the couches, and to prepare a repast: each according to his ability did zealously what he could, in order to alleviate my sorrow. When I observed this, I began to reflect thus: — "What! are so many persons anxious for my sake alone, to pleasure myself only? Are so many female servants to provide me with dress? Shall I alone keep up such an expensive establishment, while my only son, who ought equally to enjoy these things, — or even more so, inasmuch as his age is better suited for the enjoyment of them, — him, poor youth, have I driven away from home by my severity! Were I to do this, really I should deem myself deserving of any calamity. But so long as he leads this life of penury, banished from his country through my severity, I will revenge his wrongs upon myself, — toiling, making money, saving, and laying up for him." At once I set about it: I left nothing in the house, neither movables nor clothing; everything I scraped together. Slaves, male and female, except those who could easily pay for

their keep by working in the country,—all of them I set up to auction and sold. I at once put up a bill to sell my house. I collected somewhere about fifteen talents, and purchased this farm; here I fatigue myself. I have come to this conclusion, Chremes, that I do my son a less injury while I am unhappy; and that it is not right for me to enjoy any pleasure here, until such time as he returns home safe to share it with me.

Chremes—I believe you to be of an affectionate disposition towards your children; and him to be an obedient son, if one were to manage him rightly or prudently. But neither did you understand him sufficiently well, nor he you,—a thing that happens where persons don't live on terms of frankness together. You never showed him how highly you valued him, nor did he ever dare put that confidence in you which is due to a father. Had this been done, these troubles would never have befallen you.

Menedemus—Such is the fact, I confess; the greatest fault is on my side.

Chremes—But still, Menedemus, I hope for the best; and I trust that he'll be here safe before long.

Menedemus—Oh that the gods would grant it!

Chremes—They will do so. Now if it is convenient to you—the festival of Bacchus is being kept here to-day—I wish you to give me your company.

Menedemus—I cannot.

Chremes—Why not? Do, pray, spare yourself a little while. Your absent son would wish you to do so.

Menedemus—It is not right that I, who have driven him hence to endure hardships, should now shun them myself.

Chremes—Is such your determination?

Menedemus—It is.

Chremes—Then kindly fare you well.

Menedemus—And you the same. [*Goes into his house.*]

Chremes [*alone*]—He has forced tears from me, and I do pity him. But as the day is far gone, I must remind Phania, this neighbor of mine, to come to dinner. I'll go see whether he is at home. [*Goes to Phania's door, makes the inquiry, and returns.*] There was no occasion for me to remind him: they tell me he has been some time already at my house; it's I myself am making my guests wait. I'll go in-doors immediately. But what means the noise at the door of my house? I wonder who's coming out. I'll step aside here. [*He stands aside.*]

Enter Clitipho, *from the house of his father Chremes*

Clitipho [*at the door, to Clinia within*] — There is nothing, Clinia, for you to fear as yet: they have not been long, by any means; and I am sure that she will be with you presently along with the messenger. Do at once dismiss these causeless apprehensions which are tormenting you.

Chremes [*apart*] — Who is my son talking to? [*Makes his appearance.*]

Clitipho [*to himself*] — Here comes my father, whom I wished to see: I'll accost him. Father, you have met me opportunely.

Chremes — What is the matter?

Clitipho — Do you know this neighbor of ours, Menedemus?

Chremes — Very well.

Clitipho — Do you know that he has a son?

Chremes — I have heard that he has; in Asia.

Clitipho — He is not in Asia, father; he is at our house.

Chremes — What is it you say?

Clitipho — Upon his arrival, after he had just landed from the ship, I immediately brought him to dine with us; for from our very childhood upwards I have always been on intimate terms with him.

Chremes — You announce to me a great pleasure. How much I wish that Menedemus had accepted my invitation to make one of us, that at my house I might have been the first to surprise him, when not expecting it, with this delight! — and even yet there's time enough —

Clitipho — Take care what you do; there is no necessity, father, for doing so.

Chremes — For what reason?

Clitipho — Why, because he is as yet undetermined what to do with himself. He is but just arrived. He fears everything, — his father's displeasure, and how his mistress may be disposed towards him. He loves her to distraction: on her account this trouble and going abroad took place.

Chremes — I know it.

Clitipho — He has just sent a servant into the city to her, and I ordered our Syrus to go with him.

Chremes — What does Clinia say?

Clitipho — What does he say? — That he is wretched.

Chremes — Wretched? Whom could we less suppose so? What is there wanting for him to enjoy everything that among men,

in fact, are esteemed as blessings? Parents, a country in prosperity, friends, family, relations, riches? And yet, all these are just according to the disposition of him who possesses them. To him who knows how to use them, they are blessings; to him who does not use them rightly, they are evils.

Clitipho—Aye, but he always was a morose old man; and now I dread nothing more, father, than that in his displeasure he'll be doing something to him more than is justifiable.

Chremes—What, he?—[*Aside.*] But I'll restrain myself; for that the other one should be in fear of his father is of service to him.

Clitipho—What is it you are saying to yourself?

Chremes—I'll tell you. However the case stood, Clinia ought still to have remained at home. Perhaps his father was a little stricter than he liked: he should have put up with it. For whom ought he to bear with, if he would not bear with his own father? Was it reasonable that he should live after his son's humor, or his son after his? And as to charging him with harshness, it is not the fact. For the severities of fathers are generally of one character,—those I mean who are in some degree reasonable men. They do not wish their sons to be always wenching; they do not wish them to be always carousing; they give a limited allowance: and yet all this tends to virtuous conduct. But when the mind, Clitipho, has once enslaved itself by vicious appetites, it must of necessity follow similar pursuits. This is a wise maxim: "To take warning from others of what may be to your own advantage."

Clitipho—I believe so.

Chremes—I'll now go hence in-doors, to see what we have for dinner. Do you, seeing what is the time of day, mind and take care not to be anywhere out of the way. [*Goes into his house, and exit Clitipho.*]

. . . . . .

Enter Clitipho

Clitipho [*to himself*]—What partial judges are all fathers in regard to all of us young men, in thinking it reasonable for us to become old men all at once from boys, and not to participate in those things which youth is naturally inclined to. They regulate us by their own desires, such as they now are,—not as they once were. If ever I have a son, he certainly shall find in

me an indulgent father, for the means both of knowing and of pardoning his faults shall be found by me; not like mine, who by means of another person discloses to me his own sentiments. I'm plagued to death. When he drinks a little more than usual, what pranks of his own he does relate to me! Now he says, "Take warning from others of what may be to your own advantage." How shrewd! He certainly does not know how deaf I am at the moment when he's telling his stories. Just now the words of my mistress make more impression upon me. "Give me this, and bring me that," she cries. I have nothing to say to her in answer, and no one is there more wretched than myself. But this Clinia, although he as well has cares enough of his own, still has a mistress of virtuous and modest breeding, and a stranger to the arts of a courtesan. Mine is a craving, saucy, haughty, extravagant creature, full of lofty airs. Then all that I have to give her is — fair words; for I make it a point not to tell her that I have nothing. This misfortune I met with not long since, nor does my father as yet know anything of the matter.

Enter Clinia *from the house of Chremes*

Clinia [*to himself*] — If my love affairs had been prosperous for me, I am sure she would have been here by this; but I'm afraid that the damsel has been led astray here in my absence. Many things combine to strengthen this opinion in my mind: opportunity, the place, her age; a worthless mother, under whose control she is, with whom nothing but gain is precious.

Enter Clitipho

Clitipho — Clinia!

Clinia — Alas! wretched me!

Clitipho — Do, pray, take care that no one coming out of your father's house sees you here by accident.

Clinia — I will do so; but really my mind presages I know not what misfortune.

Clitipho — Do you persist in making up your mind upon that, before you know what is the fact?

Clinia — Had no misfortune happened, she would have been here by this.

Clitipho — She'll be here presently.

Clinia — When will that presently be?

Clitipho—You don't consider that it is a great way from here. Besides, you know the ways of women: while they are bestirring themselves, and while they are making preparations, a whole year passes by.

Clinia—O Clitipho, I'm afraid—

Clitipho—Take courage. Look, here comes Dromo, together with Syrus: they are close at hand. [*They stand aside.*

Enter Syrus *and* Dromo, *conversing at a distance*

Syrus—Do you say so?

Dromo—'Tis as I told you; but in the mean time, while we've been carrying on our discourse, these women have been left behind.

Clitipho [*apart*]—Don't you hear, Clinia? Your mistress is close at hand.

Clinia [*apart*]—Why, yes, I do hear now at last; and I see and revive, Clitipho.

Dromo—No wonder: they are so incumbered; they are bringing a troop of female attendants with them.

Clinia [*apart*]—I'm undone! Whence come these female attendants?

Clitipho [*apart*]—Do you ask me?

Syrus—We ought not to have left them; what a quantity of things they are bringing!

Clinia [*apart*]—Ah me!

Syrus—Jewels of gold, and clothes; it's growing late too, and they don't know the way. It was very foolish of us to leave them. Just go back, Dromo, and meet them. Make haste!—why do you delay?

Clinia [*apart*]—Woe unto wretched me! From what high hopes am I fallen!

Clitipho [*apart*]—What's the matter? Why, what is it that troubles you?

Clinia [*apart*]—Do you ask what it is? Why, don't you see? Attendants, jewels of gold, and clothes;—her too, whom I left here with only one little servant-girl. Whence do you suppose that they come?

Clitipho [*apart*]—Oh! now at last I understand you.

Syrus [*to himself*]—Good gods! what a multitude there is! Our house will hardly hold them, I'm sure. How much they will eat! how much they will drink! what will there be more

wretched than our old gentleman? [*Catching sight of Clinia and Clitipho.*] But look: I espy the persons I was wanting.

Clinia [*apart*]—O Jupiter! Why, where is fidelity gone? While I, distractedly wandering, have abandoned my country for your sake, you in the mean time, Antiphila, have been enriching yourself, and have forsaken me in these troubles: you for whose sake I am in extreme disgrace, and have been disobedient to my father; on whose account I am now ashamed and grieved that he who used to lecture me about the manners of these women, advised me in vain, and was not able to wean me away from her; —which however I shall now do; whereas when it might have been advantageous to me to do so, I was unwilling. There is no being more wretched than I.

Syrus [*to himself*]—He certainly has been misled by our words which we have been speaking here.—[*Aloud.*] Clinia, you imagine your mistress quite different from what she really is. For both her mode of life is the same, and her disposition towards you is the same, as it always was, so far as we could form a judgment from the circumstances themselves.

Clinia—How so, prithee? For nothing in the world could I rather wish for just now, than that I have suspected this without reason.

Syrus—This, in the first place, then (that you may not be ignorant of anything that concerns her): the old woman, who was formerly said to be her mother, was not so. She is dead; this I overheard by accident from her, as we came along, while she was telling the other one.

Clitipho—Pray, who is the other one?

Syrus—Stay: what I have begun I wish first to relate, Clitipho; I shall come to that afterwards.

Clitipho—Make haste, then.

Syrus—First of all, then, when we came to the house, Dromo knocked at the door; a certain old woman came out; when she opened the door, he directly rushed in; I followed; the old woman bolted the door, and returned to her wool. On this occasion might be known, Clinia, or else on none, in what pursuits she passed her life during your absence—when we thus came upon a female unexpectedly. For this circumstance then gave us an opportunity of judging of the course of her daily life; a thing which especially discovers what is the disposition of each individual. We found her industriously plying at the web; plainly clad

in a mourning-dress,—on account of this old woman, I suppose, who was lately dead; without golden ornaments, dressed besides just like those who only dress for themselves, and patched up with no worthless woman's trumpery. Her hair was loose, long, and thrown back negligently about her temples.—[*To Clinia.*] Do hold your peace.

Clinia—My dear Syrus, do not without cause throw me into ecstasies, I beseech you.

Syrus—The old woman was spinning the woof: there was one little servant-girl besides; she was weaving together with them, covered with patched clothes, slovenly, and dirty with filthiness.

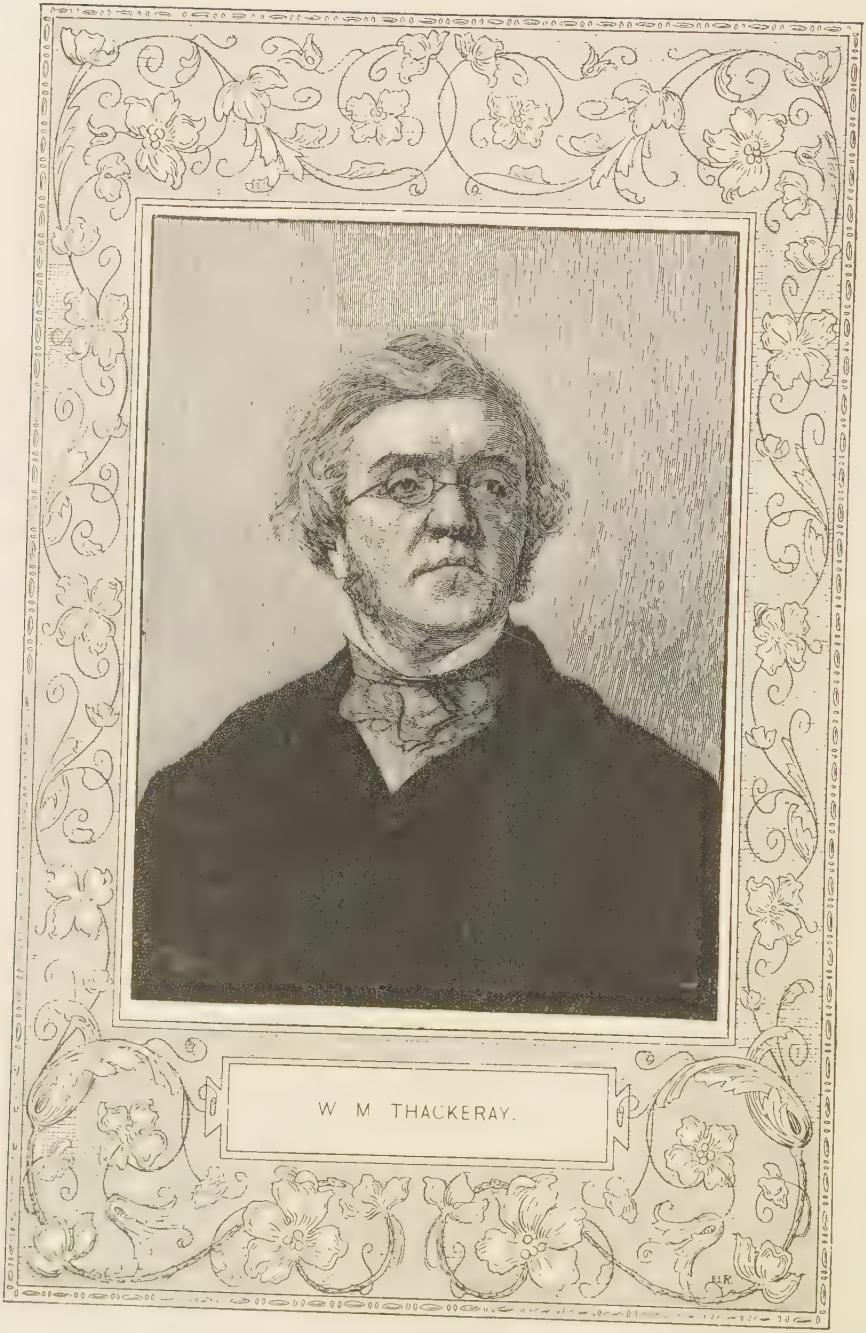
Clitipho—If this is true, Clinia, as I believe it is, who is there more fortunate than you? Do you mark this girl whom he speaks of as dirty and drabbish? This too is a strong indication that the mistress is out of harm's way, when her confidant is in such ill plight; for it is a rule with those who wish to gain access to the mistress, first to bribe the maid.

Clinia [*to Syrus*]—Go on, I beseech you; and beware of endeavoring to purchase favor by telling an untruth. What did she say when you mentioned me?

Syrus—When we told her that you had returned, and had requested her to come to you, the damsel instantly put away the web, and covered her face all over with tears; so that you might easily perceive that it really was caused by her affection for you.

Clinia—So may the Deities bless me, I know not where I am for joy! I was so alarmed before.

Translation of Henry Thomas Riley.



W M THACKERAY.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

(1811–1863)

BY W. C. BROWNELL

THACKERAY shares the reader's interest with his works in a degree quite unexampled in literature. His works are, in a more obvious and special sense than is true of those of most authors, the direct expression of his personality; and this personality in turn is one of unusually special and conspicuous interest. He was a man of immense idiosyncratic attractiveness aside from his literary faculties and equipment, and he endued his writings with this personal interest to an extent not to be met with elsewhere. No books are so personal as his. They are full of his ideas, his notions, his feelings; and they owe to these not only their color and atmosphere, but a considerable portion of their substance. They not only tell the story, but draw the moral; and in a large way justify the title of "week-day preacher," which he gave himself, and of which he was both fond and proud.

This circumstance has been variously viewed by his readers and critics, according to their own inclinations towards art or towards morals,—their preferences for "objectivity" in the novelist's attitude to, and treatment of, his theme, or for the cogent and illuminating commentary which draws out and sets forth in the telling the typical and universal interest and value of the story. Taine laments the consecration of such splendid artistic gifts as are witnessed by the exceptional 'Henry Esmond' to the service of morals. And on the other hand, Dr. John Brown both underestimates and undervalues the artistic element in Thackeray, and deems his "moralizing" his great and real distinction. The inference is, naturally, that Thackeray has a side which each of these temperaments may admire at its ease. But it is to be pointed out in addition that he has so fused the two—which ordinarily exist separately when they exist in any such distinction as they do in Thackeray—that each enhances and neither disparages the other. The characters of 'Vanity Fair,' 'Pendennis,' or 'The Newcomes,' and the story that is evolved out of their study rather than constructed for their framework, gain greatly in realization as well as in significance from the personal commentary by which they are expressed as well as attended. And the social and

personal philosophy which springs from their consideration, and to which they give point, is powerfully enforced by the illustrative, exemplary, and suggestive service they perform. Both proceed from the instinctive exercise of Thackeray's mind and temperament, and therefore coexist harmoniously in his works. Letters has never known such a combination in one personality of the artist and moralist, the satirist and poet; and the literature that is the expression of this unique personality is therefore not to be classed in the customary category of art or in that of morals, with its complementary qualities considered correspondingly as defects according to the category to which the work is ascribed. Hence, moreover, the unusual, the unique importance and convenience in any critical consideration of Thackeray's works, of considering also the personality which not only penetrates but characterizes them.

It has become quite superfluous at the present day to point out that he was very far from being the cynic he passed for with many readers during his lifetime. He is rather to be defended from the reproach of sentimentality. But excess in the matter of sentiment is something that different people will determine differently. Intellectual rectitude distinguished him conspicuously; but he was notably a man of heart, and exercised his great powers in the service of the affections. He may be said to have taken the sentimental view of things, if not to do so implies the dispassionate and detached attitude towards them. He was extremely sensitive, and chafed greatly under the frequent ascription of cynicism that he had to endure. He found the problem of reconciling a stoic philosophy and an epicurean temperament no easier and no harder, probably, than many others to whom it has been assigned; and his practice was, as usual, a succession of alternations of indulgence and restraint. But he hoodwinked himself no more than he was deceived by others; and if few men of his intellectual eminence — which is the one thing about him we can now perceive as he could hardly do himself — have been so open to his particular temptations, few men of his temperament, on the other hand, have steadfastly and industriously carved for themselves so splendid a career. He was at the same time the acutest of observers and eminently a man of the world. He was even in some sense a man about town. The society he depicted so vividly had marked attractions for him. He was equally at home in Bohemia and in Belgravia,— enough so in the latter to lead the literal to ascribe to him the snobbishness he made so large a portion of his subject. As he pointed out, however, no one is free from some touch of this, and denunciation of it is in peculiar peril from its contagion; and Thackeray had the courage of his tastes in valuing what is really valuable in the consideration which society bestows. On its good side this

consideration is certainly to be prized by any one not a snob; for it means a verdict often more impartial and independent than that of any other tribunal. Society is a close corporation; and petty as are many of its standards, and vulgar as is much of its application of them, it has its ideal of the art of life: and what it really worships is real power,—power that is independent of talent, accomplishment, or worth, often, very likely; but power that, adventitious or other, is almost an automatic measure of an individual's claims upon it. Really to contribute to the life of society implies a special, disinterested, and æsthetic talent like another; and Thackeray's gift in this respect is properly to be associated with his literary and more largely human ones. At all events it aided him to handle his theme of "manners" with a competence denied to most writers, and helped to fuse in him the dual temperament of the artist and satirist with distinguished results.

This combination of the artist and the satirist is the ideal one for the novelist; and Thackeray's genius, varied as it is, is pre-eminently the genius of the born novelist. It is singular, but it is doubtless characteristic of a temperament destined to such complete maturity, that he should have waited so long before finding his true field of effort, and that he should not have begun the work upon which his fame rests until he had reached an age at which that of not a few men of genius has ended: he was thirty-six before his first great work was published. He was born July 18th, 1811, in Calcutta; and was sent home to England to school, upon his father's death when he was five years old. From 1822 to 1828 he was at Charterhouse School,—the famous "Grey Friars" of 'The Newcomes.' He spent two years at Cambridge, leaving without a degree to travel abroad, where he visited the great European capitals, and saw Goethe at Weimar. He traveled in the real sense, and used perceptive faculties such as are given to few observers, to the notable ends subsequently witnessed in his books. He was from the first always of the world as well as in it, and understood it with as quick sympathy in one place as in another. At Weimar he meditated translating Schiller; but—no doubt happily—nothing came of the rather desultory design. In 1831 he went into chambers in the Temple; but not taking kindly to law, and losing a small inherited fortune, he followed his native bent, which led him into journalism, literature, and incidentally into art. He began his serious literary work as a contributor to Fraser's Magazine in 1835, after some slight preliminary experience; and thenceforth wrote literary miscellany of extraordinary variety—stories, reviews, art criticisms, foreign correspondence, burlesques, ballads—for all sorts of periodicals.

In 1836 he made an effort to obtain work as an illustrator, but without success,—one of his failures being with Dickens, whose refusal

was certainly justified. In 1838 he illustrated Jerrold's 'Men of Character'; but in the main he was forced to content himself with his own works in this respect, and most of these he did illustrate. Pictorial art was clearly not his vocation. His drawings have plenty of character; and it is not unfortunate, perhaps, that we have his pictorial presentment rather than another's, of so many of his personages. But he not only lacked the skill that comes of training,—he had no real gift for representation, and for the plastic expression of beauty he had no faculty; the element of caricature is prominent in all his designs. He did them with great delight and ease, whereas literary work was always drudgery to him; but of course this is the converse of witness to their merit.

His poetry, which he wrote at intervals, and desultorily throughout his career, is on a decidedly higher plane. It is of the kind that is accurately called "verses," but it is as plainly his own as his prose; and some of it will always be read, probably, for its feeling and its felicity. It is the verse mainly but not merely of the improvisatore. It never oversteps the modesty becoming the native gift that expresses itself in it. Most of it could not have been as well said in prose; and its title is clear enough, however unpretentious. Metrically and in substance the 'Ballads' are excellent balladry. They never rise to Scott's level of heroic *bravura*, and though the contemplative ones are deeper in feeling than any of Scott's, they are poetically more summary and have less sweep; one hardly thinks of the pinions of song at all in connection with them. Prose was distinctly Thackeray's medium more exclusively than it was Scott's. But compare the best of the 'Ballads' with Macaulay's 'Lays,' to note the difference in both quality and execution between the verse of a writer with a clear poetic strain in his temperament, and that of a pure rhetorician whose numbers make one wince. 'The White Squall' is a *tour de force* of rhyme and rhythm, the 'Ballad of Bouillabaisse' has a place in every reader's affections, 'Mr. Moloney's Account of the Ball' is a perpetual delight, even 'The Crystal Palace' is not merely clever; and 'The Pen and the Album' and notably the 'Vanitas Vanitatum' verses have an elevation that is both solemn and moving, —a sustained note of genuine lyric inspiration chanting gravely the burden of all the poet's prose.

He joined the staff of Punch almost immediately upon its establishment, and was long one of its strongest contributors. The following year, 1843, he went to Ireland, and published his 'Irish Sketch-Book.' In 1844 he made the Eastern journey chronicled in 'From Cornhill to Grand Cairo,' and published 'Barry Lyndon' in Fraser. In 1846 'The Book of Snobs' appeared; and the next year 'Vanity Fair,' which made him famous and the fashion. 'Pendennis' followed in 1848–49. Next came 'The English Humorists of the Eighteenth

Century' (1851), delivered with great success to the exacting London world of society and letters; 'Henry Esmond,' and his first trip to America (1852), where he repeated the lectures, and where he was greeted universally with a friendliness he thoroughly returned; 'The Newcomes' (1853–5); his second American trip (1855), when he first read his lectures on 'The Four Georges'; 'The Virginians' (1857–9); the establishment of the Cornhill Magazine with Thackeray as editor (1860), and the publication in its pages during his last three years of the 'Roundabout Papers,' 'Lovel the Widower,' 'Philip,' and the beginning of the unfinished 'Denis Duval.' In 1857 he had contested a seat in Parliament for Oxford in the Liberal interest, but had been defeated by a vote of 1018 to 1085 for his opponent. His health had been far from good for some years; and during the night of December 23d, 1863, he died in his sleep.

Loosely speaking, his work may be said to be divided into two classes, miscellany and novels, by the climacteric date of his career — January 1847 — when the first number of 'Vanity Fair' appeared. No writer whose fame rests, as Thackeray's larger fame does, on notable works of fiction, has written miscellaneous literature of the quality of his. Taken in connection with the novels, it ranks him as the representative English man of letters of his time. There is extraordinarily little "copy" in it. It is the lighter work of a man born for greater things, and having therefore in its quality something superior to its *genre*. In the first place, it has the style which in its maturity led Carlyle to say, "Nobody in our day wrote, I should say, with such perfection of style;" and as Thackeray observes of Gibbon's praise of Fielding, "there can be no gainsaying the sentence of this great judge" in such a matter. It has too his qualities of substance, which were to reach their full development later. 'The Great Hoggarty Diamond' is rather small-beer, but it communicates that sense of reality which is to be sought for in vain among its contemporaries: compare the consummate Brough in this respect with one of Dickens's ideal hypocrites. The 'Sketch-Books' will always be good reading. 'The Book of Snobs' enlarged the confines of literature by the discovery and exploration of a new domain. 'Barry Lyndon' is a masterpiece of irony comparable with Swift and 'Jonathan Wild' alone, and to be ranked rather among the novels. Such burlesques as 'Rebecca and Rowena' and the 'Novels by Eminent Hands' of Punch, the various essays in polite literature of Mr. Yellowplush, the delightful extravagance 'The Rose and the Ring,' the admirable account of 'Mrs. Perkins's Ball,' and many other trifles which it is needless even to catalogue here, illustrate in common a quality of wit, of unexpectedness, of charm, as conspicuous as their remarkable variety. And as to the later 'Lectures' on the Queen

Anne humorists and the Georges, and the inimitable 'Roundabout Papers,' nothing of the kind has ever been done on quite the same plane.

It is, however, to the elaborate and exquisitely commented picture of life which the novels present, that Thackeray owes his fellowship with the very greatest figures of literature outside the realm of poetry. The four most important,—'Vanity Fair,' 'Pendennis,' 'Henry Esmond,' and 'The Newcomes,'—especially, enable him to take his place among these with the ease of equality. 'Vanity Fair' perhaps expresses his genius in its freest spontaneity. Thackeray himself spoke of it—to Dr. Merriman—as his greatest work. And though he declared 'Henry Esmond'—which, as the dedicator states, "copies the manners and language of Queen Anne's time"—"the very best that I can do," the two remarks are not inconsistent: they aptly distinguish between his most original substance and his most perfect form. 'Pendennis' and 'The Newcomes' are social pictures on a larger scale, of less dramatic and more epic interest. 'The Virginians' is only less important; but it loses something of the relief which the remoteness of its epoch gives 'Henry Esmond,' and something of the actuality that its other predecessors owe to their modernness. 'Lovel the Widower' is an admitted failure, largely though not splendidly redeemed by 'Philip' which followed it. But the beginnings of 'Denis Duval' are enough to show that the level of 'The Virginians,' at least, might have been reached again; and make the writer's death at fifty-two indisputably and grievously premature.

Charlotte Brontë, who dedicated the second edition of 'Jane Eyre' to Thackeray, maintaining that "No commentator upon his writings has yet found the comparison that suits him, the terms which rightly characterize his talent," spoke of him as "the first social regenerator of the day." She had herself, however, correctly divined his talent: it was at once social and moral. She objected to his association with Fielding, whom she declared he resembled "as an eagle does a vulture," and charged Fielding with having "stooped on carrion." Fielding was undoubtedly his model. He regretted that he had not read him more in early years. And Fielding is undoubtedly a writer of both social and moral quality. But his moral range is narrow, and there is a grave lack in his equipment considered as that of a great writer,—he lacks spirituality altogether. And spirituality is a quality that Thackeray possessed in a distinguished degree. It is his spirituality that Charlotte Brontë really had in mind in contrasting him in her trenchant, passionate way with his predecessor. The difference is fundamental. It is far deeper than mere choice of material. Thackeray himself says regretfully, in the preface to

'Pendennis': "Since the author of 'Tom Jones' was buried, no writer of fiction among us has been permitted to depict to his utmost power a man. We must drape him, and give him a certain conventional simper." He would have liked, clearly, a wider range and a freer hand; and Charlotte Brontë would have been less pleased with him had he enjoyed them. But he would never have "sunk with his subject," because his imagination had so strong a spiritual side.

On the other hand, what distinguishes him from such a novelist as George Eliot is the preoccupation of his imagination with the heart rather than the mind. Instinctively his critics agree in characterizing his dominant faculty as "insight into the human heart." There is no question anywhere as to the depth and keenness of this insight in him, at all events,—however one regards the frequent statement that it was deeper and keener than that of any other writer, "Shakespeare and Balzac perhaps excepted." The exception of Shakespeare is surely as sound as it is mechanical. That of Balzac may be disputed. Balzac's insight proceeds from his curiosity, that of Thackeray from his sympathy. If always as keen, Balzac's is never quite as deep. It is perhaps wider. Curiosity in the artist means an unlimited interest in men and things; which it regards as all, and more or less equally, material. Sympathy necessarily selects—sympathy, or even antipathy if one chooses; but in selecting it concentrates. 'La Comédie Humaine' is a wonderful structure. It parallels the existing world, one may almost say. The psychologist, the sociologist, the specialist of nearly any description, may study it with zest and ponder it profitably. It is a marvelously elaborate framework filled in with an astonishing variety of both types and individuals. One may seek in it not vainly for an analogue of almost anything actual. But though less multifarious, Thackeray's world is far more real. His figures are far more alive. Their inner springs are divined, not studied. They make the story themselves, not merely appear in it. We have no charts of their minds and qualities, but we know them as we know our friends and neighbors.

This sense of reality and vitality, in which the personages of Thackeray excel those of any other prose fiction, proceeds from that unusual association in the author's own personality of the spiritual and sentimental qualities with great intellectual powers—to which I have already referred. For character—the subject *par excellence* of the great writers of fiction as distinguished from the pure romanticists—depends upon the heart. It is comparatively independent of psychology. For a period so given over to science as our own, so imbued with the scientific spirit, and so concentrated upon the scientific side of even spiritual things, psychological fiction—such as George Eliot's—inevitably possesses a special, an almost esoteric,

interest. But it is nevertheless true that the elemental, the temperamental, the vital idiosyncrasies of character depend less directly upon mental than upon moral qualities. Men are what they are through their feeling, not through their thinking — except in so far as their thinking modifies their feeling. At the same time it is to be borne in mind that Thackeray does not neglect the mental constitution of his characters. It cannot be said of his Rebecca, for example, as Turgénieff is said to have observed of Zola's Gervaise Coupeau, that "he tells us how she feels, never what she thinks." We have a complete enough picture of what is going on in her exceedingly active mind; only in the main we infer this indirectly from what she does, as we do in the case of Shakespeare's characters, rather than from an express scrutiny of her mental mechanism. Her human and social side is uppermost in her creator's presentation of her, though she is plainly idiosyncratic enough to reward the study and even the speculation of the most insistent psychologist.

Mr. Henry James acutely observes of Hawthorne's characters, that with the partial exception of Donatello in the 'Marble Faun,' there are no types among them. And it is assuredly for this reason that they appear to us so entirely the creations of Hawthorne's fancy, so much a part of the insubstantial witchery of his genius, that they seem as individuals so unreal. Thackeray, on the other hand, has been reproached with creating nothing but types. But the truth is that a character of fiction, in order to make the impression of individuality, must be presented as a type. It is through its typical qualities that it attains a definition which is neither insubstantial like that of Hawthorne's personages, nor a caricature like that of so many of Dickens's. Its typical qualities are those that persuade us of its truth, and create the convincing illusion of its reality. A type in fiction is a type in the sense in which the French use the term in speaking of a real person, — a synthesis of representative traits, more accentuated than the same characteristics as they are to be found in general; a person, that is to say, of particularly salient individuality. Only in this way do real persons who are not also eccentric persons leave a striking and definite impression on us; and only in this way do we measure that correspondence of fictitious to real character which determines the reality of the former.

Of course in thus eschewing psychology and dealing mainly with types, — in occupying himself with those elemental traits of character that depend upon the heart rather than the mind, — a realist like Thackeray renounces a field so large and interesting as justly to have his neglect of it accounted to him as a limitation. And Thackeray still further narrows his field by confining himself in the main to character not merely in its elemental traits, but in its morally

significant ones as well. The colorless characters, such as Tom Tulliver for a single example, in which George Eliot is so strong, the irresponsible ones, such as Dickens's Winkles and Swivellers, have few fellows in his fiction, from which the seriousness of his satiric strain excludes whatever is not significant as well as whatever is purely particular. The loss is very great, considering his world as a *comédie humaine*. It involves more than the elimination of psychology,—it diminishes the number of types; and all types are interesting, whether morally important or not. But in Thackeray's case it has two great compensations. In the first place, the greater concentration it involves notably defines and emphasizes the net impression of his works. It unifies their effect; and sharply crystallizes the message to mankind, which, like every great writer in whatever branch of literature he may cultivate, it was the main business, the aim and crown and apology of his life, to deliver. There is no missing the tenor of his gospel, which is that character is the one thing of importance in life; that it is tremendously complex, and the easiest thing in the world to misconceive both in ourselves and in others; that truth is the one instrument of its perfecting, and the one subject worthy of pursuit; and that the study of truth discloses littlenesses and futilities in it at its best for which the only cloak is charity, and the only consolation and atonement the cultivation of the affections.

In the second place, it is his concentration upon the morally significant that places him at the head of the novelists of manners. It is the moral and social qualities, of course, that unite men in society, and make it something other than the sum of the individuals composing it. Far more deeply than Balzac, Thackeray felt the relations between men that depend upon these qualities; and consequently his social picture is, if less comprehensive and varied, far more vivid and real. It is painted directly, and lacks the elaborate structural machinery which makes Balzac's seem mechanical in composition and artificial in spirit. Thackeray's personages are never portrayed in isolation. They are a part of the *milieu* in which they exist, and which has itself therefore much more distinction and relief than an environment which is merely a framework. How they regard each other, how they feel toward and what they think of each other, the mutuality of their very numerous and vital relations, furnishes an important strand in the texture of the story in which they figure. Their activities are modified by the air they breathe in common. Their conduct is controlled, their ideas affected, even their desires and ambitions dictated, by the general ideals of the society that includes them. In a more extended sense than Lady Kew intended in reminding Ethel Newcome of the fact, they "belong to their belongings." So far as it goes, therefore,—and it would be easy to exaggerate its

limitations, which are trivial in comparison,—Thackeray's picture of society is the most vivid, as it is incontestably the most real, in prose fiction. The temperament of the artist and satirist combined, the preoccupation with the moral element in character,—and in logical sequence, with its human and social side,—lead naturally to the next step of viewing man in his relations, and the construction of a miniature world. And in addition to the high place in literature won for him by his insight into the human heart, Thackeray's social picture has given him a distinction that is perhaps unique. In virtue of it, at any rate, the writer who passed his life in rivalry with Dickens and Bulwer and Trollope and Lever, belongs with Shakespeare and Molière.

W. C. Brownell

BEATRIX ESMOND

From 'The History of Henry Esmond'

As they came up to the house at Walcote, the windows from within were lighted up with friendly welcome; the supper table was spread in the oak parlor: it seemed as if forgiveness and love were awaiting the returning prodigal. Two or three familiar faces of domestics were on the lookout at the porch: the old housekeeper was there, and young Lockwood from Castlewood in my lord's livery of tawny and blue. His dear mistress pressed his arm as they passed into the hall. Her eyes beamed out on him with affection indescribable. "Welcome," was all she said, as she looked up, putting back her fair curls and black hood. A sweet rosy smile blushed on her face; Harry thought he had never seen her look so charming. Her face was lighted with a joy that was brighter than beauty; she took a hand of her son, who was in the hall waiting his mother—she did not quit Esmond's arm.

"Welcome, Harry!" my young lord echoed after her. "Here we are all come to say so. Here's old Pincot: hasn't she grown handsome?" and Pincot, who was older and no handsomer than usual, made a curtsy to the captain,—as she called Esmond,—and told my lord to "Have done, now."

"And here's Jack Lockwood. He'll make a famous grenadier, Jack; and so shall I: we'll both 'list under you, cousin. As soon

as I am seventeen, I go to the army — every gentleman goes to the army. Look! who comes here: ho, ho!" he burst into a laugh. "'Tis Mistress 'Trix, with a new ribbon: I knew she would put one on as soon as she heard a captain was coming to supper."

This laughing colloquy took place in the hall of Walcote House, in the midst of which is a staircase that leads from an open gallery, where are the doors of the sleeping-chambers; and from one of these, a wax candle in her hand and illuminating her, came Mistress Beatrix,— the light falling indeed upon the scarlet ribbon which she wore, and upon the most brilliant white neck in the world.

Esmond had left a child, and found a woman; grown beyond the common height, and arrived at such a dazzling completeness of beauty that his eyes might well show surprise and delight at beholding her. In hers there was a brightness so lustrous and melting that I have seen a whole assembly follow her as if by an attraction irresistible; and that night the great duke was at the playhouse after Ramillies, every soul turned and looked (she chanced to enter at the opposite side of the theatre at the same moment) at her, and not at him. She was a brown beauty; that is, her eyes, hair, and eyebrows and eyelashes were dark, her hair curling with rich undulations and waving over her shoulders; but her complexion was as dazzling white as snow in sunshine, except her cheeks which were a bright red, and her lips which were of a still deeper crimson. Her mouth and chin, they said, were too large and full; and so they might be for a goddess in marble, but not for a woman whose eyes were fire, whose look was love, whose voice was the sweetest low song, whose shape was perfect symmetry, health, decision, activity, whose foot as it planted itself on the ground was firm but flexible, and whose motion, whether rapid or slow, was always perfect grace: agile as a nymph, lofty as a queen,— now melting, now imperious, now sarcastic,— there was no single movement of hers but was beautiful. As he thinks of her, he who writes feels young again, and remembers a paragon.

So she came holding her dress with one fair rounded arm, and her taper before her, tripping down the stair to greet Esmond.

"She hath put on her scarlet stockings and white shoes," says my lord, still laughing. "Oh, my fine mistress! is this the way you set your cap at the captain?" She approached, shining smiles

upon Esmond, who could look at nothing but her eyes. She advanced, holding forward her head, as if she would have him kiss her as he used to do when she was a child.

"Stop," she said, "I am grown too big! Welcome, Cousin Harry," and she made him an arch curtsy, sweeping down to the ground almost with the most gracious bend, looking up the while with the brightest eyes and sweetest smile. Love seemed to radiate from her. Harry eyed her with such a rapture as the first lover is described as having by Milton.

"N'est-ce pas?" says my lady, in a low, sweet voice, still hanging on his arm.

Esmond turned round with a start and a blush, as he met his mistress's clear eyes. He had forgotten her, rapt in admiration of the *filia pulcrior*.

"Right foot forward, toe turned out, so; now drop the curtsy and show the red stockings, 'Trix. They're silver clocks, Harry. The dowager sent 'em. She went to put 'em on," cries my lord.

"Hush, you stupid child!" says miss, smothering her brother with kisses; and then she must come and kiss her mamma, looking all the while at Harry over his mistress's shoulder. And if she did not kiss him, she gave him both her hands and said, "O Harry, we're so, *so* glad you're come!"

"There are woodcocks for supper," says my lord. "Huzzay! It was such a hungry sermon."

"And it is the 29th of December, and our Harry has come home."

"Huzzay, old Pincot!" again says my lord; and my dear lady's lips looked as if they were trembling with prayer. She would have Harry lead in Beatrix to the supper-room, going herself with my young Lord Viscount; and to this party came Tom Tusher directly, whom four at least out of the company of five wished away. Away he went, however, as soon as the sweetmeats were put down; and then, by the great crackling fire,— his mistress, or Beatrix with her blushing glances, filling his glass for him,— Harry told the story of his campaign, and passed the most delightful night his life had ever known. The sun was up long ere he was, so deep, sweet, and refreshing was his slumber. He woke as if angels had been watching at his bed all night. I daresay one that was as pure and loving as an angel had blessed his sleep with her prayers.

Next morning the chaplain read prayers to the little household at Walcote, as the custom was: Esmond thought Mistress Beatrix did not listen to Tusher's exhortation much; her eyes were wandering everywhere during the service,—at least whenever he looked up he met them. Perhaps he also was not very attentive to his reverence the chaplain. "This might have been my life," he was thinking; "this might have been my duty from now till old age. Well, were it not a pleasant one to be with these dear friends and part from 'em no more? Until—until the destined lover comes and takes away pretty Beatrix—" and the best part of Tom Tusher's exposition, which may have been very learned and eloquent, was quite lost to poor Harry by this vision of the destined lover, who put the preacher out.

All the while of the prayers, Beatrix knelt a little way before Harry Esmond. The red stockings were changed for a pair of gray, and black shoes in which her feet looked to the full as pretty. All the roses of spring could not vie with the brightness of her complexion; Esmond thought he had never seen anything like the sunny lustre of her eyes. My lady viscountess looked fatigued as if with watching, and her face was pale.

Miss Beatrix remarked these signs of indisposition in her mother, and deplored them. "I am an old woman," says my lady with a kind smile: "I cannot hope to look as young as you do, my dear."

"She'll never look as good as you do if she lives till she's a hundred," says my lord, taking his mother by the waist and kissing her hand.

"Do I look very wicked, cousin?" says Beatrix, turning full round on Esmond, with her pretty face so close under his chin that the soft perfumed hair touched it. She laid her finger-tips on his sleeve as she spoke, and he put his other hand over hers.

"I'm like your looking-glass," says he, "and that can't flatter you."

"He means that you are always looking at him, my dear," says her mother archly. Beatrix ran away from Esmond at this, and flew to her mamma, whom she kissed, stopping my lady's mouth with her pretty hand.

"And Harry is very good to look at," says my lady, with her fond eyes regarding the young man.

"If 'tis good to see a happy face," says he, "you see that." My lady said "Amen" with a sigh; and Harry thought the

memory of her dear lord rose up and rebuked her back again into sadness, for her face lost the smile and resumed its look of melancholy.

"Why, Harry, how fine we look in our scarlet-and-silver and our black periwig," cries my lord. "Mother, I am tired of my own hair. When shall I have a peruke? Where did you get your steenkirk, Harry?"

"It's some of my lady dowager's lace," says Harry; "she gave me this and a number of other fine things."

"My lady dowager isn't such a bad woman," my lord continued.

"She's not so—so red as she's painted," says Miss Beatrix.

Her brother broke into a laugh. "I'll tell her you said so; by the Lord, 'Trix, I will," he cries out.

"She'll know that you hadn't the wit to say it, my lord," says Miss Beatrix.

"We won't quarrel the first day Harry's here, will we, mother?" said the young lord. "We'll see if we can get on to the new year without a fight. Have some of this Christmas pie. And here comes the tankard; no, it's Pincot with the tea."

"Will the captain choose a dish?" asked Mistress Beatrix.

"I say, Harry," my lord goes on, "I'll show thee my horses after breakfast, and we'll go a-bird-netting to-night; and on Monday there's a cock-match at Winchester—do you love cock-fighting, Harry?—between the gentlemen of Sussex and the gentlemen of Hampshire, at £10 the battle and £50 the odd battle, to show one-and-twenty cocks."

"And what will you do, Beatrix, to amuse our kinsman?" asks my lady.

"I'll listen to him," says Beatrix. "I am sure he has a hundred things to tell us. And I'm jealous already of the Spanish ladies. Was that a beautiful nun at Cadiz that you rescued from the soldiers? Your man talked of it last night in the kitchen, and Mrs. Betty told me this morning as she combed my hair. And he says you must be in love, for you sat on deck all night and scribbled verses all day in your table-book." Harry thought if he had wanted a subject for verses yesterday, to-day he had found one; and not all the Lindamiras and Ardelias of the poets were half so beautiful as this young creature: but he did not say so, though some one did for him.

THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH

From 'The History of Henry Esmond'

And now, having seen a great military march through a friendly country, the pomps and festivities of more than one German court, the severe struggle of a hotly contested battle, and the triumph of victory, Mr. Esmond beheld another part of military duty: our troops entering the enemy's territory and putting all around them to fire and sword; burning farms, wasted fields, shrieking women, slaughtered sons and fathers, and drunken soldiery, cursing and carousing in the midst of tears, terror, and murder. Why does the stately Muse of History, that delights in describing the valor of heroes and the grandeur of conquest, leave out these scenes, so brutal, mean, and degrading, that yet form by far the greater part of the drama of war? You gentlemen of England, who live at home at ease and compliment yourselves in the songs of triumph with which our chieftains are bepraised; you pretty maidens that come tumbling down the stairs when the fife and drum call you, and huzza for the British Grenadiers,—do you take account that these items go to make up the amount of triumph you admire, and form part of the duties of the heroes you fondle? Our chief, whom England and all Europe, saving only the Frenchmen, worshiped almost, had this of the god-like in him: that he was impassible before victory, before danger, before defeat. Before the greatest obstacle or the most trivial ceremony; before a hundred thousand men drawn in battalia, or a peasant slaughtered at the door of his burning hovel, before a carouse of drunken German lords, or a monarch's court, or a cottage table where his plans were laid, or an enemy's battery, vomiting flame and death and strewing corpses round about him,—he was always cold, calm, resolute, like fate. He performed a treason or a court bow, he told a falsehood as black as Styx, as easily as he paid a compliment or spoke about the weather. He took a mistress and left her, he betrayed his benefactor and supported him, or would have murdered him, with the same calmness always, and having no more remorse than Clotho when she weaves the thread, or Lachesis when she cuts it. In the hour of battle I have heard the Prince of Savoy's officers say the prince became possessed with a sort of warlike fury: his eyes lighted up; he rushed hither and thither,

raging; he shrieked curses and encouragement, yelling and harking his bloody war-dogs on, and himself always at the first of the hunt. Our duke was as calm at the mouth of a cannon as at the door of a drawing-room. Perhaps he could not have been the great man he was had he had a heart either for love or hatred, or pity or fear, or regret or remorse. He achieved the highest deed of daring, or deepest calculation of thought, as he performed the very meanest action of which a man is capable; told a lie or cheated a fond woman or robbed a poor beggar of a halfpenny, with a like awful serenity, and equal capacity of the highest and lowest acts of our nature.

His qualities were pretty well known in the army, where there were parties of all politics, and of plenty of shrewdness and wit; but there existed such a perfect confidence in him, as the first captain of the world, and such a faith and admiration in his prodigious genius and fortune, that the very men whom he notoriously cheated of their pay, the chiefs whom he used and injured — for he used all men, great and small, that came near him, as his instruments alike, and took something of theirs, either some quality or some property: the blood of a soldier, it might be, or a jeweled hat or a hundred thousand crowns from a king, or a portion out of a starving sentinel's three farthings; or when he was young, a kiss from a woman, and the gold chain off her neck, taking all he could from woman or man, and having, as I said, this of the godlike in him, that he could see a hero perish or a sparrow fall with the same amount of sympathy for either. Not that he had no tears. he could always order up this reserve at the proper moment to battle; he could draw upon tears or smiles alike, and whenever need was for using this cheap coin. He would cringe to a shoeblack, and he would flatter a minister or a monarch; be haughty, be humble, threaten, repent, weep, grasp your hand, or stab you whenever he saw occasion — but yet those of the army who knew him best and had suffered most from him, admired him most of all; and as he rode along the lines to battle, or galloped up in the nick of time to a battalion reeling from before the enemy's charge or shot, the fainting men and officers got new courage as they saw the splendid calm of his face, and felt that his will made them irresistible.

After the great victory of Blenheim, the enthusiasm of the army for the duke, even of his bitterest personal enemies in it, amounted to a sort of rage: nay, the very officers who cursed

him in their hearts were among the most frantic to cheer him. Who could refuse his meed of admiration to such a victory and such a victor? Not he who writes: a man may profess to be ever so much a philosopher, but he who fought on that day must feel a thrill of pride as he recalls it.

THE FAMOUS MR. JOSEPH ADDISON

From 'The History of Henry Esmond'

The gentlemen ushers had a table at Kensington, and the Guard a very splendid dinner daily at St. James's, at either of which ordinaries Esmond was free to dine. Dick Steele liked the Guard table better than his own at the gentlemen ushers', where there was less wine and more ceremony; and Esmond had many a jolly afternoon in company of his friend, and a hundred times at least saw Dick into his chair. If there is verity in wine, according to the old adage, what an amiable-natured character Dick's must have been! In proportion as he took in wine he overflowed with kindness. His talk was not witty so much as charming. He never said a word that could anger anybody, and only became the more benevolent the more tipsy he grew. Many of the wags derided the poor fellow in his cups, and chose him as a butt for their satire; but there was a kindness about him, and a sweet playful fancy, that seemed to Esmond far more charming than the pointed talk of the brightest wits, with their elaborate repartees and affected severities. I think Steele shone rather than sparkled. Those famous *beaux esprits* of the coffee-houses (Mr. William Congreve, for instance, when his gout and his grandeur permitted him to come among us) would make many brilliant hits,—half a dozen in a night sometimes,—but like sharpshooters, when they had fired their shot they were obliged to retire under cover till their pieces were loaded again, and wait till they got another chance at their enemy; whereas Dick never thought that his bottle companion was a butt to aim at—only a friend to shake by the hand. The poor fellow had half the town in his confidence: everybody knew everything about his loves and his debts, his creditors' or his mistress's obduracy. When Esmond first came on to the town, honest Dick was all flames and raptures for a young lady, a West India fortune, whom he married. In a couple of years the lady was dead,

the fortune was all but spent, and the honest widower was as eager in pursuit of a new paragon of beauty as if he had never courted and married and buried the last one.

Quitting the Guard table one Sunday afternoon, when by chance Dick had a sober fit upon him, he and his friend were making their way down Germain Street, and Dick all of a sudden left his companion's arm and ran after a gentleman who was poring over a folio volume at the book-shop near to St. James's Church. He was a fair, tall man, in a snuff-colored suit, with a plain sword, very sober, and almost shabby in appearance — at least when compared to Captain Steele, who loved to adorn his jolly round person with the finest of clothes, and shone in scarlet and gold lace. The captain rushed up then to the student of the book-stall, took him in his arms, hugged him, and would have kissed him,— for Dick was always hugging and bussing his friends, — but the other stepped back with a flush on his pale face, seeming to decline this public manifestation of Steele's regard.

"My dearest Joe, where hast thou hidden thyself this age?" cries the captain, still holding both his friend's hands: "I have been languishing for thee this fortnight."

"A fortnight is not an age, Dick," says the other very good-humoredly. (He had light-blue eyes, extraordinary bright, and a face perfectly regular and handsome, like a tinted statue.) "And I have been hiding myself — where do you think?"

"What! not across the water, my dear Joe?" says Steele, with a look of great alarm: "thou knowest I have always — "

"No," says his friend, interrupting him with a smile: "we are not come to such straits as that, Dick. I have been hiding, sir, at a place where people never think of finding you — at my own lodgings, whither I am going to smoke a pipe now, and drink a glass of sack. Will your Honor come?"

"Harry Esmond, come hither," cries out Dick. "Thou hast heard me talk over and over again of my dearest Joe, my guardian angel?"

"Indeed," says Mr. Esmond with a bow, "it is not from you only that I have learnt to admire Mr. Addison. We loved good poetry at Cambridge as well as at Oxford; and I have some of yours by heart, though I have put on a red coat. . . . 'O qui canoro blandius Orpheo vocale ducis carmen;' — shall I go on, sir?" says Mr. Esmond, who indeed had read and loved the charming Latin poems of Mr. Addison, as every scholar of that time knew and admired them.

"This is Captain Esmond, who was at Blenheim," says Steele.

"Lieutenant Esmond," says the other with a low bow, "at Mr. Addison's service."

"I have heard of you," says Mr. Addison with a smile; as indeed everybody about town had heard that unlucky story about Esmond's dowager aunt and the duchess.

"We were going to the George to take a bottle before the play," says Steele: "wilt thou be one, Joe?"

Mr. Addison said his own lodgings were hard by, where he was still rich enough to give a good bottle of wine to his friends; and invited the two gentlemen to his apartment in the Haymarket, whither we accordingly went.

"I shall get credit with my landlady," says he with a smile, "when she sees two such fine gentlemen as you come up my stair." And he politely made his visitors welcome to his apartment,— which was indeed but a shabby one, though no grandee of the land could receive his guests with a more perfect and courtly grace than this gentleman. A frugal dinner, consisting of a slice of meat and a penny loaf, was awaiting the owner of the lodgings. "My wine is better than my meat," says Mr. Addison. "My Lord Halifax sent me the burgundy." And he set a bottle and glasses before his friends, and ate his simple dinner in a very few minutes; after which the three fell to, and began to drink.

"You see," says Mr. Addison, pointing to his writing-table, whereon was a map of the action at Hochstedt, and several other gazettes and pamphlets relating to the battle, "that I too am busy about your affairs, captain. I am engaged as a poetical gazetteer, to say truth, and am writing a poem on the campaign."

So Esmond, at the request of his host, told him what he knew about the famous battle, drew the river on the table *aliquo mero*, and with the aid of some bits of tobacco pipe showed the advance of the left wing, where he had been engaged.

A sheet or two of the verses lay already on the table beside our bottles and glasses; and Dick, having plentifully refreshed himself from the latter, took up the pages of manuscript, writ out with scarce a blot or correction, in the author's slim, neat handwriting, and began to read therefrom with great emphasis and volubility. At pauses of the verse, the enthusiastic reader stopped and fired off a great salvo of applause.

Esmond smiled at the enthusiasm of Addison's friend. "You are like the German burghers," says he, "and the princes on the Mozelle: when our army came to a halt, they always sent a deputation to compliment the chief, and fired a salute with all their artillery from their walls."

"And drunk the great chief's health afterward, did not they?" says Captain Steele, gayly filling up a bumper: he never was tardy at that sort of acknowledgment of a friend's merit.

"And the duke, since you will have me act his Grace's part," says Mr. Addison, with a smile and something of a blush, "pledged his friends in return. Most Serene Elector of Covent Garden, I drink to your Highness's health," and he filled himself a glass. Joseph required scarce more pressing than Dick to that sort of amusement: but the wine never seemed at all to fluster Mr. Addison's brains, it only unloosed his tongue: whereas Captain Steele's head and speech were quite overcome by a single bottle.

No matter what the verses were (and to say truth, Mr. Esmond found some of them more than indifferent), Dick's enthusiasm for his chief never faltered; and in every line from Addison's pen, Steele found a master-stroke. By the time Dick had come to that part of the poem wherein the bard describes, as blandly as though he were recording a dance at the opera, or a harmless bout of bucolic cudgeling at a village fair, that bloody and ruthless part of our campaign with the remembrance whereof every soldier who bore a part in it must sicken with shame,—when we were ordered to ravage and lay waste the Elector's country; and with fire and murder, slaughter and crime, a great part of his dominions was overrun;—when Dick came to the lines,—

> "In vengeance roused, the soldier fills his hand
> With sword and fire, and ravages the land;
> In crackling flames a thousand harvests burn,
> A thousand villages to ashes burn.
> To the thick woods the woolly flocks retreat,
> And mixed with bellowing herds confusèd bleat;
> Their trembling lords the common shade partake,
> And cries of infants sound in every brake.
> The listening soldier fixed in sorrow stands,
> Loath to obey his leader's just commands.
> The leader grieves, by generous pity swayed,
> To see his just commands so well obeyed,"—

by this time wine and friendship had brought poor Dick to a perfectly maudlin state, and he hiccoughed out the last line with a tenderness that set one of his auditors a-laughing.

"I admire the license of your poets," says Esmond to Mr. Addison. (Dick, after reading of the verses, was fain to go off, insisting on kissing his two dear friends before his departure, and reeling away with his periwig over his eyes.) "I admire your art: the murder of the campaign is done to military music, like a battle at the opera; and the virgins shriek in harmony as our victorious grenadiers march into their villages. Do you know what a scene it was?"—by this time, perhaps, the wine had warmed Mr. Esmond's head too—"what a triumph you are celebrating? what scenes of shame and horror were enacted, over which the commander's genius presided, as calm as though he didn't belong to our sphere? You talk of the 'listening soldier fixed in sorrow,' the 'leader's grief swayed by generous pity': to my belief the leader cared no more for bleating flocks than he did for infants' cries, and many of our ruffians butchered one or the other with equal alacrity. I was ashamed of my trade when I saw those horrors perpetrated, which came under every man's eyes. You hew out of your polished verses a stately image of smiling Victory: I tell you 'tis an uncouth, distorted, savage idol; hideous, bloody, and barbarous. The rites performed before it are shocking to think of. You great poets should show it as it is,—ugly and horrible, not beautiful and serene. Oh, sir, had you made the campaign, believe me, you never would have sung it so."

During this little outbreak Mr. Addison was listening, smoking out of his long pipe, and smiling very placidly. "What would you have?" says he. "In our polished days, and according to the rules of art, 'tis impossible that the Muse should depict tortures or begrime her hands with the horrors of war. These are indicated rather than described; as in the Greek tragedies, that I daresay you have read (and sure there can be no more elegant specimens of composition), Agamemnon is slain, or Medea's children destroyed, away from the scene,—the chorus occupying the stage and singing of the action to pathetic music. Something of this I attempt, my dear sir, in my humble way: 'tis a panegyric I mean to write, and not a satire. Were I to sing as you would have me, the town would tear the poet in pieces, and burn his book by the hands of the common hangman.—Do you not use

tobacco? Of all the weeds grown on earth, sure the nicotian is the most soothing and salutary.—We must paint our great duke," Mr. Addison went on, "not as a man—which no doubt he is, with weaknesses like the rest of us—but as a hero. 'Tis in a triumph, not a battle, that your humble servant is riding his sleek Pegasus. We college poets trot, you know, on very easy nags; it hath been, time out of mind, part of the poet's profession to celebrate the actions of heroes in verse, and to sing the deeds which you men of war perform. I must follow the rules of my art; and the composition of such a strain as this must be harmonious and majestic,—not familiar, or too near the vulgar truth. *Si parva licet:* if Virgil could invoke the divine Augustus, a humbler poet from the banks of the Isis may celebrate a victory and a conqueror of our own nation, in whose triumphs every Briton has a share, and whose glory and genius contribute to every citizen's individual honor. When hath there been, since our Henrys' and Edwards' days, such a great feat of arms as that from which you yourself have brought away marks of distinction? If 'tis in my power to sing that song worthily, I will do so, and be thankful to my Muse. If I fail as a poet, as a Briton at least I will show my loyalty, and fling up my cap and huzza for the conqueror:—

> "'Rheni pacator et Istri
> Omnis in hoc uno variis discordia cessit
> Ordinibus; lætatur eques, plauditque senator,
> Votaque patricio certant plebeia favori.'"

"There were as brave men on that field," says Mr. Esmond (who never could be made to love the Duke of Marlborough, nor to forget those stories which he used to hear in his youth regarding that great chief's selfishness and treachery)—"there were men at Blenheim as good as the leader, whom neither knights nor senators applauded, nor voices plebeian nor patrician favored, and who lie there forgotten under the clods. What poet is there to sing them?"

"To sing the gallant souls of heroes sent to Hades!" says Mr. Addison with a smile. "Would you celebrate them all? If I may venture to question anything in such an admirable work, the catalogue of the ships in Homer hath always appeared to me as somewhat wearisome: what had the poem been, supposing the writer had chronicled the names of captains, lieutenants, rank and file? One of the greatest of a great man's qualities is success:

'tis the result of all the others; 'tis a latent power in him which compels the favor of the gods and subjugates fortune. Of all his gifts I admire that one in the great Marlborough. To be brave? every man is brave. But in being victorious, as he is, I fancy there is something divine. In presence of the occasion, the great soul of the leader shines out, and the god is confessed. Death itself respects him, and passes by him to lay others low. War and carnage flee before him to ravage other parts of the field, as Hector from before the divine Achilles. You say he hath no pity: no more have the gods, who are above it, and superhuman. The fainting battle gathers strength at his aspect; and wherever he rides, victory charges with him."

BEATRIX ESMOND AND THE DUKE OF HAMILTON

From 'The History of Henry Esmond'

PERHAPS Beatrix was a little offended at his gayety. "Is this the way, sir, that you receive the announcement of your misfortune," says she; "and do you come smiling before me as if you were glad to be rid of me?"

Esmond would not be put off from his good-humor, but told her the story of Tom Trett and his bankruptcy. "I have been hankering after the grapes on the wall," says he, "and lost my temper because they were beyond my reach: was there any wonder? They're gone now, and another has them,—a taller man than your humble servant has won them." And the colonel made his cousin a low bow.

"A taller man, Cousin Esmond!" says she. "A man of spirit would have scaled the wall, sir, and seized them! A man of courage would have fought for 'em, not gaped for 'em."

"A duke has but to gape and they drop into his mouth," says Esmond, with another low bow.

"Yes, sir," says she, "a duke *is* a taller man than you. And why should I not be grateful to one such as his Grace, who gives me his heart and his great name? It is a great gift he honors me with; I know 'tis a bargain between us, and I accept it and will do my utmost to perform my part of it. 'Tis no question of sighing and philandering, between a nobleman of his Grace's age and a girl who hath little of that softness in her nature. Why

should I not own that I am ambitious, Harry Esmond; and if it be no sin in a man to covet honor, why should a woman too not desire it? Shall I be frank with you, Harry, and say that if you had not been down on your knees and so humble, you might have fared better with me? A woman of my spirit, cousin, is to be won by gallantry, and not by sighs and rueful faces. All the time you are worshiping and singing hymns to me, I know very well I am no goddess, and grow weary of the incense. So would you have been weary of the goddess too, when she was called Mrs. Esmond and got out of humor because she had not pin money enough, and was forced to go about in an old gown. Eh! cousin, a goddess in a mob cap that has to make her husband's gruel ceases to be divine — I am sure of it. I should have been sulky and scolded; and of all the proud wretches in the world Mr. Esmond is the proudest, let me tell him that. You never fall into a passion; but you never forgive, I think. Had you been a great man you might have been good-humored; but being nobody, sir, you are too great a man for me: and I'm afraid of you, cousin — there! and I won't worship you, and you'll never be happy except with a woman who will. Why, after I belonged to you, and after one of my tantrums, you would have put the pillow over my head some night and smothered me, as the black man does the woman in the play that you're so fond of. What's the creature's name? Desdemona. You would, you little black-eyed Othello."

"I think I should, Beatrix," says the colonel.

"And I want no such ending. I intend to live to be a hundred, and to go to ten thousand routs and balls, and to play cards every night of my life till the year eighteen hundred. And I like to be the first of my company, sir; and I like flattery and compliments, and you give me none: and I like to be made to laugh, sir, and who's to laugh at *your* dismal face, I should like to know? and I like a coach-and-six or a coach-and-eight; and I like diamonds and a new gown every week, and people to say, 'That's the duchess — how well her Grace looks — make way for Madame l'Ambassadrice d'Angleterre — call her Excellency's people' — that's what I like. And as for you, you want a woman to bring your slippers and cap, and to sit at your feet and cry 'Oh, caro! oh, bravo!' while you read your Shakespeares and Miltons and stuff. Mamma would have been the wife for you had you been a little older, though you look ten years older than

she does — you do, you glum-faced, blue-bearded little old man! You might have sat like Darby and Joan and flattered each other, and billed and cooed like a pair of old pigeons on a perch. I want my wings and to use them, sir." And she spread out her beautiful arms, as if indeed she could fly off like the pretty "Gawrie" whom the man in the story was enamored of.

"And what will your Peter Wilkins say to your flight?" says Esmond, who never admired this fair creature more than when she rebelled and laughed at him.

"A duchess knows her place," says she with a laugh. "Why, I have a son already made for me and thirty years old (my Lord Arran), and four daughters. How they will scold, and what a rage they will be in, when I come to take the head of the table! But I give them only a month to be angry: at the end of that time they shall love me every one, and so shall Lord Arran, and so shall all his Grace's Scots vassals and followers in the Highlands. I'm bent on it; and when I take a thing in my head 'tis done. His Grace is the greatest gentleman in Europe, and I'll try and make him happy: and when the King comes back you may count on my protection, Cousin Esmond — for come back the King will and shall; and I'll bring him back from Versailles if he comes under my hoop."

"I hope the world will make you happy, Beatrix," says Esmond with a sigh. "You'll be Beatrix till you are my lady duchess — will you not? I shall then make your Grace my very lowest bow."

"None of these sighs and this satire, cousin," she says: "I take his Grace's great bounty thankfully — yes, thankfully, and will wear his honors becomingly. I do not say he hath touched my heart, but he has my gratitude, obedience, admiration; I have told him that and no more, and with that his noble heart is content. I have told him all — even the story of that poor creature that I was engaged to, and that I could not love, and I gladly gave his word back to him, and jumped for joy to get back my own. I am twenty-five years old."

"Twenty-six, my dear," says Esmond.

"Twenty-five, sir — I choose to be twenty-five; and in eight years no man hath ever touched my heart. Yes — you did once for a little, Harry, when you came back after Lille, and engaging with that murderer Mohun, and saving Frank's life. I thought I could like you; and mamma begged me hard on her

knees, and I did — for a day. But the old chill came over me, Henry, and the old fear of you and your melancholy; and I was glad when you went away, and engaged with my Lord Ashburnham that I might hear no more of you — that's the truth. You are too good for me, somehow. I could not make you happy, and should break my heart in trying and not being able to love you. But if you had asked me when we gave you the sword, you might have had me, sir; and we both should have been miserable by this time. I talked with that silly lord all night just to vex you and mamma; and I succeeded, didn't I? How frankly we can talk of these things! It seems a thousand years ago; and though we are here sitting in the same room, there is a great wall between us. My dear, kind, faithful, gloomy old cousin! I can like you now, and admire you too, sir, and say that you are brave, and very kind, and very true, and a fine gentleman for all — for all your little mishap at your birth," says she, wagging her arch head. "And now, sir," says she with a courtesy, "we must have no more talk except when mamma is by, as his Grace is with us; for he does not half like you, cousin, and is jealous as the black man in your favorite play."

Though the very kindness of the words stabbed Mr. Esmond with the keenest pang, he did not show his sense of the wound by any look of his (as Beatrix indeed afterward owned to him); but said with a perfect command of himself, and an easy smile, "The interview must not end yet, my dear, until I have had my last word. Stay, here comes your mother!" (Indeed she came in here with her sweet anxious face; and Esmond, going up, kissed her hand respectfully.) "My dear lady may hear too the last words, which are no secrets, and are only a parting benediction accompanying a present for your marriage from an old gentleman your guardian; for I feel as if I was the guardian of all the family, and an old fellow that is fit to be the grandfather of you all; and in this character let me make my lady duchess her wedding present. They are the diamonds my father's widow left me. I had thought Beatrix might have had them a year ago; but they are good enough for a duchess, though not bright enough for the handsomest woman in the world." And he took the case out of his pocket in which the jewels were, and presented them to his cousin.

She gave a cry of delight, for the stones were indeed very handsome, and of great value; and the next minute the necklace

was where Belinda's cross is in Mr. Pope's admirable poem, and glittering on the whitest and most perfectly shaped neck in all England.

The girl's delight at receiving these trinkets was so great that, after rushing to the looking-glass and examining the effect they produced upon that fair neck which they surrounded, Beatrix was running back with her arms extended, and was perhaps for paying her cousin with a price that he would have liked no doubt to receive from those beautiful rosy lips of hers; but at this moment the door opened, and his Grace the bridegroom elect was announced.

He looked very black upon Mr. Esmond, to whom he made a very low bow indeed, and kissed the hand of each lady in his most ceremonious manner. He had come in his chair from the palace hard by, and wore his two stars of the Garter and the Thistle.

"Look, my lord duke," says Mistress Beatrix, advancing to him and showing the diamonds on her breast.

"Diamonds," says his Grace. "Hm! they seem pretty."

"They are a present on my marriage," says Beatrix.

"From her Majesty?" asks the duke. "The Queen is very good."

"From my Cousin Henry — from our Cousin Henry," cry both the ladies in a breath.

"I have not the honor of knowing the gentleman. I thought that my Lord Castlewood had no brother; and that on your Ladyship's side there were no nephews."

"From our cousin, Colonel Henry Esmond, my lord," says Beatrix, taking the colonel's hand very bravely, "who was left guardian to us by our father, and who has a hundred times shown his love and friendship for our family."

"The Duchess of Hamilton receives no diamonds but from her husband, madam," says the duke: "may I pray you to restore these to Mr. Esmond?"

"Beatrix Esmond may receive a present from our kinsman and benefactor, my Lord Duke," says Lady Castlewood with an air of great dignity. "She is my daughter yet; and if her mother sanctions the gift, no one else has the right to question it."

"Kinsman and benefactor!" says the duke. "I know of no kinsman; and I do not choose that my wife should have for benefactor a — "

"My lord!" says Colonel Esmond.

"I am not here to bandy words," says his Grace: "frankly I tell you that your visits to this house are too frequent, and that I choose no presents for the Duchess of Hamilton from gentlemen that bear a name they have no right to."

"My lord!" breaks out Lady Castlewood, "Mr. Esmond hath the best right to that name of any man in the world; and 'tis as old and as honorable as your Grace's."

My lord duke smiled, and looked as if Lady Castlewood was mad, that was so talking to him.

"If I called him benefactor," said my mistress, "it is because he has been so to us — yes, the noblest, the truest, the bravest, the dearest of benefactors. He would have saved my husband's life from Mohun's sword. He did save my boy's, and defended him from that villain. Are these no benefits?"

"I ask Colonel Esmond's pardon," says his Grace, if possible more haughty than before. "I would say not a word that should give him offense, and thank him for his kindness to your Ladyship's family. My Lord Mohun and I are connected, you know, by marriage — though neither by blood nor friendship; but I must repeat what I said, that my wife can receive no presents from Colonel Esmond."

"My daughter may receive presents from the Head of our House; my daughter may thankfully take kindness from her father's, her mother's, her brother's dearest friend, and be grateful for one more benefit besides the thousand we owe him," cries Lady Esmond. "What is a string of diamond stones compared to that affection he hath given us — our dearest preserver and benefactor? We owe him not only Frank's life, but our all — yes, our all," says my mistress, with a heightened color and a trembling voice. "The title we bear is his, if he would claim it. 'Tis we who have no right to our name: not he that's too great for it. He sacrificed his name at my dying lord's bedside — sacrificed it to my orphan children; gave up rank and honor because he loved us so nobly. His father was Viscount of Castlewood and Marquis of Esmond before him; and he is his father's lawful son and true heir, and we are the recipients of his bounty, and he the chief of a house that's as old as your own. And if he is content to forego his name that my child may bear it, we love him and honor him and bless him under whatever name he bears" — and here the fond and affectionate creature would have

knelt to Esmond again but that he prevented her; and Beatrix, running up to her with a pale face and a cry of alarm, embraced her and said, "Mother, what is this?"

"'Tis a family secret, my lord duke," says Colonel Esmond: "poor Beatrix knew nothing of it, nor did my lady till a year ago. And I have as good a right to resign my title as your Grace's mother to abdicate hers to you."

"I should have told everything to the Duke of Hamilton," said my mistress, "had his Grace applied to me for my daughter's hand, and not to Beatrix. I should have spoken with you this very day in private, my lord, had not your words brought about this sudden explanation; and now 'tis fit Beatrix should hear it, and know, as I would have all the world know, what we owe to our kinsman and patron."

And then in her touching way, and having hold of her daughter's hand, and speaking to her rather than my lord duke, Lady Castlewood told the story which you know already —lauding up to the skies her kinsman's behavior. On his side Mr. Esmond explained the reasons, that seemed quite sufficiently cogent with him, why the succession in the family, as at present it stood, should not be disturbed; and he should remain as he was, Colonel Esmond.

"And Marquis of Esmond, my lord," says his Grace, with a low bow; "permit me to ask your Lordship's pardon for words that were uttered in ignorance, and to beg for the favor of your friendship. To be allied to you, sir, must be an honor under whatever name you are known" (so his Grace was pleased to say); "and in return for the splendid present you make my wife, your kinswoman, I hope you will be pleased to command any service that James Douglas can perform. I shall never be easy until I repay you a part of my obligations at least; and ere very long, and with the mission her Majesty hath given me," says the duke, "that may perhaps be in my power. I shall esteem it as a favor, my lord, if Colonel Esmond will give away the bride."

"And if he will take the usual payment in advance, he is welcome," says Beatrix, stepping up to him; and as Esmond kissed her, she whispered, "Oh, why didn't I know you before?"

My lord duke was as hot as a flame at this salute, but said never a word; Beatrix made him a proud curtsy, and the two ladies quitted the room together.

BEFORE THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO

From 'Vanity Fair'

THERE never was, since the days of Darius, such a brilliant train of camp-followers as hung round the train of the Duke of Wellington's army in the Low Countries, in 1815; and led it dancing and feasting, as it were, up to the very brink of battle. A certain ball which a noble duchess gave at Brussels on the 15th of June in the above-named year is historical. All Brussels had been in a state of excitement about it; and I have heard from ladies who were in that town at the period, that the talk and interest of persons of their own sex regarding the ball was much greater even than in respect of the enemy in their front. The struggles, intrigues, and prayers to get tickets were such as only English ladies will employ, in order to gain admission to the society of the great of their own nation.

Jos and Mrs. O'Dowd, who were panting to be asked, strove in vain to procure tickets; but others of our friends were more lucky. For instance, through the interest of my Lord Bareacres, and as a set-off for the dinner at the restaurateur's, George got a card for Captain and Mrs. Osborne; which circumstance greatly elated him. Dobbin, who was a friend of the general commanding the division in which their regiment was, came laughing one day to Mrs. Osborne, and displayed a similar invitation; which made Jos envious, and George wonder how the deuce *he* should be getting into society. Mr. and Mrs. Rawdon, finally, were of course invited, as became the friends of a general commanding a cavalry brigade.

On the appointed night, George, having commanded new dresses and ornaments of all sorts for Amelia, drove to the famous ball, where his wife did not know a single soul. After looking about for Lady Bareacres,—who cut him, thinking the card was quite enough,—and after placing Amelia on a bench, he left her to her own cogitations there; thinking on his own part that he had behaved very handsomely in getting her new clothes, and bringing her to the ball, where she was free to amuse herself as she liked. Her thoughts were not of the pleasantest, and nobody except honest Dobbin came to disturb them.

Whilst her appearance was an utter failure (as her husband felt with a sort of rage), Mrs. Rawdon Crawley's *début* was, on

the contrary, very brilliant. She arrived very late. Her face was radiant; her dress perfection. In the midst of the great persons assembled, and the eye-glasses directed to her, Rebecca seemed to be as cool and collected as when she used to marshal Miss Pinkerton's little girls to church. Numbers of the men she knew already, and the dandies thronged round her. As for the ladies, it was whispered among them that Rawdon had run away with her from out of a convent, and that she was a relation of the Montmorency family. She spoke French so perfectly that there might be some truth in this report, and it was agreed that her manners were fine, and her air *distingué*. Fifty would-be partners thronged round her at once, and pressed to have the honor to dance with her. But she said she was engaged, and only going to dance very little; and made her way at once to the place where Emmy sate quite unnoticed, and dismally unhappy. And so, to finish the poor child at once, Mrs. Rawdon ran and greeted affectionately her dearest Amelia, and began forthwith to patronize her. She found fault with her friend's dress, and her hair-dresser, and wondered how she could be so *chaussée*, and vowed that she must send her *corsetière* the next morning. She vowed that it was a delightful ball; that there was everybody that every one knew, and only a *very* few nobodies in the whole room. It is a fact that in a fortnight, and after three dinners in general society, this young woman had got up the genteel jargon so well that a native could not speak it better; and it was only from her French being so good, that you could know that she was not a born woman of fashion.

George, who had left Emmy on her bench on entering the ball-room, very soon found his way back when Rebecca was by her dear friend's side. Becky was just lecturing Mrs. Osborne upon the follies which her husband was committing. "For God's sake, stop him from gambling, my dear," she said, "or he will ruin himself. He and Rawdon are playing at cards every night; and you know he is very poor, and Rawdon will win every shilling from him if he does not take care. Why don't you prevent him, you little careless creature? Why don't you come to us of an evening, instead of moping at home with that Captain Dobbin? I dare say he is *très aimable;* but how could one love a man with feet of such size? Your husband's feet are darlings — here he comes. Where have you been, wretch? Here is Emmy crying her eyes out for you. Are you coming to fetch me for

the quadrille?" And she left her bouquet and shawl by Amelia's side, and tripped off with George to dance. Women only know how to wound so. There is a poison on the tips of their little shafts which stings a thousand times more than a man's blunter weapon. Our poor Emmy, who had never hated, never sneered all her life, was powerless in the hands of her remorseless little enemy.

George danced with Rebecca twice or thrice — how many times Amelia scarcely knew. She sate quite unnoticed in her corner, except when Rawdon came up with some words of clumsy conversation; and later in the evening, when Captain Dobbin made so bold as to bring her refreshments and sit beside her. He did not like to ask her why she was so sad; but as a pretext for the tears which were filling in her eyes, she told him that Mrs. Crawley had alarmed her by telling her that George would go on playing.

"It is curious, when a man is bent upon play, by what clumsy rogues he will allow himself to be cheated," Dobbin said; and Emmy said, "Indeed." She was thinking of something else. It was not the loss of the money that grieved her.

At last George came back for Rebecca's shawl and flowers. She was going away. She did not even condescend to come back and say good-by to Amelia. The poor girl let her husband come and go without saying a word, and her head fell on her breast. Dobbin had been called away, and was whispering deep in conversation with the general of the division, his friend, and had not seen this last parting. George went away then with the bouquet; but when he gave it to the owner, there lay a note, coiled like a snake among the flowers. Rebecca's eye caught it at once: she had been used to deal with notes in early life. She put out her hand and took the nosegay. He saw by her eyes as they met, that she was aware what she should find there. Her husband hurried her away, still too intent upon his own thoughts, seemingly, to take note of any marks of recognition which might pass between his friend and his wife. These were, however, but trifling. Rebecca gave George her hand with one of her usual quick knowing glances, and made a curtsy and walked away. George bowed over the hand; said nothing in reply to a remark of Crawley's,—did not hear it even, his brain was so throbbing with triumph and excitement; and allowed them to go away without a word.

His wife saw the one part at least of the bouquet scene. It was quite natural that George should come at Rebecca's request to get her her scarf and flowers,—it was no more than he had done twenty times before in the course of the last few days; but now it was too much for her. "William," she said, suddenly clinging to Dobbin, who was near her, "you've always been very kind to me: I'm—I'm not well. Take me home." She did not know she called him by his Christian name, as George was accustomed to do. He went away with her quickly. Her lodgings were hard by; and they threaded through the crowd without, where everything seemed to be more astir than even in the ball-room within.

George had been angry twice or thrice at finding his wife up on his return from the parties which he frequented, so she went straight to bed now; but although she did not sleep, and although the din and clatter and the galloping of horsemen was incessant, she never heard any of these noises, having quite other disturbances to keep her awake.

Osborne meanwhile, wild with elation, went off to a play table and began to bet frantically. He won repeatedly. "Everything succeeds with me to-night," he said. But his luck at play even did not cure him of his restlessness; and he started up after a while, pocketing his winnings, and went off to a buffet, where he drank off many bumpers of wine.

Here, as he was rattling away to the people around, laughing loudly and wild with spirits, Dobbin found him. He had been to the card tables to look there for his friend. Dobbin looked as pale and grave as his comrade was flushed and jovial.

"Hullo, Dob! Come and drink, old Dob! The duke's wine is famous. Give me some more, you sir;" and he held out a trembling glass for the liquor.

"Come out, George," said Dobbin, still gravely: "don't drink."

"Drink! there's nothing like it. Drink yourself, and light up your lantern jaws, old boy. Here's to you."

Dobbin went up and whispered something to him; at which George, giving a start and a wild hurray, tossed off his glass, clapped it on the table, and walked away speedily on his friend's arm. "The enemy has passed the Sambre," William said, "and our left is already engaged. Come away. We are to march in three hours."

Away went George, his nerves quivering with excitement at the news so long looked for, so sudden when it came. What were love and intrigue now? He thought about a thousand things but these in his rapid walk to his quarters: his past life and future chances — the fate which might be before him — the wife, the child perhaps, from whom unseen he might be about to part. Oh, how he wished that night's work undone! and that with a clear conscience at least he might say farewell to the tender and guileless being by whose love he had set such little store!

He thought over his brief married life. In those few weeks he had frightfully dissipated his little capital. How wild and reckless he had been! Should any mischance befall him, what was then left for her? How unworthy he was of her! Why had he married her? He was not fit for marriage. Why had he disobeyed his father, who had been always so generous to him? Hope, remorse, ambition, tenderness, and selfish regret filled his heart. He sate down and wrote to his father, remembering what he had said once before, when he was engaged to fight a duel. Dawn faintly streaked the sky as he closed this farewell letter. He sealed it, and kissed the superscription. He thought how he had deserted that generous father, and of the thousand kindnesses which the stern old man had done him.

He had looked into Amelia's bedroom when he entered; she lay quiet, and her eyes seemed closed, and he was glad that she was asleep. On arriving at his quarters from the ball, he had found his regimental servant already making preparations for his departure: the man had understood his signal to be still, and these arrangements were very quickly and silently made. Should he go in and wake Amelia, he thought, or leave a note for her brother to break the news of departure to her? He went in to look at her once again

She had been awake when he first entered her room, but had kept her eyes closed, so that even her wakefulness should not seem to reproach him. But when he had returned,—so soon after herself, too,—this timid little heart had felt more at ease; and turning towards him as he stept softly out of the room, she had fallen into a light sleep. George came in and looked at her again, entering still more softly. By the pale night-lamp he could see her sweet, pale face: the purple eyelids were fringed and

closed, and one round arm, smooth and white, lay outside the coverlet. Good God! how pure she was; how gentle, how tender, and how friendless! and he, how selfish, brutal, and black with crime! Heart-stained and shame-stricken, he stood at the bed's foot and looked at the sleeping girl. How dared he — who was he, to pray for one so spotless! God bless her! God bless her! He came to the bedside, and looked at the hand, the little soft hand, lying asleep; and he bent over the pillow noiselessly towards the gentle pale face.

Two fair arms closed tenderly round his neck as he stooped down. "I am awake, George," the poor child said, with a sob fit to break the little heart that nestled so closely by his own. She was awake, poor soul — and to what? At that moment a bugle from the Place of Arms began sounding clearly, and was taken up through the town; and 'midst the drums of the infantry, and the shrill pipes of the Scotch, the whole city awoke. . . .

All our friends took their share and fought like men in the great field. All day long, whilst the women were praying ten miles away, the lines of the dauntless English infantry were receiving and repelling the furious charges of the French horsemen. Guns which were heard at Brussels were plowing up their ranks, and comrades falling, and the resolute survivors closing in. Towards evening the attack of the French, repeated and resisted so bravely, slackened in its fury. They had other foes besides the British to engage, or were preparing for a final onset. It came at last: the columns of the Imperial Guard marched up the hill of Saint Jean, at length and at once to sweep the English from the height which they had maintained all day; and spite of all, unscared by the thunder of the artillery, which hurled death from the English line, the dark rolling column pressed on and up the hill. It seemed almost to crest the eminence, when it began to wave and falter. Then it stopped, still facing the shot. Then at last the English troops rushed from the post from which no enemy had been able to dislodge them, and the Guard turned and fled.

No more firing was heard at Brussels — the pursuit rolled miles away. Darkness came down on the field and city: and Amelia was praying for George, who was lying on his face, dead, with a bullet through his heart.

BECKY ADMIRES HER HUSBAND

From 'Vanity Fair'

RAWDON [just let out of the debtors' prison] walked home rapidly. It was nine o'clock at night. He ran across the streets and the great squares of Vanity Fair, and at length came up breathless opposite his own house. He started back and fell against the railings, trembling as he looked up. The drawing-room windows were blazing with light. She had said that she was in bed and ill. He stood there for some time, the light from the rooms on his pale face.

He took out his door-key and let himself into the house. He could hear laughter in the upper rooms. He was in the ball dress in which he had been captured the night before. He went silently up the stairs, leaning against the banisters at the stair-head. Nobody was stirring in the house besides: all the servants had been sent away. Rawdon heard laughter within — laughter and singing. Becky was singing a snatch of the song of the night before; a hoarse voice shouted "Brava! Brava!" It was Lord Steyne's.

Rawdon opened the door and went in. A little table with a dinner was laid out, and wine and plate. Steyne was hanging over the sofa on which Becky sate. The wretched woman was in a brilliant full toilette, her arms and all her fingers sparkling with bracelets and rings; and the brilliants on her breast which Steyne had given her. He had her hand in his, and was bowing over it to kiss it, when Becky started up with a faint scream as she caught sight of Rawdon's white face. At the next instant she tried a smile, a horrid smile, as if to welcome her husband; and Steyne rose up, grinding his teeth, pale, and with fury in his looks.

He too attempted a laugh — and came forward holding out his hand. "What, come back! How d' ye do, Crawley?" he said, the nerves of his mouth twitching as he tried to grin at the intruder.

There was that in Rawdon's face which caused Becky to fling herself before him. "I am innocent, Rawdon," she said; "before God, I am innocent." She clung hold of his coat, of his hands; her own were all covered with serpents, and rings, and baubles. "I am innocent. — Say I am innocent," she said to Lord Steyne.

He thought a trap had been laid for him, and was as furious with the wife as with the husband. "You innocent, damn you!" he screamed out. "You innocent! Why, every trinket you have on your body is paid for by me. I have given you thousands of pounds which this fellow has spent, and for which he has sold you. Innocent, by ——! You're as innocent as your mother the ballet-girl, and your husband the bully. Don't think to frighten me as you have done others. Make way, sir, and let me pass;" and Lord Steyne seized up his hat, and with flame in his eyes, and looking his enemy fiercely in the face, marched upon him, never for a moment doubting that the other would give way.

But Rawdon Crawley, springing out, seized him by the neck-cloth, until Steyne, almost strangled, writhed, and bent under his arm. "You lie, you dog!" said Rawdon. "You lie, you coward and villain!" And he struck the peer twice over the face with his open hand, and flung him bleeding to the ground. It was all done before Rebecca could interpose. She stood there trembling before him. She admired her husband, strong, brave, and victorious.

"Come here," he said. She came up at once.

"Take off those things." She began, trembling, pulling the jewels from her arms and the rings from her shaking fingers, and held them all in a heap, quivering and looking up at him. "Throw them down," he said, and she dropped them. He tore the diamond ornament out of her breast, and flung it at Lord Steyne. It cut him on his bald forehead. Steyne wore the scar to his dying day.

"Come up-stairs," Rawdon said to his wife. "Don't kill me, Rawdon," she said.— He laughed savagely. "I want to see if that man lies about the money as he has about me. Has he given you any?"

"No," said Rebecca; "that is—"

"Give me your keys," Rawdon answered, and they went out together.

Rebecca gave him all the keys but one; and she was in hopes that he would not have remarked the absence of that. It belonged to the little desk which Amelia had given her in early days, and which she kept in a secret place. But Rawdon flung open boxes and wardrobes, throwing the multifarious trumpery of their contents here and there, and at last he found the desk.

The woman was forced to open it. It contained papers, love-letters many years old — all sorts of small trinkets and woman's memoranda. And it contained a pocket-book with bank-notes. Some of these were dated ten years back, too; and one was quite a fresh one,— a note for a thousand pounds which Lord Steyne had given her.

"Did he give you this?" Rawdon said.

"Yes," Rebecca answered.

"I'll send it to him to-day," Rawdon said (for day had dawned again, and many hours had passed in this search); "and I will pay Briggs, who was kind to the boy, and some of the debts. You will let me know where I shall send the rest to you. You might have spared me a hundred pounds, Becky, out of all this: I have always shared with you."

"I am innocent," said Becky. And he left her without another word.

What were her thoughts when he left her? She remained for hours after he was gone, the sunshine pouring into the room, and Rebecca sitting alone on the bed's edge. The drawers were all opened and their contents scattered about,— dresses and feathers, scarfs and trinkets, a heap of tumbled vanities lying in a wreck. Her hair was falling over her shoulders; her gown was torn where Rawdon had wrenched the brilliants out of it. She heard him go down-stairs a few minutes after he left her, and the door slamming and closing on him. She knew he would never come back. He was gone forever. Would he kill himself? she thought; — not until after he had met Lord Steyne. She thought of her long past life, and all the dismal incidents of it. Ah, how dreary it seemed, how miserable, lonely, and profitless! Should she take laudanum and end it, too — have done with all hopes, schemes, debts, and triumphs? The French maid found her in this position,— sitting in the midst of her miserable ruins with clasped hands and dry eyes. The woman was her accomplice and in Steyne's pay. "Mon Dieu, madame, what has happened?" she asked.

What *had* happened? Was she guilty or not? She said not; but who could tell what was truth which came from those lips; or if that corrupt heart was in this case pure? All her lies and her schemes, all her selfishness and her wiles, all her wit and genius had come to this bankruptcy. The woman closed the curtains, and with some entreaty and show of kindness, persuaded

her mistress to lie down on the bed. Then she went below and gathered up the trinkets which had been lying on the floor since Rebecca dropped them there at her husband's orders, and Lord Steyne went away.

COLONEL NEWCOME IN THE CAVE OF HARMONY

From 'The Newcomes'

THERE was once a time when the sun used to shine brighter than it appears to do in this latter half of the nineteenth century; when the zest of life was certainly keener; when tavern wines seemed to be delicious, and tavern dinners the perfection of cookery; when the perusal of novels was productive of immense delight, and the monthly advent of magazine-day was hailed as an exciting holiday; when to know Thompson, who had written a magazine article, was an honor and a privilege, and to see Brown, the author of the last romance, in the flesh, and actually walking in the Park with his umbrella and Mrs. Brown, was an event remarkable, and to the end of life to be perfectly well remembered; when the women of this world were a thousand times more beautiful than those of the present time, and the houris of the theatres especially so ravishing and angelic, that to see them was to set the heart in motion, and to see them again was to struggle for half an hour previously at the door of the pit; when tailors called at a man's lodgings to dazzle him with cards of fancy waistcoats; when it seemed necessary to purchase a grand silver dressing-case, so as to be ready for the beard which was not yet born (as yearling brides provide lace caps, and work rich clothes, for the expected darling); when to ride in the Park on a ten-shilling hack seemed to be the height of fashionable enjoyment, and to splash your college tutor as you were driving down Regent Street in a hired cab the triumph of satire; when the acme of pleasure seemed to be to meet Jones of Trinity at the Bedford, and to make an arrangement with him, and with King of Corpus (who was staying at the Colonnade), and Martin of Trinity Hall (who was with his family in Bloomsbury Square) to dine at the Piazza, go to the play and see Braham in 'Fra Diavolo,' and end the frolic evening by partaking of supper and a song at the Cave of Harmony. It was in the days of my own

youth then that I met one or two of the characters who are to figure in this history; and whom I must ask leave to accompany for a short while, and until, familiarized with the public, they can make their own way. As I recall them the roses bloom again, and the nightingales sing by the calm Bendemeer.

Going to the play then, and to the pit, as was the fashion in those merry days, with some young fellows of my own age; having listened delighted to the most cheerful and brilliant of operas, and laughed enthusiastically at the farce, we became naturally hungry at twelve o'clock at night, and a desire for Welsh rabbits and good old glee-singing led us to the Cave of Harmony, then kept by the celebrated Hoskins, among whose friends we were proud to count.

We enjoyed such intimacy with Mr. Hoskins that he never failed to greet us with a kind nod; and John, the waiter, made room for us near the president of the convivial meeting. We knew the three admirable glee-singers, and many a time they partook of brandy-and-water at our expense. One of us gave his call dinner at Hoskins's, and a merry time we had of it. Where are you, O Hoskins, bird of the night! Do you warble your songs by Acheron, or troll your choruses by the banks of black Avernus?

The goes of stout, 'The Chough and Crow,' the Welsh rabbit, the 'Red-Cross Knight,' the hot brandy-and-water, (the brown, the strong!) the 'Bloom is on the Rye,' (the bloom isn't on the rye any more!) — the song and the cup, in a word, passed round merrily, and I daresay the songs and bumpers were encored. It happened that there was a very small attendance at the Cave that night, and we were all more sociable and friendly because the company was select. The songs were chiefly of the sentimental class; such ditties were much in vogue at the time of which I speak.

There came into the Cave a gentleman with a lean brown face and long black mustaches, dressed in very loose clothes, and evidently a stranger to the place. At least he had not visited it for a long time. He was pointing out changes to a lad who was in his company; and calling for sherry-and-water, he listened to the music, and twirled his mustaches with great enthusiasm.

At the very first glimpse of me the boy jumped up from the table, bounded across the room, ran to me with his hands out, and blushing, said, "Don't you know me?"

It was little Newcome, my schoolfellow, whom I had not seen for six years; grown a fine, tall young stripling now, with the same bright blue eyes which I remembered when he was quite a little boy.

"What the deuce brings you here?" said I.

He laughed, and looked roguish. "My father — that's my father — would come. He's just come back from India. He says all the wits used to come here, — Mr. Sheridan, Captain Morris, Colonel Hanger, Professor Porson. I told him your name, and that you used to be very kind to me when I first went to Smithfield. I've left now; I'm to have a private tutor. I say, I've got such a jolly pony! It's better fun than old Smiffle."

Here the whiskered gentleman, Newcome's father, pointing to a waiter to follow him with his glass of sherry-and-water, strode across the room, twirling his mustaches, and came up to the table where we sat, making a salutation with his hat in a very stately and polite manner, so that Hoskins himself was, as it were, obliged to bow; the glee-singers murmured among themselves (their eyes rolling over their glasses toward one another as they sucked brandy-and-water); and that mischievous little wag, little Nadab the Improvisatore (who had just come in), began to mimic him, feeling his imaginary whiskers after the manner of the stranger, and flapping about his pocket handkerchief in the most ludicrous manner. Hoskins checked this ribaldry by sternly looking toward Nadab; and at the same time called upon the gents to give their orders, the waiter being in the room, and Mr. Bellew about to sing a song.

Newcome's father came up and held out his hand to me. I daresay I blushed; for I had been comparing him to the admirable Harley in 'The Critic,' and had christened him Don Ferolo Whiskerandos.

He spoke in a voice exceedingly soft and pleasant; and with a cordiality so simple and sincere that my laughter shrank away ashamed, and gave place to a feeling much more respectful and friendly. In youth, you see, one is touched by kindness. A man of the world may of course be grateful or not, as he chooses.

"I have heard of your kindness, sir," says he, "to my boy. And whoever is kind to him is kind to me. Will you allow me to sit down by you? and may I beg you to try my cheroots?" We were friends in a minute — young Newcome snuggling by my side, his father opposite, — to whom, after a minute or two of conversation, I presented my three college friends.

"You have come here, gentlemen, to see the wits," says the colonel. "Are there any celebrated persons in the room? I have been five-and-thirty years from home, and want to see all that is to be seen."

King of Corpus (who was an incorrigible wag) was on the point of pulling some dreadful long-bow, and pointing out a half-dozen of people in the room as R—— and H—— and L——, etc., the most celebrated wits of that day; but I cut King's shins under the table, and got the fellow to hold his tongue.

"*Maxima debetur pueris*," says Jones (a fellow of very kind feeling, who has gone into the Church since); and writing on his card to Hoskins, hinted to him that a boy was in the room, and a gentleman who was quite a greenhorn, hence that the songs had better be carefully selected.

And so they were. A lady's school might have come in, and but for the smell of the cigars and brandy-and-water have taken no harm by what happened. Why should it not always be so? If there are any Caves of Harmony now, I warrant Messieurs the landlords their interests would be better consulted by keeping their singers within bounds. The very greatest scamps like pretty songs, and are melted by them; so are honest people. It was worth a guinea to see the simple colonel, and his delight at the music. He forgot all about the distinguished wits whom he had expected to see, in his ravishment over the glees.

"I say, Clive, this is delightful. This is better than your aunt's concert with all the Squallinis, hey? I shall come here often. Landlord, may I venture to ask those gentlemen if they will take any refreshments? What are their names?" (to one of his neighbors)—"I was scarcely allowed to hear any singing before I went out, except an oratorio, where I fell asleep; but this, by George, is as fine as Incledon!" He became quite excited over his sherry-and-water: "I'm sorry to see you, gentlemen, drinking brandy-pawnee," says he. "It plays the deuce with our young men in India." He joined in all the choruses with an exceedingly sweet voice. He laughed at the Derby Ram so that it did one good to hear him; and when Hoskins sang (as he did admirably) the 'Old English Gentleman,' and described in measured cadence the death of that venerable aristocrat, tears trickled down the honest warrior's cheek, while he held out his hand to Hoskins and said, "Thank you, sir, for that song: it is an honor to human nature." On which Hoskins began to cry too.

And now young Nadab, having been cautioned, commenced one of those surprising feats of improvisation with which he used to charm audiences. He took us all off, and had rhymes pat about all the principal persons in the room: King's pins (which he wore very splendidly), Martin's red waistcoat, etc. The colonel was charmed with each feat, and joined delighted with the chorus — Ritolderolritolderol ritolderolderay (*bis*). And when, coming to the colonel himself, he burst out,—

A military gent I see — and while his face I scan,
I think you'll all agree with me — he came from Hindostan:
And by his side sits laughing free — a youth with curly head;
I think you'll all agree with me — that he was best in bed.
Ritolderol, etc.,—

the colonel laughed immensely at this sally, and clapped his son, young Clive, on the shoulder. "Hear what he says of you, sir? Clive, best be off to bed, my boy — ho, ho! No, no. We know a trick worth two of that. 'We won't go home till morning, till daylight does appear.' Why should we? Why shouldn't my boy have innocent pleasure? I was allowed none when I was a young chap, and the severity was nearly the ruin of me. I must go and speak with that young man — the most astonishing thing I ever heard in my life. What's his name? Mr. Nadab? Mr. Nadab, sir, you have delighted me. May I make so free as to ask you to come and dine with me to-morrow at six. Colonel Newcome, if you please, Nerot's Hotel, Clifford Street. I am always proud to make the acquaintance of men of genius, and you are one, or my name is not Newcome."

"Sir, you do me Hhonor," says Mr. Nadab, pulling up his shirt collar, "and perhaps the day will come when the world will do me justice: may I put down your hhonored name for my book of poems?"

"Of course, my dear sir," says the enthusiastic colonel: "I'll send them all over India. Put me down for six copies, and do me the favor to bring them to-morrow when you come to dinner."

And now, Mr. Hoskins asking if any gentleman would volunteer a song, what was our amazement when the simple Colonel offered to sing himself, at which the room applauded vociferously; while methought poor Clive Newcome hung down his head and blushed as red as a peony. I felt for the young lad; and thought what my own sensations would have been, if in that place, my

own uncle, Major Pendennis, had suddenly proposed to exert his lyrical powers.

The Colonel selected the ditty of 'Wapping Old Stairs' (a ballad so sweet and touching that surely any English poet might be proud to be the father of it); and he sang this quaint and charming old song in an exceedingly pleasant voice, with flourishes and roulades in the old Incledon manner, which has pretty nearly passed away. The singer gave his heart and soul to the simple ballad, and delivered Molly's gentle appeal so pathetically that even the professional gentlemen hummed and buzzed a sincere applause; and some wags who were inclined to jeer at the beginning of the performance, clinked their glasses and rapped their sticks with quite a respectful enthusiasm. When the song was over, Clive held up his head too; after the shock of the first verse, looked round with surprise and pleasure in his eyes: and we, I need not say, backed our friend, delighted to see him come out of his queer scrape so triumphantly. The colonel bowed and smiled with very pleasant good-nature at our plaudits. It was like Dr. Primrose preaching his sermon in the prison. There was something touching in the *naïveté* and kindness of the placid and simple gentleman.

Great Hoskins, placed on high amid the tuneful choir, was pleased to signify his approbation, and gave his guest's health in his usual dignified manner. "I am much obliged to you, sir," said Mr. Hoskins; "the room ought to be much obliged to you, I drink your 'ealth and song, sir;" and he bowed to the colonel politely over his glass of brandy-and-water, of which he absorbed a little in his customer's honor. "I have not heard that song," he was kind enough to say, "better performed since Mr. Incledon sung it. He was a great singer, sir, and I may say, in the words of our immortal Shakespeare, that, 'take him for all in all, we shall not look upon his like again.'"

The colonel blushed in his turn, and turning round to his boy with an arch smile, said, "I learnt it from Incledon. I used to slip out from Grey Friars to hear him, Heaven bless me, forty years ago; and I used to be flogged afterward, and serve me right too. Lord! Lord! how the time passes!" He drank off his sherry-and-water, and fell back in his chair: we could see he was thinking about his youth — the golden time, the happy, the bright, the unforgotten. I was myself nearly two-and-twenty years of age at that period, and felt as old as,— ay, older than the colonel.

While he was singing his ballad, there had walked, or rather reeled, into the room, a gentleman in a military frock-coat and duck trousers of dubious hue, with whose name and person some of my readers are perhaps already acquainted. In fact, it was my friend Captain Costigan, in his usual condition at this hour of the night.

Holding on by various tables, the captain had sidled up, without accident to himself or any of the jugs and glasses round about him, to the table where we sat, and had taken his place near the writer, his old acquaintance. He warbled the refrain of the colonel's song, not inharmoniously; and saluted its pathetic conclusion with a subdued hiccough, and a plentiful effusion of tears. "Bedad it is a beautiful song," says he, "and many a time I heard poor Harry Incledon sing it."

"He's a great character," whispered that unlucky King of Corpus to his neighbor the colonel; "was a captain in the army. We call him the General. Captain Costigan, will you take something to drink?"

"Bedad I will," says the captain, "and I'll sing ye a song tu."

And having procured a glass of whisky-and-water from the passing waiter, the poor old man — settling his face into a horrid grin, and leering as he was wont when he gave what he called one of his prime songs — began his music.

The unlucky wretch, who scarcely knew what he was doing or saying, selected one of the most outrageous performances of his *répertoire*, fired off a tipsy howl by way of overture, and away he went. At the end of the second verse the colonel started up, clapping on his hat, seizing his stick, and looking as ferocious as though he had been going to do battle with a Pindaree. "Silence!" he roared out.

"Hear, hear!" cried certain wags at a farther table. "Go on, Costigan," said others.

"Go on!" cries the colonel in his high voice, trembling with anger. "Does any gentleman say 'Go on'? Does any man who has a wife and sisters, or children at home, say 'Go on' to such disgusting ribaldry as this? Do you dare, sir, to call yourself a gentleman, and to say that you hold the king's commission, and to sit down among Christians and men of honor, and defile the ears of young boys with this wicked balderdash!"

"Why do you bring young boys here, old boy!" cries a voice of the malcontents.

"Why? Because I thought I was coming to a society of gentlemen," cried out the indignant Colonel. "Because I never could have believed that Englishmen could meet together and allow a man, and an old man, so to disgrace himself. For shame, you old wretch! Go home to your bed, you hoary old sinner! And for my part, I'm not sorry that my son should see, for once in his life, to what shame and degradation and dishonor, drunkenness and whisky may bring a man. Never mind the change, sir! curse the change!" says the colonel, facing the amazed waiter: "keep it till you see me in this place again; which will be never — by George, never!" And shouldering his stick, and scowling round at the company of scared bacchanalians, the indignant gentleman stalked away, his boy after him.

Clive seemed rather shamefaced; but I fear the rest of the company looked still more foolish.

"Aussi que diable venait-il faire dans cette galère?"* says King of Corpus to Jones of Trinity: and Jones gave a shrug of his shoulders — which were smarting, perhaps; for that uplifted cane of the colonel's had somehow fallen on the back of every man in the room.

COLONEL NEWCOME'S DEATH

From 'The Newcomes'

Clive, and the boy sometimes with him, used to go daily to Grey Friars, where the colonel still lay ill. After some days the fever which had attacked him left him; but left him so weak and enfeebled that he could only go from his bed to the chair by his fireside. The season was exceedingly bitter; the chamber which he inhabited was warm and spacious: it was considered unadvisable to move him until he had attained greater strength and till warmer weather. The medical men of the House hoped he might rally in spring. My friend Dr. Goodenough came to him; he hoped too, but not with a hopeful face. A chamber, luckily vacant, hard by the colonel's, was assigned to his friends, where we sat when we were too many for him. Besides his customary attendant, he had two dear and watchful nurses, who were almost always with him,— Ethel, and Madame de Florac who had passed many a faithful year by an old man's

*"But what the devil did he come to a place like this for?"

bedside; who would have come, as to a work of religion, to any sick couch,—much more to this one, where he lay for whose life she would once gladly have given her own.

But our colonel, we all were obliged to acknowledge, was no more our friend of old days. He knew us again, and was good to every one round him, as his wont was; especially, when Boy came his old eyes lighted up with simple happiness, and with eager trembling hands he would seek under his bedclothes, or the pockets of his dressing-gown, for toys or cakes, which he had caused to be purchased for his grandson. There was a little laughing, red-cheeked, white-headed gown-boy of the school, to whom the old man had taken a great fancy. One of the symptoms of his returning consciousness and recovery, as we hoped, was his calling for this child, who pleased our friend by his archness and merry ways; and who, to the old gentleman's unfailing delight, used to call him "Codd Colonel." "Tell little F—— that Codd Colonel wants to see him;" and the little gown-boy was brought to him: and the colonel would listen to him for hours, and hear all about his lessons and his play; and prattle, almost as childishly, about Dr. Raine and his own early school-days. The boys of the school, it must be said, had heard the noble old gentleman's touching history, and had all got to know and love him. They came every day to hear news of him; sent him in books and papers to amuse him; and some benevolent young souls — God's blessing on all honest boys, say I — painted theatrical characters and sent them in to Codd Colonel's grandson. The little fellow was made free of gown-boys, and once came thence to his grandfather in a little gown, which delighted the old man hugely. Boy said he would like to be a little gown-boy; and I make no doubt, when he is old enough, his father will get him that post, and put him under the tuition of my friend Dr. Senior.

So weeks passed away, during which our dear old friend still remained with us. His mind was gone at intervals, but would rally feebly; and with his consciousness returned his love, his simplicity, his sweetness. He would talk French with Madame de Florac; at which time his memory appeared to awaken with surprising vividness, his cheek flushed, and he was a youth again, —a youth all love and hope,—a stricken old man, with a beard as white as snow covering the noble careworn face. At such times he called her by her Christian name of Léonore; he

addressed courtly old words of regard and kindness to the aged lady; anon he wandered in his talk, and spoke to her as if they still were young. Now, as in those early days, his heart was pure; no anger remained in it; no guile tainted it: only peace and good-will dwelt in it.

Rosey's death had seemed to shock him for a while when the unconscious little boy spoke of it. Before that circumstance, Clive had even forborne to wear mourning, lest the news should agitate his father. The colonel remained silent and was very much disturbed all that day, but he never appeared to comprehend the fact quite; and once or twice afterward asked why she did not come to see him? She was prevented, he supposed — she was prevented, he said, with a look of terror; — he never once otherwise alluded to that unlucky tyrant of his household who had made his last years so unhappy.

The circumstance of Clive's legacy he never understood; but more than once spoke of Barnes to Ethel, and sent his compliments to him, and said he should like to shake him by the hand. Barnes Newcome never once offered to touch that honored hand, though his sister bore her uncle's message to him. They came often from Bryanstone Square; Mrs. Hobson even offered to sit with the colonel, and read to him, and brought him books for his improvement. But her presence disturbed him; he cared not for her books: the two nurses whom he loved faithfully watched him; and my wife and I were admitted to him sometimes, both of whom he honored with regard and recognition. As for F. B., in order to be near his colonel, did not that good fellow take up his lodgings in Cistercian Lane, at the Red Cow? He is one whose errors, let us hope, shall be pardoned, *quia multum amavit.* I am sure he felt ten times more joy at hearing of Clive's legacy than if thousands had been bequeathed to himself. May good health and good fortune speed him!

The days went on; and our hopes, raised sometimes, began to flicker and fall. One evening the colonel left his chair for his bed in pretty good spirits; but passed a disturbed night, and the next morning was too weak to rise. Then he remained in his bed, and his friends visited him there. One afternoon he asked for his little gown-boy, and the child was brought to him, and sat by the bed with a very awe-stricken face; and then gathered courage, and tried to amuse him by telling him how it was a half-holiday, and they were having a cricket match with the

St. Peter's boys in the green, and Grey Friars was in and winning. The colonel quite understood about it: he would like to see the game; he had played many a game on that green when he was a boy. He grew excited: Clive dismissed his father's little friend, and put a sovereign into his hand; and away he ran to say that Codd Colonel had come into a fortune, and to buy tarts, and to see the match out. *I, curre*, little white-haired gown-boy! Heaven speed you, little friend.

After the child had gone, Thomas Newcome began to wander more and more. He talked louder; he gave the word of command, spoke Hindustanee as if to his men. Then he spoke words in French rapidly, seizing a hand that was near him, and crying, "Toujours, toujours!" But it was Ethel's hand which he took. Ethel and Clive and the nurse were in the room with him; the nurse came to us, who were sitting in the adjoining apartment; Madame de Florac was there with my wife and Bayham.

At the look in the woman's countenance Madame de Florac started up. "He is very bad; he wanders a great deal," the nurse whispered. The French lady fell instantly on her knees, and remained rigid in prayer.

Some time afterward Ethel came in with a scared face to our pale group. "He is calling for you again, dear lady," she said, going up to Madame de Florac, who was still kneeling; "and just now he said he wanted Pendennis to take care of his boy. He will not know you." She hid her tears as she spoke.

She went into the room where Clive was at the bed's foot: the old man within it talked on rapidly for a while; then again he would sigh and be still; once more I heard him say hurriedly, "Take care of him when I'm in India;" and then with a heart-rending voice he called out, "Léonore, Léonore!" She was kneeling by his side now. The patient voice sank into faint murmurs; only a moan now and then announced that he was not asleep.

At the usual evening hour the chapel bell began to toll, and Thomas Newcome's hands outside the bed feebly beat time. And just as the last bell struck, a peculiar sweet smile shone over his face, and he lifted up his head a little, and quickly said, "Adsum!" and fell back. It was the word we used at school when names were called; and lo, he, whose heart was as that of a little child, had answered to his name, and stood in the presence of The Master.

FROM 'THE CHRONICLE OF THE DRUM'

At Paris, hard by the Maine barriers,
Whoever will choose to repair,
Midst a dozen of wooden-legged warriors
May haply fall in with old Pierre.
On the sunshiny bench of a tavern
He sits and he prates of old wars,
And moistens his pipe of tobacco
With a drink that is named after Mars.

The beer makes his tongue run the quicker,
And as long as his tap never fails,
Thus over his favorite liquor
Old Peter will tell his old tales.
Says he, "In my life's ninety summers
Strange changes and chances I've seen,—
So here's to all gentlemen drummers
That ever have thumped on a skin.

"Brought up in the art military
For four generations we are;
My ancestors drummed for King Harry,
The Huguenot lad of Navarre.
And as each man in life has his station
According as Fortune may fix,
While Condé was waving the baton,
My grandsire was trolling the sticks.

"Ah! those were the days for commanders!
What glories my grandfather won,
Ere bigots and lackeys and panders
The fortunes of France had undone!
In Germany, Flanders, and Holland,—
What foeman resisted us then?
No; my grandsire was ever victorious,—
My grandsire and Monsieur Turenne. . . .

"The princes that day passed before us,
Our countrymen's glory and hope:
Monsieur, who was learned in Horace,
D'Artois, who could dance the tight-rope.
One night we kept guard for the Queen
At her Majesty's opera-box,
While the King, that majestical monarch,
Sat filing at home at his locks.

"Yes, I drummed for the fair Antoinette,
And so smiling she looked and so tender,
That our officers, privates, and drummers
All vowed they would die to defend her.
But she cared not for us honest fellows,
Who fought and who bled in her wars:
She sneered at our gallant Rochambeau,
And turned Lafayette out of doors.

"Ventrebleu! then I swore a great oath,
No more to such tyrants to kneel;
And so, just to keep up my drumming,
One day I drummed down the Bastille.
Ho, landlord! a stoup of fresh wine:
Come, comrades, a bumper we'll try,
And drink to the year eighty-nine
And the glorious fourth of July!

"Then bravely our cannon it thundered
As onward our patriots bore:
Our enemies were but a hundred,
And we twenty thousand or more.
They carried the news to King Louis;
He heard it as calm as you please,
And like a majestical monarch,
Kept filing his locks and his keys.

"We showed our republican courage:
We stormed and we broke the great gate in,
And we murdered the insolent governor
For daring to keep us a-waiting.
Lambesc and his squadrons stood by;
They never stirred finger or thumb:
The saucy aristocrats trembled
As they heard the republican drum.

"Hurrah! what a storm was a-brewing
The day of our vengeance was come!
Through scenes of what carnage and ruin
Did I beat on the patriot drum!
Let's drink to the famed tenth of August:
At midnight I beat the tattoo,
And woke up the pikemen of Paris
To follow the bold Barbaroux. . .

"You all know the Place de la Concorde?
'Tis hard by the Tuileries wall;
Mid terraces, fountains, and statues,
There rises an obelisk tall.
There rises an obelisk tall,
All garnished and gilded the base is:
'Tis surely the gayest of all
Our beautiful city's gay places.

"Around it are gardens and flowers;
And the Cities of France on their thrones,
Each crowned with his circlet of flowers,
Sits watching this biggest of stones!
I love to go sit in the sun there,
The flowers and fountains to see,
And to think of the deeds that were done there
In the glorious year ninety-three.

"'Twas here stood the Altar of Freedom;
And though neither marble nor gilding
Was used in those days to adorn
Our simple republican building,—
Corbleu! but the MÈRE GUILLOTINE
Cared little for splendor or show,
So you gave her an axe and a beam,
And a plank and a basket or so.

"Awful, and proud, and erect,
Here sat our republican goddess:
Each morning her table we decked
With dainty aristocrats' bodies.
The people each day flocked around
As she sat at her meat and her wine:
'Twas always the use of our nation
To witness the sovereign dine.

"Young virgins with fair golden tresses,
Old silver-haired prelates and priests,
Dukes, marquises, barons, princesses,
Were splendidly served at her feasts.
Ventrebleu! but we pampered our ogress
With the best that our nation could bring;
And dainty she grew in her progress,
And called for the head of a King!

"She called for the blood of our King,
And straight from his prison we drew him;
And to her with shouting we led him,
And took him, and bound him, and slew him.
'The Monarchs of Europe against me
Have plotted a godless alliance:
I'll fling them the head of King Louis,'
She said, 'as my gage of defiance.'

"I see him, as now for a moment
Away from his jailers he broke;
And stood at the foot of the scaffold,
And lingered, and fain would have spoke.
'Ho, drummer! quick, silence yon Capet,'
Says Santerre, 'with a beat of your drum':
Lustily then did I tap it,
And the son of St. Louis was dumb."

WHAT IS GREATNESS?

From 'The Chronicle of the Drum'

AH, GENTLE, tender lady mine!
The winter wind blows cold and shrill:
Come, fill me one more glass of wine,
And give the silly fools their will.

And what care we for war and wrack,
How kings and heroes rise and fall?
Look yonder,* in his coffin black
There lies the greatest of them all!

To pluck him down, and keep him up,
Died many million human souls;—
'Tis twelve o'clock and time to sup:
Bid Mary heap the fire with coals.

He captured many thousand guns;
He wrote "The Great" before his name;
And dying, only left his sons
The recollection of his shame.

Though more than half the world was his,
He died without a rood his own;

* This ballad was written at Paris at the time of the second funeral of Napoleon.

And borrowed from his enemies
Six foot of ground to lie upon.

He fought a thousand glorious wars,
And more than half the world was his;
And somewhere now, in yonder stars,
Can tell, mayhap, what greatness is.

THE WHITE SQUALL

On deck, beneath the awning,
I dozing lay and yawning;
It was the gray of dawning,
Ere yet the sun arose;
And above the funnel's roaring,
And the fitful winds' deploring,
I heard the cabin snoring
With universal nose.
I could hear the passengers snorting,
I envied their disporting—
Vainly I was courting
The pleasure of a doze!

So I lay, and wondered why light
Came not, and watched the twilight,
And the glimmer of the skylight,
That shot across the deck,
And the binnacle pale and steady,
And the dull glimpse of the dead-eye,
And the sparks in fiery eddy
That whirled from the chimney neck.
In our jovial floating prison
There was sleep from fore to mizzen,
And never a star had risen
The hazy sky to speck.

Strange company we harbored;
We'd a hundred Jews to larboard,
Unwashed, uncombed, unbarbered—
Jews black, and brown, and gray:
With terror it would seize ye,
And make your souls uneasy,
To see those Rabbis greasy,
Who did naught but scratch and pray:

Their dirty children puking —
Their dirty saucepans cooking —
Their dirty fingers hooking
Their swarming fleas away.

To starboard, Turks and Greeks were —
Whiskered and brown their cheeks were —
Enormous wide their breeks were,
Their pipes did puff alway;
Each on his mat allotted
In silence smoked and squatted,
Whilst round their children trotted
In pretty, pleasant play.
He can't but smile who traces
The smiles on those brown faces,
And the pretty prattling graces
Of those small heathens gay.

And so the hours kept tolling,
And through the ocean rolling
Went the brave Iberia bowling
Before the break of day —

When A SQUALL, upon a sudden,
Came o'er the waters scudding:
And the clouds began to gather,
And the sea was lashed to lather,
And the lowering thunder grumbled,
And the lightning jumped and tumbled,
And the ship, and all the ocean,
Woke up in wild commotion.
Then the wind set up a howling,
And the poodle dog a yowling,
And the cocks began a crowing,
And the old cow raised a lowing,
As she heard the tempest blowing;
And fowls and geese did cackle,
And the cordage and the tackle
Began to shriek and crackle;
And the spray dashed o'er the funnels,
And down the deck in runnels;
And the rushing water soaks all,
From the seamen in the fo'ksal
To the stokers whose black faces
Peer out of their bed places;

And the captain he was bawling,
And the sailors pulling, hauling,
And the quarter-deck tarpauling
Was shivered in the squalling;
And the passengers awaken,
Most pitifully shaken;
And the steward jumps up, and hastens
For the necessary basins.

Then the Greeks they groaned and quivered,
And they knelt, and moaned, and shivered,
As the plunging waters met them
And splashed and overset them:
And they call in their emergence
Upon countless saints and virgins;
And their marrowbones are bended,
And they think the world is ended.
And the Turkish women for'ard
Were frightened and behorror'd;
And shrieking and bewildering,
The mothers clutched their children;
The men sang "Allah! Illah!
Mashallah Bismillah!"
As the warring waters doused them,
And splashed them and soused them,
And they called upon the Prophet,
And thought but little of it.

Then all the fleas in Jewry
Jumped up and bit like fury;
And the progeny of Jacob
Did on the main-deck wake up
(I wot those greasy Rabbins
Would never pay for cabins);
And each man moaned and jabbered in
His filthy Jewish gaberdine,
In woe and lamentation,
And howling consternation.
And the splashing water drenches
Their dirty brats and wenches;
And they crawl from bales and benches
In a hundred thousand stenches.

This was the White Squall famous,
Which latterly o'ercame us,

And which all will well remember
On the 28th September;
When a Prussian captain of Lancers
(Those tight-laced, whiskered prancers)
Came on the deck astonished,
By that wild squall admonished,
And wondering cried, "Potztausend!
Wie ist der Sturm jetzt brausend!"
And looked at Captain Lewis,
Who calmly stood and blew his
Cigar in all the bustle,
And scorned the tempest's tussle.
And oft we've thought thereafter
How he beat the storm to laughter;
For well he knew his vessel
With that vain wind could wrestle;
And when a wreck we thought her,
And doomed ourselves to slaughter,
How gayly he fought her,
And through the hubbub brought her,
And as the tempest caught her,
Cried, "GEORGE! SOME BRANDY-AND-WATER!"

And when, its force expended,
The harmless storm was ended,
And as the sunrise splendid
Came blushing o'er the sea,
I thought, as day was breaking,
My little girls were waking,
And smiling, and making
A prayer at home for me.

THE BALLAD OF BOUILLABAISSE

A STREET there is in Paris famous,
For which no rhyme our language yields:
Rue Neuve des Petits Champs its name is—
The New Street of the Little Fields.
And here's an inn, not rich and splendid,
But still in comfortable case:
The which in youth I oft attended,
To eat a bowl of Bouillabaisse.

This Bouillabaisse a noble dish is:
A sort of soup or broth, or brew,
Or hotchpotch of all sorts of fishes,
That Greenwich never could outdo;
Green herbs, red peppers, mussels, saffron,
Soles, onions, garlic, roach, and dace,—
All these you eat at TERRÉ's tavern,
In that one dish of Bouillabaisse.

Indeed a rich and savory stew 'tis;
And true philosophers, methinks,
Who love all sorts of natural beauties,
Should love good victuals and good drinks.
And Cordelier or Benedictine
Might gladly, sure, his lot embrace,
Nor find a fast-day too afflicting,
Which served him up a Bouillabaisse.

I wonder if the house still there is?
Yes, here the lamp is, as before;
The smiling red-cheeked *écaillère* is
Still opening oysters at the door.
Is TERRÉ still alive and able?
I recollect his droll grimace:
He'd come and smile before your table,
And hope you liked your Bouillabaisse.

We enter,—nothing's changed or older.
"How's Monsieur TERRÉ, waiter, pray?"
The waiter stares and shrugs his shoulder:
"Monsieur is dead this many a day."—
"It is the lot of saint and sinner:
So honest TERRÉ's run his race."—
"What will Monsieur require for dinner?"—
"Say, do you still cook Bouillabaisse?"

"Oh, oui, Monsieur," 's the waiter's answer:
"Quel vin Monsieur désire-t-il?"—
"Tell me a good one."—"That I can, sir:
The Chambertin with yellow seal."
"So TERRÉ's gone," I say, and sink in
My old accustomed corner-place:
"He's done with feasting and with drinking,
With Burgundy and Bouillabaisse."

My old accustomed corner here is,
The table still is in the nook:
Ah! vanished many a busy year is
This well-known chair since last I took.
When first I saw ye, *cari luoghi*,
I'd scarce a beard upon my face;
And now, a grizzled, grim old fogy,
I sit and wait for Bouillabaisse.

Where are you, old companions trusty
Of early days, here met to dine?
Come, waiter! quick, a flagon crusty—
I'll pledge them in the good old wine.
The kind old voices and old faces
My memory can quick retrace;
Around the board they take their places,
And share the wine and Bouillabaisse.

There's Jack has made a wondrous marriage;
There's laughing Tom is laughing yet;
There's brave Augustus drives his carriage;
There's poor old Fred in the Gazette;
On James's head the grass is growing:
Good Lord! the world has wagged apace
Since here we set the claret flowing,
And drank, and ate the Bouillabaisse.

Ah me! how quick the days are flitting!
I mind me of a time that's gone,
When here I'd sit, as now I'm sitting,
In this same place—but not alone.
A fair young form was nestled near me,
A dear, dear face looked fondly up,
And sweetly spoke and smiled to cheer me—
There's no one now to share my cup.

* * * * * *

I drink it as the Fates ordain it.
Come, fill it, and have done with rhymes:
Fill up the lonely glass and drain it
In memory of dear old times.
Welcome the wine, whate'er the seal is:
And sit you down and say your grace
With thankful heart, whate'er the meal is.
Here comes the smoking Bouillabaisse!

PEG OF LIMAVADDY

RIDING from Coleraine
(Famed for lovely Kitty),
Came a Cockney bound
Unto Derry city;
Weary was his soul;
Shivering and sad, he
Bumped along the road
Leads to Limavaddy.

Mountains stretched around,—
Gloomy was their tinting;
And the horse's hoofs
Made a dismal clinting;
Wind upon the heath
Howling was and piping,
On the heath and bog,
Black with many a snipe in.
Mid the bogs of black,
Silver pools were flashing,
Crows upon their sides
Pecking were and splashing.
Cockney on the car
Closer folds his plaidy,
Grumbling at the road
Leads to Limavaddy.
Through the crashing woods
Autumn brawled and blustered,
Tossing round about
Leaves the hue of mustard;
Yonder lay Lough Foyle,
Which a storm was whipping,
Covering with the mist
Lake and shores and shipping.
Up and down the hill
(Nothing could be bolder),
Horse went with a raw
Bleeding on his shoulder.
"Where are horses changed?"
Said I to the laddy
Driving on the box:
"Sir, at Limavaddy."

Limavaddy inn's
But a humble bait-house,
Where you may procure
Whisky and potatoes;
Landlord at the door
Gives a smiling welcome
To the shivering wights
Who to this hotel come.
Landlady within
Sits and knits a stocking,
With a wary foot
Baby's cradle rocking.

To the chimney nook
Having found admittance,
There I watch a pup
Playing with two kittens;
(Playing round the fire,
Which of blazing turf is,
Roaring to the pot
Which bubbles with the murphies;)
And the cradled babe
Fond the mother nursed it,
Singing it a song
As she twists the worsted!

Up and down the stair
Two more young-ones patter,—
Twins were never seen
Dirtier or fatter;
Both have mottled legs,
Both have snubby noses,
Both have— Here the host
Kindly interposes:—
"Sure you must be froze
With the sleet and hail, sir:
So will you have some punch,
Or will you have some ale, sir?"

Presently a maid
Enters with the liquor
(Half a pint of ale
Frothing in a beaker).
Gads! I didn't know
What my beating heart meant:

Hebe's self, I thought,
Entered the apartment.
As she came she smiled;
And the smile bewitching,
On my word and honor,
Lighted all the kitchen!
With a curtsy neat
Greeting the new-comer,
Lovely, smiling Peg
Offers me the rummer.

But my trembling hand
Up the beaker tilted,
And the glass of ale
Every drop I spilt it;
Spilt it every drop
(Dames, who read my volumes,
Pardon such a word)
On my what-d'ye-call-'ems!

Witnessing the sight
Of that dire disaster,
Out began to laugh
Misses, maid, and master;
Such a merry peal
'Specially Miss Peg's was,
(As the glass of ale
Trickling down my legs was),
That the joyful sound
Of that mingling laughter
Echoed in my ears
Many a long day after.

Such a silver peal!
In the meadows listening,
You who've heard the bells
Ringing to a christening;
You who ever heard
Caradori pretty,
Smiling like an angel,
Singing 'Giovinetti,'—
Fancy Peggy's laugh,
Sweet and clear and cheerful,
At my pantaloons
With half a pint of beer full!

When the laugh was done,
Peg, the pretty hussy,
Moved about the room
Wonderfully busy:
Now she looks to see
If the kettle keeps hot;
Now she rubs the spoons,
Now she cleans the teapot;
Now she sets the cups
Trimly and secure;
Now she scours a pot:
And so it was I drew her.

Thus it was I drew her
Scouring of a kettle.
(Faith! her blushing cheeks
Reddened on the metal!)
Ah! but 'tis in vain
That I try to sketch it:
The pot perhaps is like,
But Peggy's face is wretched.
No! the best of lead
And of india-rubber
Never could depict
That sweet kettle-scrubber!

See her as she moves:
Scarce the ground she touches,
Airy as a fay,
Graceful as a duchess;
Bare her rounded arm,
Bare her little leg is,—
Vestris never showed
Ankles like to Peggy's.
Braided is her hair,
Soft her look and modest,
Slim her little waist
Comfortably bodiced.

This I do declare:
Happy is the laddy
Who the heart can share
Of Peg of Limavaddy.
Married if she were,
Blest would be the daddy

Of the children fair
  Of Peg of Limavaddy,
Beauty is not rare
  In the land of Paddy,—
Fair beyond compare
  Is Peg of Limavaddy.

Citizen or Squire,
  Tory, Whig, or Radical would all desire
  Peg of Limavaddy.
Had I Homer's fire,
  Or that of Serjeant Taddy,
Meetly I'd admire
  Peg of Limavaddy.
And till I expire,
  Or till I grow mad, I
Will sing unto my lyre
  Peg of Limavaddy!

THE SORROWS OF WERTHER

WERTHER had a love for Charlotte
  Such as words could never utter:
Would you know how first he met her?
  She was cutting bread and butter.

Charlotte was a married lady;
  And a moral man was Werther,
And for all the wealth of Indies
  Would do nothing for to hurt her.

So he sighed and pined and ogled,
  And his passion boiled and bubbled,
Till he blew his silly brains out,
  And no more was by it troubled.

Charlotte, having seen his body
  Borne before her on a shutter,
Like a well-conducted person,
  Went on cutting bread and butter.

LITTLE BILLEE

AIR—'Il y avait un petit navire'

THERE were three sailors of Bristol city
Who took a boat and went to sea.
But first with beef and captain's biscuits
And pickled pork they loaded she.

There was gorging Jack and guzzling Jimmy,
And the youngest he was little Billee.
Now when they got as far as the Equator
They'd nothing left but one split pea.

Says gorging Jack to guzzling Jimmy,
"I am extremely hungaree."
To gorging Jack says guzzling Jimmy,
"We've nothing left, us must eat we."

Says gorging Jack to guzzling Jimmy,
"With one another we shouldn't agree!
There's little Bill, he's young and tender—
We're old and tough, so let's eat he.

"O Billy! we're going to kill and eat you,
So undo the button of your chemie."
When Bill received this information
He used his pocket-handkerchie.

"First let me say my catechism,
Which my poor mammy taught to me."
"Make haste, make haste," says guzzling Jimmy,
While Jack pulled out his snickersnee.

So Billy went up to the main-top-gallant-mast,
And down he fell on his bended knee.
He scarce had come to the twelfth commandment
When up he jumps. "There's land I see:

"Jerusalem and Madagascar,
And North and South Amerikee;
There's the British flag a-riding at anchor
With Admiral Napier, K.C.B."

So when they got aboard of the Admiral's,
He hanged fat Jack and flogged Jimmee;
But as for little Bill he made him
The captain of a seventy-three.

FROM 'THE PEN AND THE ALBUM'

GO BACK, my pretty little gilded tome,
To a fair mistress and a pleasant home,
Where soft hearts greet us whensoe'er we come!

Dear, friendly eyes, with constant kindness lit,
However rude my verse, or poor my wit,
Or sad or gay my mood,—you welcome it.

Kind lady! till my last of lines is penned,
My master's love, grief, laughter, at an end,—
Whene'er I write your name, may I write friend!

Not all are so that were so in past years:
Voices familiar once, no more he hears;
Names often writ are blotted out in tears.

So be it: joys will end and tears will dry.—
Album! my master bids me wish good-by.
He'll send you to your mistress presently.

And thus with thankful heart he closes you;
Blessing the happy hour when a friend he knew
So gentle, and so generous, and so true.

Nor pass the words as idle phrases by;
Stranger! I never writ a flattery,
Nor signed the page that registered a lie.

AT THE CHURCH GATE

ALTHOUGH I enter not,
Yet round about the spot
Ofttimes I hover·
And near the sacred gate
With longing eyes I wait,
Expectant of her.

The minster bell tolls out
Above the city's rout,
And noise and humming:
They've hushed the minster bell;
The organ 'gins to swell:
She's coming, she's coming!

My lady comes at last,
Timid, and stepping fast,
And hastening hither,
With modest eyes downcast;
She comes — she's here — she's past —
May heaven go with her!

Kneel undisturbed, fair saint!
Pour out your praise or plaint
Meekly and duly:
I will not enter there,
To sully your pure prayer
With thoughts unruly.

But suffer me to pace
Round the forbidden place,
Lingering a minute,
Like outcast spirits who wait
And see through heaven's gate
Angels within it.

THE MAHOGANY-TREE

CHRISTMAS is here:
Winds whistle shrill,
Icy and chill,—
Little care we;
Little we fear
Weather without,—
Shelter about
The Mahogany-Tree.

Once on the boughs
Birds of rare plume
Sang, in its bloom:
Night-birds are we;
Here we carouse,
Singing like them,
Perched round the stem
Of the jolly old tree.

Here let us sport,
Boys, as we sit;
Laughter and wit
Flashing so free.

Life is but short;
When we are gone,
Let them sing on
Round the old tree.

Evenings we knew,
Happy as this;
Faces we miss,
Pleasant to see.
Kind hearts and true,
Gentle and just,
Peace to your dust!
We sing round the tree.

Care, like a dun,
Lurks at the gate:
Let the dog wait;
Happy we'll be!
Drink, every one;
Pile up the coals,
Fill the red bowls,
Round the old tree!

Drain we the cup—
Friend, art afraid?
Spirits are laid
In the Red Sea.
Mantle it up;
Empty it yet:
Let us forget,
Round the old tree.

Sorrows, begone!
Life and its ills,
Duns and their bills,
Bid we to flee.
Come with the dawn,
Blue-devil sprite:
Leave us to-night,
Round the old tree.

THE END OF THE PLAY

THE play is done; the curtain drops,
Slow falling to the prompter's bell:
A moment yet the actor stops,
And looks around, to say farewell.

It is an irksome word and task;
And when he's laughed and said his say,
He shows, as he removes the mask,
A face that's anything but gay.

One word ere yet the evening ends;—
Let's close it with a parting rhyme,
And pledge a hand to all young friends,
As fits the merry Christmas-time.
On life's wide scene you too have parts,
That Fate ere long shall bid you play:
Good-night! with honest gentle hearts
A kindly greeting go alway!

Good-night!—I'd say, the griefs, the joys,
Just hinted in this mimic page,
The triumphs and defeats of boys,
Are but repeated in our age.
I'd say, your woes were not less keen,
Your hopes more vain, than those of men;
Your pangs or pleasures of fifteen
At forty-five played o'er again.

I'd say, we suffer and we strive,
Not less nor more as men than boys;
With grizzled beards at forty-five,
As erst at twelve in corduroys.
And if, in time of sacred youth,
We learned at home to love and pray,
Pray Heaven that early Love and Truth
May never wholly pass away.

And in the world, as in the school,
I'd say, how fate may change and shift:
The prize be sometimes with the fool,
The race not always to the swift.
The strong may yield, the good may fall,
The great man be a vulgar clown,
The knave be lifted over all,
The kind cast pitilessly down.

Who knows the inscrutable design?
Blessed be he who took and gave!
Why should your mother, Charles, not mine,
Be weeping at her darling's grave?
We bow to heaven that willed it so,
That darkly rules the fate of all,

That sends the respite or the blow,
  That's free to give or to recall.

This crowns his feast with wine and wit:
  Who brought him to that mirth and state?
His betters, see, below him sit,
  Or hunger hopeless at the gate.
Who bade the mud from Dives's wheel
  To spurn the rags of Lazarus?
Come, brother, in that dust we'll kneel,
  Confessing Heaven that ruled it thus.

So each shall mourn, in life's advance,
  Dear hopes, dear friends, untimely killed;
Shall grieve for many a forfeit chance,
  And longing passion unfulfilled.
Amen! whatever fate be sent,
  Pray God the heart may kindly glow
Although the head with cares be bent,
  And whitened with the winter snow

Come wealth or want, come good or ill,
  Let young and old accept their part,
And bow before the Awful Will,
  And bear it with an honest heart,
Who misses or who wins the prize.—
  Go, lose or conquer as you can;
But if you fail, or if you rise,
  Be each, pray God, a gentleman.

A gentleman, or old or young!
  (Bear kindly with my humble lays)
The sacred chorus first was sung
  Upon the first of Christmas days;
The shepherds heard it overhead—
  The joyful angels raised it then:
Glory to Heaven on high, it said,
  And peace on earth to gentle men.

My song, save this, is little worth;
  I lay the weary pen aside,
And wish you health, and love, and mirth,
  As fits the solemn Christmas-tide.
As fits the holy Christmas birth,
  Be this, good friends, our carol still,—
Be peace on earth, be peace on earth,
  To men of gentle will.

OCTAVE THANET

(1860?–)

THE Arkansas and other stories of the South and West by Octave Thanet — known in private life as Miss Alice French — are part of the vital contribution to sectional American literature. She belongs with those writers in the United States who are studying with insight and sympathy varied types of humanity; and while producing good literature, are drawing East and West, North and South together, by making them better known to each other. Miss French's stories are skillful in workmanship, warm with humanity, and very dramatic in conception and handling. She is a realist in the best sense; basing her fiction on close observation and understanding of the characters she creates. She is doing for a certain part of the Southwest what no previous author has done so well.

OCTAVE THANET

Although Arkansas is her favorite study ground, and Iowa is her present home, Miss French was born about 1860 at Andover, Massachusetts; and comes of an old New England family, which traces back to Massachusetts Bay colonists. Her father went West for his health, and settled in Davenport, Iowa; keeping in touch with the East, however, by annual visits to the Massachusetts coast and sojourns in Boston. Alice was graduated at Andover Academy. Her early tastes in reading were historical, and she began by writing on social and economic themes. Her first story to attract attention was 'The Bishop's Vagabond,' in the Atlantic Monthly; a South Carolina watering-place sketch, which contains a salient bit of characterization humorously presented, yet with strong undercurrents of pathos and tragedy, and which proved the forerunner of many which revealed to her and her public the true scope and nature of her powers.

Miss French passes her winters on her plantation, Clover Bend, on the Black River, in Arkansas; and it is there that she has made the careful studies of the native life upon which her tales are based. The scenery, the characters, and even the incidents, in some of her

fiction, are direct transcripts of what she has seen and heard, idealized by the artist touch. The pseudonym «Octave Thanet» is in derivation a curious composite: the first of the two names is that of a school room-mate, the second was discovered on the side of a passing freight-car.

Miss French's first collection of short stories was 'Knitters in the Sun' (1884): and it has been followed by 'Expiation,' a novel (1890); 'Otto the Knight, and other Trans-Mississippi Stories' (1891); 'We All,' another novel (1891); 'Stories of a Western Town' (1893); 'An Adventure in Photography,' a practical treatise on amateur picture-taking (1893); and 'The Missionary Sheriff,' in which the West instead of the Southwest is depicted,—the tales being laid in Iowa and Illinois. The author's growth, from the lurid massing of horrors in 'Expiation,'—an Arkansas war-tale of the most grewsome sort,—to the later short stories, with their artistic restraint and fine sense of balanced comedy and tragedy, has been steady in the direction of an assured command of her material. Her fiction as a whole furnishes an admirably vivid interpretation of a very individual and interesting kind of American life. Dialect, character, and scenery are put before the reader with force and truth; and while interest is aroused by the fresh *locale*, it is held by the writer's power in story-making, and in dramatic situations. When she shifts the scene from Arkansas to Iowa, as in the title-story, 'The Missionary Sheriff,'—one of her most enjoyable character studies,—she displays the same effective qualities. She deals with the main motives and passions of plain men and women. Miss French is strongest in the short story; that medium affords her talent its best expression. She is at once accurate and picturesque in her descriptions. The land of the canebrake and the cypress swamp, of the poor white, the decayed planter and the negro, the Western town with its crude energy and strongly marked types, are painted in a way to make it all real; yet a fine romanticism colors Miss French's work: she has faith in the good in rough, uncouth folk; she finds nobler traits masking in unexpected quarters. Her interest in the great practical problems that concern her country is illustrated in the series of 'Stories of Capital and Labor,' which at the present writing stand for her latest work. Her fiction thus satisfies the desire for truth in the literal sense, and for that higher truth which is just as true and much more inspiring.

THE MISSIONARY SHERIFF

From 'The Missionary Sheriff.' Copyright 1897, by Harper & Brothers

SHERIFF WICKLIFF leaned out of his office window, the better to watch the boy soldiers march down the street. The huge pile of stone that is the presumed home of Justice for the county, stands in the same yard with the old yellow stone jail. The court-house is ornate and imposing, although a hundred active chimneys daub its eaves and carvings; but the jail is as plain as a sledge-hammer. Yet during Sheriff Wickliff's administration, while Joe Raker kept jail and Mrs. Raker was matron, window-gardens brightened the grim walls all summer, and chrysanthemums and roses blazoned the black bars in winter.

Above the jail the street is a pretty street, with trim cottages and lawns and gardens; below, the sky-lines dwindle ignobly into shabby one and two story wooden shops devoted to the humbler handicrafts. It is not a street favored by processions: only the little soldiers of the Orphans' Home Company would choose to tramp over its unkempt macadam. Good reason they had, too; since thus they passed the sheriff's office, and it was the sheriff who had given most of the money for their uniforms, and their drums and fifes outright.

A voice at the sheriff's elbow caused him to turn.

"Well, Amos," said his deputy with Western familiarity, "getting the interest on your money?"

Wickliff smiled as he unbent his great frame: he was six feet two inches in height, with bones and thews to match his stature. A stiff black mustache, curving about his mouth and lifting as he smiled, made his white teeth look the whiter. One of the upper teeth was crooked. That angle had come in an ugly fight (when he was a special officer and detective) in the Chicago stock-yards; he having to hold a mob at bay, single-handed, to save the life of a wounded policeman. The scar seaming his jaw and neck belonged to the time that he captured a notorious gang of train robbers. He brought the robbers in — that is, he brought their bodies; and "That scar was worth three thousand dollars to me," he was wont to say. In point of fact it was worth more; because he had invested the money so advantageously, that thanks to it and the savings which he had been able to add, in spite of his free hand, he was now become a man of property. The

sheriff's high cheek-bones, straight hair (black as a dead coal), and narrow black eyes, were the arguments for a general belief that an Indian ancestor lurked somewhere in the foliage of his genealogical tree. All that people really knew about him was that his mother died when he was a baby, and his father about the same time was killed in battle, leaving their only child to drift from one reluctant protector to another, until he brought up in the Soldiers' Orphans' Home of the State. If the sheriff's eyes were Indian, Indians may have very gentle eyes. He turned them now on the deputy with a smile.

"Well, Joe, what's up?" said he.

"The lightning-rod feller wants to see you as soon as you come back to the jail, he says. And here's something he dropped as he was going to his room. Don't look much like it could be *his* mother. Must have prigged it."

The sheriff examined the photograph,—an ordinary cabinet card. The portrait was that of a woman, pictured with the relentless frankness of a rural photographer's camera. Every sad line in the plain elderly face, every wrinkle in the ill-fitting silk gown, showed with a brutal distinctness, and somehow made the picture more pathetic. The woman's hair was gray and thin; her eyes, which were dark, looked straight forward, and seemed to meet the sheriff's gaze. They had no especial beauty of form; but they, as well as the mouth, had an expression of wistful kindliness that fixed his eyes on them for a full minute. He sighed as he dropped his hand. Then he observed that there was writing on the reverse side of the carte, and lifted it again to read.

In a neat cramped hand was written:—

"Feb. 21, 1889.

"*To Eddy, from Mother.*

"The Lord bless thee and keep thee. The Lord make his face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee; the Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace."

Wickliff put the carte in his pocket.

"That's just the kind of mother I'd like to have," said he: "awful nice and good, and not so fine she'd be ashamed of me. And to think of *him.*"

"He's an awful slick one," assented the deputy cordially. "Two years we've been ayfter him. New games all the time; but the lightning-rods ain't in it with this last scheme,—working

hisself off as a Methodist parson on the road to a job, and stopping all night, and then the runaway couple happening in, and that poor farmer and his wife so excited and interested, and of course they'd witness and sign the certificate: wisht I'd seen them when they found out!"

"They gave 'em cake and some currant wine, too."

"That's just like women. Say, I didn't think the girl was much to brag on for looks—"

"Got a kinder way with her, though," Wickliff struck in. "Depend on it, Joseph, the most dangerous of them all are the homely girls with a way to them. A man's off his guard with them: he's sorry for them not being pretty, and being so nice and humble; and before he knows it they're winding him round their finger."

"I didn't know you was so much of a philosopher, Amos," said the deputy, admiring him.

"It ain't me, Joe: it's the business. Being a philosopher, I take it, ain't much more than seeing things with the paint off; and there's nothing like being a detective to get the paint off. It's a great business for keeping a man straight, too, seeing the consequences of wickedness so constantly,—especially fool wickedness that gets found out. Well, Joe, if this lady"—touching his breast pocket—"is that guy's mother, I'm awful sorry for her, for I know she tried to train him right. I'll go over and find out, I guess."

So saying, and quite unconscious of the approving looks of his subordinate (for he was a simple-minded, modest man, who only spoke out of the fullness of his heart), the sheriff walked over to the jail.

The corridor into which the cells of the unconvicted prisoners opened was rather full to-day. As the sheriff entered, every one greeted him,—even the sullen-browed man talking with a sobbing woman through the bars,—and every one smiled. He nodded to all, but only spoke to the visitor. He said, "I guess he didn't do it this time, Lizzie; he won't be in long."

"That's what I been tellin' her," growled the man, "and she won't believe me; I told her I promised you—"

"And God A'mighty bless you, sheriff, for what you done!" the woman wailed. The sheriff had some ado to escape from her benedictions politely; but he got away, and knocked at the door of the last cell on the tier. The inmate opened the door himself.

He was a small man, who was still wearing the clerical habit of his last criminal masquerade; and his face carried out the suggestion of his costume, being an actor's face, not only in the clean-shaven cheeks and lips, but in the flexibility of the features and the unconscious alertness of gaze. He was fair of skin, and his light-brown hair was worn off his head at the temples. His eyes were fine, well shaped, of a beautiful violet color and an extremely pleasant expression. He looked like a mere boy across the room in the shadow; but as he advanced, certain deep lines about his mouth displayed themselves and raised his age. The sunlight showed that he was thin; he was haggard the instant he ceased to smile. With a very good manner he greeted the sheriff, to whom he proffered the sole chair of the apartment.

"Guess the bed will hold me," said the sheriff, testing his words by sitting down on the white-covered iron bedstead. "Well, I hear you wanted to see me."

"Yes, sir. I want to get my money that you took away from me."

"Well, I guess you can't have it." The sheriff spoke with a smile, but his black eyes narrowed a little. "I guess the court will have to decide first if that ain't old man Goodrich's money that you got from the note he supposed was a marriage certificate. I guess you'd better not put any hopes on that money, Mr. Paisley.—Wasn't that the name you gave me?"

"Paisley 'll do," said the other man indifferently. "What became of my friend?"

"The sheriff of Hardin County wanted the man; and the lady—well, the lady is here boarding with me."

"Going to squeal?"

"Going to tell all she knows."

Paisley's hand went up to his mouth; he changed color. "It's like her," he muttered; "oh, it's just like her!" And he added a villainous epithet.

"None of that talk," said Wickliff.

The man had jumped up and was pacing his narrow space, fighting against a climbing rage. "You see," he cried, unable to contain himself,—"you see, what makes me so mad is now I've got to get my mother to help me: and I'd rather take a licking!"

"I should think you would," said Wickliff dryly. "Say, this your mother?" He handed him the photograph, the written side upward.

"It came in a Bible," explained Paisley with an embarrassed air.

"Your mother rich?"

"She can raise the money."

"Meaning, I expect, that she can mortgage her house and lot. Look here, Smith, this ain't the first time your ma has sent you money; but if I was you I'd have the last time *stay* the last. She don't look equal to much more hard work."

"My name's Paisley, if you please," returned the prisoner stolidly; "and I can take care of my own mother. If she's lent me money I have paid it back. This is only for bail, to deposit—"

"There is the chance," interrupted Wickliff, "of your skipping. Now I tell you, I like the looks of your mother, and I don't mean she shall run any risks. So if you do get money from her, I shall personally look out you don't forfeit your bail. Besides, court is in session now, so the chances are you wouldn't more than get the money before it would be your turn. See?"

"Anyhow I've got to have a lawyer."

"Can't see why, young feller. I'll give you a straight tip. There ain't enough law in Iowa to get you out of this scrape. We've got the cinch on you, and there ain't any possible squirming out."

"So you say;"—the sneer was a little forced;—"I've heard of your game before. Nice kind officers, ready to advise a man and pump him dry, and witness against him afterwards. I ain't that kind of a sucker, Mr. Sheriff."

"Nor I ain't that kind of an officer, Mr. Smith. You'd ought to know about my reputation by this time."

"They say you're square," the prisoner admitted: "but you ain't so stuck on me as to care a damn whether I go over the road; expect you'd want to send me for the trouble I've given you;"—and he grinned. "Well, what *are* you after?"

"Helping your mother, young feller. I had a mother myself."

"It ain't uncommon."

"Maybe a mother like mine—and yours—is, though."

The prisoner's eyes traveled down to the face on the carte. "That's right," he said, with another ring in his voice. "I wouldn't mind half so much if I could keep my going to the pen from her. She's never found out about me."

"How much family you got?" said Wickliff thoughtfully.

"Just a mother. I ain't married. There was a girl, my sister — good sort too, 'nough better 'n me. She used to be a clerk in the store, — typewriter, bookkeeper, general utility, you know. My position in the first place; and when I — well — resigned, they gave it to her. She helped mother buy the place. Two years ago she died. You may believe me or not, but I would have gone back home then and run straight if it hadn't been for Mame. I would, by — ! I had five hundred dollars then, and I was going back to give every damned cent of it to ma, tell her to put it into the bakery — "

"That how she makes a living?"

"Yes — little two-by-four bakery; — oh, I'm giving you straight goods; — makes pies and cakes and bread, — good, too, you bet: makes it herself. Ruth Graves, who lives round the corner, comes in and helps — keeps the books, and tends shop busy times; tends the oven too, I guess. She was a great friend of Ellie's — and mine. She's a real good girl. Well, I didn't get mother's letters till it was too late, and I felt bad; I had a mind to go right down to Fairport and go in with ma. That — *She* stopped it. Got me off on a tear somehow, and by the time I was sober again the money was 'most all gone. I sent what was left off to ma, and I went on the road again myself. But she's the devil."

"That the time you hit her?"

The prisoner nodded. "Oughtn't to, of course. Wasn't brought up that way. My father was a Methodist preacher, and a good one. But I tell you the coons that say you never must hit a woman don't know anything about that sort of woman: there ain't nothing on earth so infernally exasperating as a woman. They can make you worse than forty men."

It was the sheriff's turn to nod; which he did gravely, with even a glimmer of sympathy in his mien.

"Well, she never forgave you," said he: "she's had it in for you since."

"And she knows I won't squeal, 'cause I'd have to give poor Ben away," said the prisoner: "but I tell you, sheriff, she was at the bottom of the deviltry every time; and she managed to bag the best part of the swag too."

"I daresay. Well, to come back to business: the question with you is how to keep these here misfortunes of yours from your mother, ain't it?"

"Of course."

"Well, the best plan for you is to plead guilty, showing you don't mean to give the court any more trouble. Tell the judge you are sick of your life, and going to quit. You are, ain't you?" the sheriff concluded simply; and the swindler, after an instant's hesitation, answered:—

"Damned if I won't, if I can get a job!"

"Well, that admitted"—the sheriff smoothed his big knees gently as he talked, his mild attentive eyes fixed on the prisoner's nervous presence—"that admitted, best plan is for you to plead guilty; and maybe we can fix it so's you will be sentenced to jail instead of the pen. Then we can keep it from your mother easy. Write her you've got a job here in this town, and have your letters sent to my care. I'll get you something to do. She'll never suspect that you are the notorious Ned Paisley. And it ain't likely you go home often enough to make not going awkward."

"I haven't been home in four years. But see here: how long am I likely to get?"

The sheriff looked at him,—at the hollow cheeks and sunken eyes and narrow chest, all so cruelly declared in the sunshine,—and unconsciously he modulated his voice when he spoke.

"I wouldn't worry about that, if I was you. You need a rest. You are run down pretty low. You ain't rugged enough for the life you've been leading."

The prisoner's eyes strayed past the grating to the green hills and the pleasant gardens, where some children were playing. The sheriff did not move. There was as little sensibility in his impassive mask as in a wooden Indian's; but behind the trained apathy was a real compassion. He was thinking: "The boy don't look like he had a year's life in him. I bet he knows it himself. And when he stares that way out of the window he's thinking he ain't never going to be foot-loose in the sun again. Kinder tough, I call it."

The young man's eyes suddenly met his. "Well, it's no great matter, I guess," said he. "I'll do it. But I can't for the life of me make out why you are taking so much trouble"

He was surprised at Wickliff's reply. It was, "Come on downstairs with me, and I'll show you."

"You mean it?"

"Yes; go ahead."

"You want my parole not to cut and run?"

"Just as you like about that. Better not try any fooling."

The prisoner uttered a short laugh, glancing from his own puny limbs to the magnificent muscles of the officer.

"Straight ahead, after you're out of the corridor, down-stairs, and turn to the right," said Wickliff.

Silently the prisoner followed his directions, and when they had descended the stairs and turned to the right, the sheriff's hand pushed beneath his elbow, and opened the door before them. "My rooms," said Wickliff. "Being a single man, it's handier for me living in the jail." The rooms were furnished with the unchastened gorgeousness of a Pullman sleeper; the brilliant hues of a Brussels carpet on the floor, blue plush at the windows and on the chairs. The walls were hung with the most expensive gilt paper that the town could furnish (after all, it was a modest price per roll), and against the gold, photographs of the district judges assumed a sinister dignity. There was also a photograph of the court-house, and one of the jail, and a model in bas-relief of the capitol at Des Moines; but more prominent than any of these were two portraits opposite the windows. They were oil paintings, elaborately framed; and they had cost so much that the sheriff rested happily content that they must be well painted. Certainly the artist had not recorded impressions; rather he seemed to have worked with a microscope, not slighting an eyelash. One of the portraits was that of a stiff and stern young man in a soldier's uniform. He was dark, and had eyes and features like the sheriff. The other was the portrait of a young girl. In the original daguerreotype from which the artist worked, the face was comely, if not pretty, and the innocence in the eyes and the timid smile made it winning. The artist had enlarged the eyes and made the mouth smaller, and bestowed (with the most amiable intentions) a complexion of hectic brilliancy; but there still remained, in spite of paint, a flicker of the old touching expression. Between the two canvases hung a framed letter. It was labeled in bold Roman script, "Letter of Capt. R. T. Manley"; and a glance showed the reader that it was the description of a battle, to a friend. One sentence was underlined: "We also lost Private A. T. Wickliff, killed in the charge,—a good man, who could always be depended on to do his duty."

The sheriff guided his bewildered visitor opposite these portraits, and lifted his hand above the other's shoulder. "You see them?" said he. "They're *my* father and mother. You see that letter? It was wrote by my father's old captain and sent to me. What he says about my father is everything that I know. But it's enough. He was 'a good man, who could always be depended on to do his duty.' You can't say no more of the President of the United States. I've had a pretty tough time of it in my own life, as a man's got to have who takes up my line; but I've tried to live so my father needn't be ashamed of me. That other picture is my mother. I don't know nothing about her, nothing at all; and I don't need to — except those eyes of hers. There's a look someway about your mother's eyes like mine. Maybe it's only the look one good woman has like another; but whatever it is, your mother made me think of mine. She's the kind of mother I'd like to have; and if I can help it, she shan't know her son's in the penitentiary. Now come on back."

As silently as he had gone, the prisoner followed the sheriff back to his cell. "Good-by, Paisley," said the sheriff at the door.

"Good-by, sir; I'm much obliged," said the prisoner. Not another word was said.

That evening, however, good Mrs. Raker told the sheriff that to her mind, if ever a man was struck with death, that new young fellow was; and he had been crying too,— his eyes were all red.

"He needs to cry," was all the comfort that the kind soul received from the sheriff,— the cold remark being accompanied by what his familiars called his Indian scowl.

Nevertheless, he did his utmost for the prisoner as a quiet intercessor, and his merciful prophecy was accomplished: Edgar S. Paisley was permitted to serve out his sentence in the jail instead of the State prison. His state of health had something to do with the judge's clemency; and the sheriff could not but suspect that in his own phrase, "Paisley played his cough and his hollow cheeks for all they were worth."

"But that's natural," he observed to Raker, "and he's doing it partially for the old lady. Well, I'll try to give her a quiet spell."

"Yes," Raker responds dubiously, "but he'll be at his old games the minute he gits out."

"You don't suppose"—the sheriff speaks with a certain embarrassment—"you don't suppose there'd be any chance of really reforming him, so as he'd stick?—he ain't likely to live long."

"Nah," says the unbelieving deputy: "he's a deal too slick to be reformed."

The sheriff's pucker of his black brows, and his slow nod, might have meant anything. Really he was saying to himself (Amos was a dogged fellow): "Don't care; I'm going to try. I am sure ma would want me to. I ain't a very hefty missionary; but if there is such a thing as clubbing a man half-way decent,—and I think there is,—I'll get him that way. Poor old lady, she looked so unhappy!"

During the trial Paisley was too excited and dejected to write to his mother. But the day after he received his sentence the sheriff found him finishing a large sheet of foolscap.

It contained a detailed and vivid description of the reasons why he had left a mythical grocery firm, and described with considerable humor the mythical boarding-house where he was waiting for something to turn up. It was very well done, and he expected a smile from the sheriff. The red mottled his pale cheeks when Wickliff, with his blackest frown, tore the letter into pieces, which he stuffed into his pocket.

"You take a damned ungentlemanly advantage of your position," fumed Paisley.

"I shall take more advantage of it if you give me any sass," returned Wickliff calmly. "Now set down and listen." Paisley, after one helpless glare, did sit down. "I believe you fairly revel in lying. I don't. That's where we differ. I think lies are always liable to come home to roost; and I like to have the flock as small as possible. Now you write that you are here, and you're helping *me*. You ain't getting much wages, but they will be enough to keep you: these hard times any job is better than none. And you can add that you don't want any money from her. Your other letter sorter squints like you did. You can say you are boarding with a very nice lady,—that's Mrs. Raker,—everything very clean, and the table plain but abundant. Address you in care of Sheriff Amos T. Wickliff. How's that?"

Paisley's anger had ebbed away. Either from policy or some other motive, he was laughing now. "It's not nearly so interesting in a literary point of view, you know," said he; "but I guess it will be easier not to have so many things to remember.

And you're right: I didn't mean to hint for money, but it did look like it."

"He did mean to hint," thought the sheriff; "but he's got some sense." The letter finally submitted was a masterpiece in its way. This time the sheriff smiled, though grimly. He also gave Paisley a cigar.

Regularly the letters to Mrs. Smith were submitted to Wickliff. Raker never thought of reading them. The replies came with a pathetic promptness. "That's from your ma," said Wickliff when the first letter came; — Paisley was at the jail ledgers in the sheriff's room, as it happened, directly beneath the portraits; — "you better read it first."

Paisley read it twice; then he turned and handed it to the sheriff with a half apology. "My mother talks a good deal better than she writes. Women are naturally interested in petty things, you know. Besides, I used to be fond of the old dog; that's why she writes so much about him."

"I have a dog myself," growled the sheriff. "Your mother writes a beautiful letter." His eyes were already traveling down the cheap thin note-paper, folded at the top. "I know," Mrs. Smith wrote, in her stiff, careful hand,— "I know you will feel bad, Eddy, to hear that dear old Rowdy is gone. Your letter came the night before he died. Ruth was over, and I read it out loud to her; and when I came to that part where you sent your love to him, it seemed like he understood, he wagged his tail so knowing. You know how fond of you he always was. All that evening he played round more than usual,— and I'm so glad we both petted him, for in the morning we found him stiff and cold on the landing of the stairs, in his favorite place. I don't think he could have suffered any, he looked so peaceful. Ruth and I made a grave for him in the garden, under the white-rose tree. Ruth digged the grave, and she painted a Kennedy's-cracker box, and we wrapped him up in white cotton cloth. I cried, and Ruth cried too, when we laid him away. Somehow it made me long so much more to see you. If I sent you the money, don't you think you could come home for Christmas? Wouldn't your employer let you if he knew your mother had not seen you for four years, and you are all the child she has got? But I don't want you to neglect your business."

The few words of affection that followed were not written so firmly as the rest. The sheriff would not read them; he handed

the letter back to Paisley, and turned his Indian scowl on the back of the latter's shapely head.

Paisley was staring at the columns of the page before him. "Rowdy was my dog when I was courting Ruth," he said. "I was engaged to her once. I suppose mother thinks of that. Poor Rowdy! the night I ran away he followed me, and I had to whip him back."

"Oh, you ran away?"

"Oh, yes: the old story. Trusted clerk. Meant to return the money. It wasn't very much. But it about cleaned mother out. Then she started the bakery."

"You pay your ma back?"

"Yes, I did."

"That's a lie."

"What do you ask a man such questions for, then? Do you think it's pleasant admitting what a dirty dog you've been? Oh, damn you!"

"You do see it then," said the sheriff in a very pleasant, gentle tone: "that's one good thing. For you have *got* to reform, Ned: I'm going to give your mother a decent boy. Well, what happened then? Girl throw you over?"

"Why, I ran straight for a while," said Paisley, furtively wiping first one eye and then the other with a finger; "there wasn't any scandal. Ruth stuck by me, and a married sister of hers (who didn't know) got her husband to give me a place. I was doing all right, and—and sending home money to ma, and I would have been all right now, if—if—I hadn't met Mame, and she made a crazy fool of me. Then Ruth shook me. Oh, I ain't blaming her! It was hearing about Mame. But after that I just went a-flying to the devil. Now you know why I wanted to see Mame."

"You wanted to kill her," said the sheriff, "or you think you did. But you couldn't: she'd have talked you over. Still, I thought I wouldn't risk it. You know she's gone now?"

"I supposed she'd be, now the trial's over." In a minute he added, "I'm glad I didn't touch her: mother would have had to know that. Look here: how am I going to get over that invitation?"

"I'll trust you for that lie," said Wickliff, sauntering off.

Paisley wrote that he would not take his mother's money. When he could come home on his own money he would gladly.

He wrote a long affectionate letter, which the sheriff read, and handed back with the dry comment, "That will do, I guess."

But he gave Paisley a brier-wood pipe and a pound of Yale Mixture that afternoon.

The correspondence threw some side-lights on Paisley's past.

"You've got to write your ma every week," announced Wickliff when the day came round.

"Why, I haven't written once a month."

"Probably not; but you have got to write once a week now. Your mother'll get used to it. I should think you'd be glad to do the only thing you can for the mother that's worked her fingers off for you."

"I *am* glad," said Paisley sullenly.

He never made any further demur. He wrote very good letters; and more and more, as the time passed, he grew interested in the correspondence. Meanwhile he began to acquire (quite unsuspected by the sheriff) a queer respect for that personage. The sheriff was popular among the prisoners: perhaps the general sentiment was voiced by one of them, who exclaimed one day after his visit, "Well, I never did see a man as had killed so many men put on so little airs!"

Paisley began his acquaintance with a contempt for the slow-moving intellect that he attributed to his sluggish-looking captor. He felt the superiority of his own better education. It was grateful to his vanity to sneer in secret at Wickliff's slips in grammar or information. And presently he had opportunity to indulge his humor in this respect; for Wickliff began lending him books. The jail library, as a rule, was managed by Mrs. Raker. She was, she used to say, "a great reader," and dearly loved "a nice story that made you cry all the way through and ended right." Her taste was catholic in fiction (she never read anything else), and her favorites were Mrs. Southworth, Charles Dickens, and Walter Scott. The sheriff's own reading seldom strayed beyond the daily papers; but with the aid of a legal friend, he had selected some standard biographies and histories to add to the singular conglomeration of fiction and religion sent to the jail by a charitable public. On Paisley's request for reading, the sheriff went to Mrs. Raker. She promptly pulled 'Ishmael Worth, or Out of the Depths,' from the shelf. "It's beautiful," says she; "and when he gits through with that he can have the 'Pickwick Papers' to cheer him up. Only I kinder hate to lend that book

to the prisoners: there's so much about good eatin' in it, it makes 'em dissatisfied with the table."

"He's got to have something improving too," says the sheriff. "I guess the history of the United States will do: you've read the others, and know they're all right. I'll run through this."

He told Paisley the next morning that he had sat up almost all night reading,—he was so afraid that enough of the thirteen States wouldn't ratify the Constitution. This was only one of the artless comments that tickled Paisley. Yet he soon began to notice the sheriff's keenness of observation, and a kind of work-a-day sense that served him well. He fell to wondering, during those long nights when his cough kept him awake, whether his own brilliant and subtle ingenuity had done as much for him. He could hardly tell the moment of its beginning, but he began to value the approval of this big, ignorant, clumsy, strong man.

Insensibly he grew to thinking of conduct more in the sheriff's fashion; and his letters not only reflected the change in his moral point of view,—they began to have more and more to say of the sheriff. Very soon the mother began to be pathetically thankful to this good friend of her boy, whose habits were so correct, whose influence so admirable. In her grateful happiness over the frequent letters and their affection, were revealed the unexpressed fears that had tortured her for years. She asked for Wickliff's picture. Paisley did not know that the sheriff had a photograph taken on purpose. Mrs. Smith pronounced him "a handsome man." To be sure, the unscarred side of his face was taken. "He looks firm, too," wrote the poor mother, whose own boy had never known how to be firm: "I think he must be a Daniel."

"A which?" exclaimed the puzzled Daniel.

"Didn't you ever go to Sunday school? Don't you know the verses,—

"'Dare to be a Daniel;
Dare to make a stand'?"

The sheriff's reply was enigmatical. It was: "Well, to think of you having such a mother as that!"

"I don't deserve her, that's a fact," said Paisley, with his flippant air. "And yet, would you believe it, I used to be the model boy of the Sunday school. Won all the prizes. Ma's got them in a drawer."

"Daresay. They thought you were a awful good boy, because you always kept your face clean, and brushed your hair without being told to, and learned your lessons quick, and always said 'Yes'm' and 'No'm,' and when you got into a scrape lied out of it, and picked up bad habits as easy and quiet as a long-haired dog catches fleas. Oh, I know your sort of model boy! We had 'em at the Orphans' Home: I've taken their lickings too."

Paisley's thin face was scarlet before the speech was finished. "Some of that is true," said he; "but at least I never hit a fellow when he was down."

The sheriff narrowed his eyes in a way that he had when thinking; he put both hands in his pockets and contemplated Paisley's irritation. "Well, young feller, you have some reason to talk that way to me," said he. "The fact is, I was mad at you, thinking about your mother. I—I respect that lady very highly."

Paisley forced a feeble smile over his "So do I."

But after this episode the sheriff's manner visibly softened to the young man. He told Raker that there were good spots in Paisley.

"Yes, he's mighty slick," said Raker.

Thanksgiving-time, a box from his mother came to the prisoner, and among the pies and cakes was an especial pie for Mr. Wickliff, "From his affectionate old friend, Rebecca Smith."

The sheriff spent fully two hours communing with a large new 'Manual of Etiquette and Correspondence'; then he submitted a letter to Paisley. Paisley read:—

Dear Madam:

Your favor (of the pie) of the 24th inst. is received, and I beg you to accept my sincere and warm thanks. Ned is an efficient clerk, and his habits are very correct. We are reading history in our leisure hours. We have read Fiske's 'Constitutional History of the United States,' and two volumes of Macaulay's 'History of England.' Both very interesting books. I think that Judge Jeffreys was the meanest and worst judge I ever heard of. My early education was not as extensive as I could wish, and I am very glad of the valuable assistance which I receive from your son. He is doing well, and sends his love. Hoping, my dear madam, to be able to see you and thank you personally for your very kind and welcome gift, I am, with respect,

Very Truly Yours,

AMOS T. WICKLIFF.

Paisley read the letter soberly. In fact, another feeling destroyed any inclination to smile over the unusual pomp of Wickliff's style. "That's out of sight!" he declared. "It will please the old lady to the ground. Say, I take it very kindly of you, Mr. Wickliff, to write about me that way."

"I had a book to help me," confessed the flattered sheriff. "And — say, Paisley, when you are writing about me to your ma, you better say Wickliff, or Amos. Mr. Wickliff sounds kinder stiff. I'll understand."

The letter that the sheriff received in return, he did not show to Paisley. He read it with a knitted brow; and more than once he brushed his hand across his eyes. When he finished it he drew a long sigh, and walked up to his mother's portrait. "She says she prays for me every night, ma,"— he spoke under his breath, and reverently. "Ma, I simply have *got* to save that boy for her, haven't I?"

That evening Paisley rather timidly approached a subject which he had tried twice before to broach, but his courage had failed him. "You said something, Mr. Wickliff, of paying me a little extra for what I do,— keeping the books, and so forth. Would you mind telling me what it will be? I — I'd like to send a Christmas present to my mother."

"That's right," said the sheriff heartily. "I was thinking what would suit her. How's a nice black dress, and a bill pinned to it to pay for making it up?"

"But I never — "

"You can pay me when you get out."

"Do you think I'll ever get out?" Paisley's fine eyes were fixed on Wickliff as he spoke, with a sudden wistful eagerness. He had never alluded to his health before; yet it had steadily failed. Now he would not let Amos answer: he may have flinched from any confirmation of his own fears; he took the word hastily. "Anyhow, you'll risk my turning out a bad investment. But you'll do a damned kind action to my mother; and if I'm a rip, she's a saint."

"*Sure*," said the sheriff. "Say, do you think she'd mind my sending her a hymn-book and a few flowers?"

Thus it came to pass that the tiny bakery window, one Christmas day, showed such a crimson glory of roses as the village had never seen; and the widow Smith, bowing her shabby black bonnet on the pew rail, gave thanks and tears for a happy Christmas, and prayed for her son's friend. She prayed for her son also,

that he might "be kept good." She felt that her prayer would be answered. God knows; perhaps it was. That night before she went to bed she wrote to Edgar and to Amos. "I am writing to both my boys," she said to Amos, "for I feel like *you* were my dear son too."

When Amos answered this letter he did not consult the 'Manual.' It was one day in January, early in the month, that he received the first bit of encouragement for his missionary work palpable enough to display to the scoffer Raker. Yet it was not a great thing either; only this: Paisley (already half an hour at work in the sheriff's room) stopped, fished from his sleeve a piece of note-paper folded into the measure of a knife-blade, and offered it to the sheriff.

"See what Mame sent me," said he; "just read it."

There was a page of it, the purport being that the writer had done what she had through jealousy, which she knew now was unfounded; she was suffering indescribable agonies from remorse: and to prove she meant what she said, if her darling Ned would forgive her, she would get him out before a week was over. If he agreed he was to be at his window at six o'clock Wednesday night. The day was Thursday.

"How did you get this?" asked Amos. "Do you mind telling?"

"Not the least. It came in a coat. From Barber & Glasson's. The one Mrs. Raker picked out for me, and it was sent up from the store. She got at it somehow, I suppose."

"But how did you get word where to look?"

Paisley grinned. "Mame was here, visiting that fellow who was taken up for smashing a window, and pretended he was so hungry he had to have a meal in jail. Mame put him up to it, so she could come. She gave me the tip where to look then."

"I see. I got on to some of those signals once. Well, did you show yourself Wednesday?"

"Not much!" He hesitated, and did not look at the sheriff, scrawling initials on the blotting-pad with his pen. "Did you really think, Mr. Wickliff, after all you've done for me — and my mother — I would go back on you and get you into trouble for that — "

"'S-sh! Don't call names!" Wickliff looked apprehensively at the picture of his mother. "Why didn't you give me this before?"

"Because you weren't here till this morning. I wasn't going to give it to Raker."

"What do you suppose she's after?"

"Oh, she's got some big scheme on foot, and she needs me to work it. I'm sick of her. I'm sick of the whole thing. I want to run straight. I want to be the man my poor mother thinks I am."

"And I want to help you, Ned," cried the sheriff. For the first time he caught the other's hand and wrung it.

"I guess the Lord wants to help me too," said Paisley in a queer dry tone.

"Why — yes — of course he wants to help all of us," said the sheriff, embarrassed. Then he frowned, and his voice roughened as he asked, "What do you mean by that?"

"Oh, you know what I mean," said Paisley smiling; "you've always known it. It's been getting worse lately. I guess I caught cold. Some mornings I have to stop two or three times when I dress myself, I have such fits of coughing."

"Why didn't you tell, and go to the hospital?"

"I wanted to come down here. It's so pleasant down here."

"Good — " The sheriff reined his tongue in time, and only said, "Look here: you've got to see a doctor!"

Therefore the encouragement to the missionary work was embittered by divers conflicting feelings. Even Raker was disturbed when the doctor announced that Paisley had pneumonia.

"Double pneumonia and a slim chance, of course," gloomed Raker. "Always so. Can't have a man git useful and be a little decent, but he's got to die! Why couldn't it 'a' been that tramp tried to set the jail afire?"

"What I'm a-thinking of is his poor ma, who used to write him such beautiful letters," said Mrs. Raker, wiping her kind eyes. "They was so attached. Never a week he didn't write her."

"It's his mother I'm thinking of, too," said the sheriff with a groan: "she'll be wanting to come and see him, and how in — " He swallowed an agitated oath, and paced the floor, his hands clasped behind him, his lip under his teeth, and his blackest Indian scowl on his brow, — plain signs to all who knew him that he was fighting his way through some mental thicket.

But he had never looked gentler than he looked an hour later, as he stepped softly into Paisley's cell. Mrs. Raker was holding

a foaming glass to the sick man's lips. "There; take another sup of the good nog," she said coaxingly, as one talks to a child.

"No, thank you, ma'am," said Paisley. "Queer how I've thought so often how I'd like the taste of whisky again on my tongue, and now I can have all I want, I don't care a hooter!"

His voice was rasped in the chords, and he caught his breath between his sentences. Forty-eight hours had made an ugly alteration in his face: the eyes were glassy, the features had shrunken in an indescribable, ghastly way, and the fair skin was of a yellowish pallor, with livid circles about the eyes and the open mouth.

Wickliff greeted him, assuming his ordinary manner. They shook hands.

"There's one thing, Mr. Wickliff," said Paisley: "you'll keep this from my mother. She'd worry like blazes, and want to come here."

There was a photograph on the table, propped up by books; the sheriff's hand was on it, and he moved it unconsciously: "To Eddy, from Mother. The Lord bless thee and keep thee. The Lord make his face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee—" Wickliff cleared his throat. "Well, I don't know, Ned," he said cheerfully: "maybe that would be a good thing; —kind of brace you up and make you get well quicker."

Mrs. Raker noticed nothing in his voice; but Paisley rolled his eyes on the impassive face in a strange, quivering, searching look; then he closed them and feebly turned his head.

"Don't you want me to telegraph? Don't you want to see her?"

Some throb of excitement gave Paisley the strength to lift himself up on the pillows. "What do you want to rile me all up for?" His voice was almost a scream. "Want to see her? It's the only thing in this damned fool world I do want! But I can't have her know: it would kill her to know. You must make up some lie about its being diphtheria and awful sudden, and no time for her to come, and have me all out of the way before she gets here. You've been awful good to me, and you can do anything you like: it's the last I'll bother you—don't let her find out!"

"For the land's sake!" sniffed Mrs. Raker, in tears—"don't she know?"

"No, ma'am, she don't; and she never will, either," said the sheriff. "There, Ned, boy, you lay right down. I'll fix it. And you shall see her too. I'll fix it."

"Yes, he'll fix it. Amos will fix it. Don't you worry," sobbed Mrs. Raker, who had not the least idea how the sheriff could arrange matters, but was just as confident that he would as if the future were unrolled before her gaze.

The prisoner breathed a long deep sigh of relief, and patted the strong hand at his shoulder. And Amos gently laid him back on the pillows.

Before nightfall Paisley was lying in Amos Wickliff's own bed, while Amos, at his side, was critically surveying both chamber and parlor under half-closed eyelids. He was trying to see them with the eyes of the elderly widow of a Methodist minister.

"Hum — yes!" The result of the survey was, on the whole, satisfactory. "All nice, high-toned, first-class pictures. Nothing to shock a lady. Liquors all put away, 'cept what's needed for him. Pops all put away, so she won't be finding one and be killing herself, thinking it's not loaded. My bed moved in here comfortable for him, because he thought it was such a pleasant room, poor boy. Another bed in my room for her. Bath-room next door, hot and cold water. Little gas stove. Trained nurse who doesn't know anything, and so can't tell. Thinks it's my friend Smith. *Is* there anything else?"

At this moment the white counterpane on the bed stirred.

"Well, Ned?" said Wickliff.

"It's — nice!" said Paisley.

"That's right. Now you get a firm grip on what I'm going to say,— such a grip you won't lose it, even if you get out of your head a little."

"I won't," said Paisley.

"All right. You're not Paisley any more. You're Ned Smith. I've had you moved here into my rooms because your boarding-place wasn't so good. Everybody here understands, and has got their story ready. The nurse thinks you're my friend Smith. You are, too, and you are to call me Amos. The telegram's gone. 'S-sh! — what a way to do!" — for Paisley was crying. "Ain't I her boy too?"

One weak place remained in the fortress that Amos had builded against prying eyes and chattering tongues. He had

searched in vain for "Mame." There was no especial reason, except pure hatred and malice, to dread her going to Paisley's mother; but the sheriff had enough knowledge of Mame's kind to take these qualities into account.

From the time that Wickliff promised him that he should have his mother, Paisley seemed to be freed from every misgiving. He was too ill to talk much, and much of the time he was miserably occupied with his own suffering; yet often during the night and day before she came he would lift his still beautiful eyes to Mrs. Raker's, and say, "It's to-morrow night ma comes, isn't it?" To which the soft-hearted woman would sometimes answer, "Yes, son," and sometimes only work her chin, and put her handkerchief to her eyes. Once she so far forgot the presence of the gifted professional nurse that she sniffed aloud; whereupon that personage administered a scorching tonic, in the guise of a glance, and poor Mrs. Raker went out of the room and cried.

He must have kept some reckoning of the time, for the next day he varied his question. He said, "It's to-day she's coming, isn't it?" As the day wore on, the customary change of his disease came: he was relieved of his worst pain; he thought that he was better. So thought Mrs. Raker and the sheriff. The doctor and the nurse maintained their inscrutable professional calm. At ten o'clock the sheriff (who had been gone for a half-hour) softly opened the door. The sick man instantly roused. He half sat up. "I know," he exclaimed: "it's ma. Ma's come!"

The nurse rose, ready to protect her patient.

There entered a little, black-robed, gray-haired woman, who glided swift as a thought to the bedside, and gathered the worn young head to her breast. "My boy, my dear, good boy!" she said under her breath, so low the nurse did not hear her; she only heard her say, "Now you must get well."

"Oh, I *am* glad, ma!" said the sick man.

After that the nurse was well content with them all. They obeyed her implicitly. It was she rather than Mrs. Raker who observed that Mr. Smith's mother was not alone, but accompanied by a slim, fair, brown-eyed young woman, who lingered in the background, and would fain have not spoken to the invalid at all had she not been gently pushed forward by the mother, with the words, "And Ruth came too, Eddy!"

"Thank you, Ruth: I knew that you wouldn't let ma come alone," said Ned feebly.

The young woman had opened her lips. Now they closed. She looked at him compassionately. "Surely not, Ned," she said.

But why, wondered the nurse, who was observant,—it was her trade to observe,—why did she look at him so intently, and with such a shocked pity?

Ned did not express much,—the sick, especially the very sick, cannot; but whenever he waked in the night, and saw his mother bending over him, he smiled happily, and she would answer his thought. "Yes, my boy; my dear, good boy," she would say.

And the sheriff in his dim corner thought sadly that the ruined life would always be saved for her now, and her son would be her good boy forever. Yet he muttered to himself, "I suppose the Lord is helping me out, and I ought to feel obliged, but I'm hanged if I wouldn't rather take the chances and have the boy get well!"

But he knew all the time that there was no hope for Ned's life. He lived three days after his mother came. The day before his death, he was alone for a short time with the sheriff, and asked him to be good to his mother. "Ruth will be good to her too," he said; "but last night I dreamed Mame was chasing mother, and it scared me. You won't let her get at mother, will you?"

"Of course I won't," said the sheriff: "we're watching your mother every minute; and if that woman comes here, Raker has orders to clap her in jail. And I will always look out for your ma, Ned, and she never shall know."

"That's good," said Ned, in his feeble voice. "I'll tell you something. I always wanted to be good, but I was always bad; but I believe I would have been decent if I'd lived, because I'd have kept close to you. You'll be good to ma—and to Ruth!"

The sheriff thought that he had drifted away and did not hear the answer, but in a few moments he opened his eyes and said brightly, "Thank you, Amos." It was the first time that he had used the other man's Christian name.

"Yes, Ned," said the sheriff.

Next morning at daybreak he died. His mother was with him. Just before he went to sleep his mind wandered a little. He fancied that he was a little boy, and that he was sick, and wanted to say his prayers to his mother. "But I'm so sick I

can't get out of bed," said he. "God won't mind my saying them in bed, will he?" Then he folded his hands, and reverently repeated the childish rhyme; and so fell into a peaceful sleep, which deepened into peace. In this wise, perhaps, were answered many prayers.

Amos made all the arrangements the next day. He said that they were going home from Fairport on the day following, but he managed to conclude all the necessary legal formalities in time to take the evening train. Once on the train, and his companions in their sections, he drew a long breath.

"It may not have been Mame that I saw," he said, taking out his cigar-case on the way to the smoking-room: "it was merely a glimpse — she in a buggy, me on foot; and it may be she wouldn't do a thing, or think the game worth blackmail: but I don't propose to run any chances in this deal. Hullo — excuse me, miss!"

The last words were uttered aloud to Ruth Graves, who had touched him on the arm. He had a distinct admiration for this young woman, founded on the grounds that she cried very quietly, that she never was underfoot, and that she was so unobtrusively kind to Mrs. Smith.

"Anything I can do?" he began with genuine willingness.

She motioned him to take a seat. "Mrs. Smith is safe in her section," she said: "it isn't that. I wanted to speak to you. Mr. Wickliff, Ned told me how it was. He said he couldn't die lying to everybody, and he wanted me to know how good you were. I am perfectly safe, Mr. Wickliff," as a look of annoyance puckered the sheriff's brow. "He told me there was a woman who might some time try to make money out of his mother if she could find her, and I was to watch. Mr. Wickliff, was she rather tall and slim, with a fine figure?"

"Yes — dark-complected rather, and has a thin face and a largish nose."

"And one of her eyes is a little droopy, and she has a gold filling in her front tooth? — Mr. Wickliff, that woman got on this train."

"She did, did she?" said the sheriff, showing no surprise. "Well, my dear young lady, I'm very much obliged to you. I will attend to the matter. Mrs. Smith shan't be disturbed."

"Thank you," said the young woman: "that's all. Good-night!"

"You might know that girl had had a business education," the sheriff mused: "says what she's got to say, and moves on. Poor Ned! Poor Ned!"

Ruth went to her section, but she did not undress. She sat behind the curtains, peering through the opening at Mrs. Smith's section opposite, or at the lower berth next hers, which was occupied by the sheriff. The curtains were drawn there also, and presently she saw him disappear by sections into their shelter. Then his shoes were pushed partially into the aisle. Empty shoes. She waited: it could not be that he was really going to sleep. But the minutes crept by; a half-hour passed: no sign of life behind his curtains. An hour passed. At the farther end of the car the curtains parted, and a young woman slipped out of her berth. She was dark and not handsome; but an elegant shape and a modish gown made her attractive-looking. One of her eyelids drooped a little.

She walked down the aisle and paused before Mrs. Smith's section, Ruth holding her breath. She looked at the big shoes on the floor, her lip curling. Then she took the curtains of Mrs. Smith's section in both hands and put her head in.

"I must stop her!" thought Ruth. But she did not spring out. The sheriff, fully dressed, was beside the woman, and an arm of iron deliberately turned her round.

"The game's up, Mamie," said Wickliff.

She made no noise, only looked at him.

"What are you going to do?" said she, with perfect composure.

"Arrest you if you make a racket, talk to you if you don't. Go into that seat." He indicated a seat in the rear, and she took it without a word. He sat near the aisle; she was by the window.

"I suppose you mean to sit here all night," she remarked scornfully.

"Not at all," said he; "just to the next place. Then you'll get out."

"Oh, will I?"

"You will. Either you will get out and go about your business, or you will get out and be taken to jail."

"We're smart. What for?"

"For inciting prisoners to escape."

"Ned's dead," with a sneer.

"Yes, he's dead, and"—he watched her narrowly, although he seemed absorbed in buttoning his coat—"they say he haunts his old cell, as if he'd lost something. Maybe it's the letter you folded up small enough to go in the seam of a coat. I've got that." He saw that she was watching him in turn, and that she was nervous. "Ned's dead, poor fellow, true enough; but—the girl at Barber & Glasson's ain't dead."

She began to fumble with her gloves, peeling them off and rolling them into balls. He thought to himself that the chances were that she was superstitious.

"Look here," he said, sharply: "have an end of this nonsense. You get off at the next place, and never bother that old lady again, or—I will have you arrested, and you can try for yourself whether Ned's cell is haunted."

For a brief space they eyed each other, she in an access of impotent rage, he stolid as the carving of the seat. The car shivered; the great wheels moved more slowly. "Decide," said he: not imperatively—dryly; without emotion of any sort. He kept his mild eyes on her.

"It wasn't his mother I meant to tell; it was that girl—that *nice* girl he wanted to marry—"

"You make me tired," said the sheriff. "Are you going, or am I to make a scene and take you? I don't care much."

She slipped her hand behind her into her pocket.

The sheriff laughed and grasped one wrist.

"*I* don't want to talk to the country fools," she snapped.

"This way," said the sheriff, guiding her. The train had stopped. She laughed as he politely handed her off the platform; the next moment the wheels were turning again and she was gone. He never saw her again.

The porter came out to stand by his side in the vestibule, watching the lights of the station race away and the darkling winter fields fly past. The sheriff was well known to him; he nodded an eager acquiescence to the officer's request: "If those ladies in 8 and 9 ask you any questions, just tell them it was a crazy woman getting the wrong section, and I took care of her."

Within the car a desolate mother wept the long night through, yet thanked God amid her tears for her son's last good days; and did not dream of the blacker sorrow that had menaced her and had been hurled aside.

CELIA THAXTER

(1836–1894)

THE poetry of Celia Thaxter suggests the happy results for literature when a poetic nature draws inspiration from some imaginative stimulus, and lets that inspiration dominate without confusing or weakening it with others. With Mrs. Thaxter such a stimulus was the sea. It was on the northern sea-coast of New England that she lived, knew joy and sorrow, and wrote out of her heart experiences. Her verse reflects the impressions upon a sensitive soul of the sea-birds and the island blooms, of the glory and tragedy of the illimitable ocean, and the overarch of the more illimitable sky; while the drama of human existence, interwoven of good and ill, is always present, lending pathos to the beauty of nature, and imbuing with a tender melancholy the tonic of sea air and free communion with fair created things.

CELIA THAXTER

Celia Leighton was born June 29th, 1836, at Portsmouth, New Hampshire. Her father was a disappointed politician who became keeper of the White Island Light, Isles of Shoals; so that Celia grew up companioned by sea and sky. In her maturity she established her residence upon Appledore Island, one of the Isles of Shoals. There she married Levi Lincoln Thaxter in 1851; and for many years she wrote poetry, painted, enjoyed music, tended her garden; and at last, on August 26th, 1894, passed away, having won a distinct reputation as a singer of sincerity, charm, and power. When Lowell, as editor of the Atlantic, printed her first poem, 'Landlocked,' he recognized hers as a new voice, not an echo. 'The Sandpiper' is as well known and loved as any verse written by an American woman. In the finest of Mrs. Thaxter's lyrics, felicitous description, a deep human sympathy, and sense of the dramatic are to be noted. Her verse is strong as well as sweet; it can be objective and have narrative interest, as well as be purely lyrical. Its movement and vigor preserve it from weakness or sentimentality. The didactic and moral creep in at

times to the injury of the work as art, but this is only occasionally a defect. There is in much of Mrs. Thaxter's poetry an undertone of sadness,—easily explained by events in the poet's life, for she was not unacquainted with grief. In poems like 'The Watch of Boon Island' or 'The Tryst,' her sense of the gloom and doom of life comes boldly out. She was naturally, however, of a buoyant, sanguine temperament, and the mood of faith and hope prevails in her verse. The love of the sea and the love of flowers were passions with her; music was dear to her heart, and as a motive it is found in some of her loveliest poems,—'Beethoven,' 'Schumann's Sonata in A Minor,' and others. She was widely receptive to the arts. She wrote charming prose, but it is as a singer that she will survive in American literature.

Mrs. Thaxter's first volume of poems appeared in 1872; the next year, 'Among the Isles of Shoals,' a prose history with autobiographic touches, was published. 'Driftweed' (1879), 'Poems for Children' (1884), 'The Cruise of The Mystery, and Other Poems' (1886), and 'An Island Garden,' a prose diary of her Appledore life, printed in a beautiful illustrated edition in the year of her death, complete the list of this genuine singer's works.

[The following poems of Celia Thaxter are copyrighted, and are reprinted here by permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers.]

SORROW

UPON my lips she laid her touch divine,
And merry speech and careless laughter died;
She fixed her melancholy eyes on mine,
And would not be denied.

I saw the West Wind loose his cloudlets white
In flocks, careering through the April sky;
I could not sing, though joy was at its height,
For she stood silent by.

I watched the lovely evening fade away;
A mist was lightly drawn across the stars:
She broke my quiet dream,—I heard her say,
"Behold your prison bars!

"Earth's gladness shall not satisfy your soul;
This beauty of the world in which you live,
The crowning grace that sanctifies the whole,—
That, I alone can give."

I heard, and shrank away from her afraid:
But still she held me, and would still abide;
Youth's bounding pulses slackened and obeyed,
With slowly ebbing tide.

"Look thou beyond the evening star," she said,
"Beyond the changing splendors of the day;
Accept the pain, the weariness, the dread,—
Accept, and bid me stay!"

I turned and clasped her close with sudden strength;
And slowly, sweetly, I became aware
Within my arms God's angel stood at length,
White-robed and calm and fair.

And now I look beyond the evening star,
Beyond the changing splendors of the day,—
Knowing the pain He sends more precious far,
More beautiful than they.

SEAWARD

To ——

How long it seems since that mild April night,
When, leaning from the window, you and I
Heard, clearly ringing from the shadowy bight,
The loon's unearthly cry!

Southwest the wind blew, million little waves
Ran rippling round the point in mellow tune;
But mournful, like the voice of one who raves,
That laughter of the loon!

We called to him, while blindly through the haze
Uprose the meagre moon behind us, slow,—
So dim the fleet of boats we scarce could trace,
Moored lightly just below.

We called, and lo, he answered! Half in fear
We sent the note back. Echoing rock and bay
Made melancholy music far and near,
Sadly it died away.

That schooner, you remember? Flying ghost!
Her canvas catching every wandering beam,
Aerial, noiseless, past the glimmering coast
She glided like a dream.

Would we were leaning from your window now,
Together calling to the eerie loon,
The fresh wind blowing care from either brow,
This sumptuous night of June!

So many sighs load this sweet inland air,
'Tis hard to breathe, nor can we find relief:
However lightly touched, we all must share
This nobleness of grief.

But sighs are spent before they reach your ear;
Vaguely they mingle with the water's rune.
No sadder sound salutes you than the clear,
Wild laughter of the loon.

THE SANDPIPER

Across the narrow beach we flit,
One little sandpiper and I;
And fast I gather, bit by bit,
The scattered driftwood bleached and dry.
The wild waves reach their hands for it,
The wild wind raves, the tide runs high,
As up and down the beach we flit,—
One little sandpiper and I.

Above our heads the sullen clouds
Scud black and swift across the sky;
Like silent ghosts in misty shrouds
Stand out the white light-houses high.
Almost as far as eye can reach
I see the close-reefed vessels fly,
As fast we flit along the beach,—
One little sandpiper and I.

I watch him as he skims along
Uttering his sweet and mournful cry.
He starts not at my fitful song,
Or flash of fluttering drapery;
He has no thought of any wrong;
He scans me with a fearless eye:
Stanch friends are we, well tried and strong,
The little sandpiper and I.

Comrade, where wilt thou be to-night
When the loosed storm breaks furiously?

My driftwood fire will burn so bright!
To what warm shelter canst thou fly?
I do not fear for thee, though wroth
The tempest rushes through the sky:
For are we not God's children both,
Thou, little sandpiper, and I?

THE WATCH OF BOON ISLAND

They crossed the lonely and lamenting sea;
Its moaning seemed but singing. "Wilt thou dare,"
He asked her, "brave the loneliness with me?"
"What loneliness," she said, "if thou art there?"

Afar and cold on the horizon's rim
Loomed the tall light-house, like a ghostly sign;
They sighed not as the shore behind grew dim,—
A rose of joy they bore across the brine.

They gained the barren rock, and made their home
Among the wild waves and the sea-birds wild;
The wintry winds blew fierce across the foam,
But in each other's eyes they looked and smiled.

Aloft the light-house sent its warnings wide,
Fed by their faithful hands; and ships in sight
With joy beheld it, and on land men cried,
"Look, clear and steady burns Boon Island light!"

And while they trimmed the lamp with busy hands,
"Shine far and through the dark, sweet light," they cried;
"Bring safely back the sailors from all lands
To waiting love,— wife, mother, sister, bride!"

No tempest shook their calm, though many a storm
Tore the vexed ocean into furious spray;
No chill could find them in their Eden warm,
And gently Time lapsed onward day by day.

Said I no chill could find them? There is one
Whose awful footfalls everywhere are known,
With echoing sobs, who chills the summer sun,
And turns the happy heart of youth to stone;

Inexorable Death, a silent guest
At every hearth, before whose footsteps flee

All joys; who rules the earth, and without rest
Roams the vast shuddering spaces of the sea.

Death found them; turned his face and passed her by,
But laid a finger on her lover's lips,
And there was silence. Then the storm ran high,
And tossed and troubled sore the distant ships.

Nay, who shall speak the terrors of the night,
The speechless sorrow, the supreme despair?
Still like a ghost she trimmed the waning light,
Dragging her slow weight up the winding stair.

With more than oil the saving lamp she fed,
While lashed to madness the wild sea she heard;
She kept her awful vigil with the dead,
And God's sweet pity still she ministered.

O sailors, hailing loud the cheerful beam,
Piercing so far the tumult of the dark,
A radiant star of hope,—you could not dream
What misery there sat cherishing that spark!

Three times the night, too terrible to bear,
Descended, shrouded in the storm. At last
The sun rose clear and still on her despair,
And all her striving to the winds she cast,

And bowed her head and let the light die out,
For the wide sea lay calm as her dead love.
When evening fell, from the far land, in doubt,
Vainly to find that faithful star men strove.

Sailors and landsmen look, and women's eyes,
For pity ready, search in vain the night,
And wondering neighbor unto neighbor cries,
"Now what, think you, can ail Boon Island light?"

Out from the coast toward her high tower they sailed;
They found her watching, silent, by her dead,
A shadowy woman, who nor wept nor wailed,
But answered what they spake, till all was said.

They bore the dead and living both away.
With anguish time seemed powerless to destroy
She turned, and backward gazed across the bay,—
Lost in the sad sea lay her rose of joy.

IMPATIENCE

ONLY to follow you, dearest, only to find you!
Only to feel for one instant the touch of your hand;
Only to tell you once of the love you left behind you,—
To say the world without you is like a desert of sand;

That the flowers have lost their perfume, the rose its splendor,
And the charm of nature is lost in a dull eclipse;
That joy went out with the glance of your eyes so tender,
And beauty passed with the lovely smile on your lips.

I did not dream it was you who kindled the morning,
And folded the evening purple in peace so sweet;
But you took the whole world's rapture without a warning,
And left me naught save the print of your patient feet.

I count the days and the hours that hold us asunder;
I long for Death's friendly hand which shall rend in twain,
With the glorious lightning flash and the golden thunder,
These clouds of the earth, and give me my own again!

IN DEATH'S DESPITE

WHITHER departs the perfume of the rose?
Into what life dies music's golden sound?
Year after year life's long procession goes
To hide itself beneath the senseless ground.
Upon the grave's inexorable brink
Amazed with loss the human creature stands:
Vainly he tries to reason or to think,
Left with his aching heart and empty hands;
He calls his lost in vain. In sorrow drowned,
Darkness and silence all his sense confound.

Till in Death's roll-call stern he hears his name,
In turn he follows and is lost to sight;
Though comforted by love and crowned by fame,
He hears the summons dread no man may slight.
Sweetly and clear upon his quiet grave
The birds shall sing, unmindful of his dust;
Softly in turn the long green grass shall wave
Over his fallen head. In turn he must
Submit to be forgotten, like the rest,
Though high the heart that beat within his breast.

The rose falls, and the music's sound is gone;
Dear voices cease, and clasp of loving hands;
Alone we stand when the brief day is done,
Searching with saddened eyes earth's darkening lands.
Worthless as is the lightest fallen leaf
We seem; yet constant as the night's first star
Kindles our deathless hope, and from our grief
Is born the trust no misery can mar,
That Love shall lift us all despair above,
Shall conquer death,—yea, Love, and only Love!

WILD GEESE

A far, strange sound through the night,
A dauntless and resolute cry,
Clear in the tempest's despite,
Ringing so wild and so high!

Darkness and tumult and dread,
Rain and the battling of gales,
Yet cleaving the storm overhead,
The wedge of the wild geese sails:

Pushing their perilous way,
Buffeted, beaten, and vexed;
Steadfast by night and by day,
Weary, but never perplexed;

Sure that the land of their hope
Waits beyond tempest and dread,
Sure that the dark where they grope
Shall glow with the morning red!

Clangor that pierces the storm
Dropped from the gloom of the sky!
I sit by my hearth-fire warm
And thrill to that purposeful cry.

Strong as a challenge sent out,
Rousing the timorous heart
To battle with fear and with doubt,
Courageously bearing its part.

O birds in the wild, wild sky!
Would I could so follow God's way
Through darkness, unquestioning why,
With only one thought—to obey!

IN AUTUMN

THE aster by the brook is dead,
And quenched the golden-rod's brief fire;
The maple's last red leaf is shed,
And dumb the birds' sweet choir.

'Tis life's November, too. How swift
The narrowing days speed, one by one!
How pale the waning sunbeams sift
Through clouds of gray and dun!

And as we lose our wistful hold
On warmth and loveliness and youth,
And shudder at the dark and cold,
Our souls cry out for Truth.

No more mirage, O Heavenly Powers,
To mock our sight with shows so fair!
We question of the solemn hours
That lead us swiftly — "Where?"

We hunger for our lost — in vain!
We lift our close-clasped hands above,
And pray God's pity on our pain,
And trust the Eternal Love.

THEOCRITUS

(Third Century B. C.)

BY J. W. MACKAIL

The great age of Greek poetry had drawn to an end long before the extinction of Greek freedom by the Macedonian conquest. The epic, the lyric, and the drama had been successively brought to perfection before the close of the period which is famous in history as the age of Pericles. A century followed in which intellectual interest was absorbed in the conquest of the new and fascinating art of prose. But an age of great prose has to pay the price of being prosaic. In the hundred years between Pericles and Alexander, poetry dried up at its fountains, and became more and more an academic art based on older models. Fifty years later, when prose itself had been struck with the same academic languor, Greek poetry put forth its last and not its least lovely and delicate blossom in the pastorals of Theocritus.

Theocritus

The time was one of great learning and refined luxury. Greek culture, following the conquests of Alexander, had spread in a broad shallow tide over the whole of the countries fringing the Eastern Mediterranean. The wealth of the East flowed into Europe through Egypt and Syria. At the other end of the Greek world, the States of the larger Greece across the seas were in fierce competition with Carthage for the control of the immense commerce of Sicily. The guidance of public affairs had, in the new epoch of trained professional armies, passed into the hands of a small hierarchy of military administrators. Politics, for so long the single absorbing passion of the Greek cities, were ceasing to exist. Relieved from the long strain of political excitement, men's minds fell back on Nature and Art as the two great springs of life. They had hardly realized till then what treasures each had to offer; nor perhaps is it easy for us to realize how entirely the life of ancient Greece is colored, to our eyes, by a sentiment which only arose when that life was becoming absorbed in other forms. To see the

beauty of nature afresh through a medium of enriched artistic tradition was the last task achieved by the Alexandrian poets; when, with a pathetic insincerity, they turned back to the simple life they had left so long behind, sought a new refinement in rusticity, and lavished all their ornament on the portraiture of the plowmen, shepherds, or fishermen, who were already well on their way towards becoming the serf-population of the Roman Empire.

As to the life of Theocritus, the first and by far the most eminent of the Greek pastoral poets, nothing is known beyond what may be gathered from the allusions in his poems. He was a Syracusan by birth. The idyls show intimate knowledge not only of Eastern Sicily, but of the fringe of Greek States on the coast of southern Italy. But his literary education was acquired, and a considerable part of his life spent, at the court of Alexandria, which then, under the enlightened despotism of Ptolemy II., was the intellectual and artistic centre of the Greek world. In later life he probably returned to Syracuse; and the sixteenth idyl, addressed to King Hiero soon after his accession to the throne in B. C. 270, gives the only approximately certain date among his poems. Before Hiero's long reign ended, the axis of the world had shifted, and Ennius and Plautus were writing at Rome.

The poems,— which have come down to us in substantial integrity from a collection of the pastoral poets formed some fifty years after the death of Theocritus,— while they vary much in subject and manner, have a common quality which was well understood by the critics who gave them the name of *Idyllia*. The name, which seems to have been coined for this specific purpose, is a diminutive formed from a word which, originally signifying visible form or shape, took in later Greek (like its Latin equivalent *species*) the senses of physical beauty, of particular form, and (by a curious late reversion from the abstract to the concrete) of any rare and costly kind of merchandise, —the sense preserved to the present day in the English word *spices*. The book of idyls might be thought of, then, as a collection of select masterpieces of workmanship on a small scale; a casket of finely wrought jewels, one might say (like the "Émaux et Camées" of a modern poet), or of spices remarkable for their rarity and richness. They were sharply distinguished on the one hand, by their small scale, from the larger traditional forms of poetry headed by the epic; on the other by their lavish and intricate ornament, from the class of minor poetry known as the epigram, the essence of which was a studied and grave simplicity. The pastoral is only one form out of several which the idyl may take; and in fact the Theocritean idyls include, besides the pastorals, specimens of at least four other manners: the epic idyl, in which a single incident or episode from one of the heroic subjects is told separately and with great elaboration; the dramatic idyl, in which the same method of treatment is

applied to a scene from a comedy; the lyric idyl, where (as in Shakespeare's sonnets) the poet speaks in his own person, but in the enriched idyllic manner; and the occasional idyl, of which one charming specimen survives in the poem Theocritus wrote to go with the present of an ivory spindle to his friend Theugenis,—the wife of a celebrated physician of the time, and the happy mistress of one of those lovely and peaceful Greek homes which gathered up in themselves all that was best in the ancient world.

It is however on the pure pastoral that the main fame of Theocritus rests: and his shepherds, fishermen, and country girls, studied directly from nature and yet moving in an atmosphere of highly idealized art, have remained ever since the model for pastoral poets; for his own successors in Greek poetry, for Virgil and the Latins, and through Virgil for the literature of more modern Europe. To trace, even in bare outline, the history of the pastoral since Theocritus, would be out of place here; but it is important to remember that Theocritus not only invented but perfected it, and that later variations on his method involved no substantial change,—with the exception of that unhappy craze for allegory from which Virgil is not wholly free, and which deforms so much of the poetry of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

From this allegorical tendency the Greek temper—and Theocritus, though a Sicilian writing in Egypt, is still a Greek—was instinctively averse. The Greek purity of line is as dominant in him as in Homer or Sophocles; and it is this quality which gives the idyls poetical value even when their subject is coarse or trifling. For the full appreciation of what is meant by the Greek pastoral, the first idyl, the 'Thyrsis,' may be taken as a canon. It includes in itself the whole range of the idyllic feeling, in language whose movement and grace are without a fault. Though it is the first known instance of a pastoral poem, the "bucolic Muse" is spoken of as already a familiar thing; and indeed long preparation must have been required before the note struck in the first line—nay, in the first word—could be struck with such clear certainty. "Sweet and low" (so we may render the effect of that untranslatable opening cadence), the new Muse, with flushed serious face and bright blown hair, comes from the abandoned haunts of an older world in Thessaly or Arcadia; and on the slopes of Ætna, among pine and oak, where the Dorian water gushes through rocky lawns, finds a new and lovelier home. The morning freshness of the mountains mingles with the clear sad vision that she brings with her from older Greece. "To-morrow I will sing to you still sweeter," are the last words of Thyrsis: so Greek poetry might have said when yet in its youth; but the goatherd bids him sing, with the melancholy encouragement, "since thou wilt not keep a song where the Dark Realm brings forgetfulness."

This graver note however only comes as an undertone; while the delicate beauty of the world to still unclouded senses fills the idyls throughout. "Light and sweet," says Theocritus once of poetry in his own person,—"light and sweet it is, but not easy to find." More especially is this so when the idyls touch on the deeper emotions. In two instances Theocritus, keeping all the while this light sweet touch, has given to love in two of its most intense phases an expression all but unequaled in the ancient world. The story of the fiery growth of love, told by the deserted girl of the second idyl all alone in the flooding moonlight, still comes as fresh to us as a tale of to-day; and even more remarkable is the strange half-mystical passion of the twelfth idyl (called 'Aītes,' or 'The Passionate Pilgrim' as we might render the word into Elizabethan English),—with its extraordinary likenesses in thought and expression to the Shakespearean sonnets, and the sense throughout it, as in the sonnets, of the immortality that verse alone gives.

These two poems are the type of one side of the Theocritean idyl; the other, and one equally permanent in its truth and beauty, is represented by the descriptive poems of country life, with their frank realism and keen delight in simple country pleasures. In the stifling streets of Alexandria, Theocritus must have turned back with a sort of passion to the fresh hill-pastures he had known as a boy, with the blue sea gleaming far down through the chestnut woods. There lay his true home; and in one idyl, by a beautiful intricacy of imagination, he heightens the remembrance of a summer day spent in that beautiful country-side by a dream of two wanderers,—one among polar snows, one far among the rocks of the burning Soudan, where the Nile lies sunk beyond the northern horizon. The songs of the reapers in the eleventh idyl are genuine folk-poetry,—such as was already sung in Greek harvest-fields in the heroic age, and continues to this day in the less sophisticated parts of modern Greece. The rustic banter of the fourth, where the scene is in southern Italy, has in it the germs not only of the artificial Latin eclogue, but of the provincial comedy native to all parts of Italy. The fourteenth—even more remarkable in its truth to nature—is, with all its poetical charm, almost a literal transcript of a piece of that dull life of the Greek peasant-proprietary which kept driving its young men into drink or into the army; while the speech and manners of the same social class in the great towns are drawn with as light and sure a touch in the fifteenth idyl, the celebrated 'Adoniazusæ,'—the brilliant sketch of the "bank holiday" spent by two Syracusan women settled in Alexandria.

Such was the external world in which Theocritus moved. The inner world of his poetry, by which his final value has to be estimated, can only reveal itself through the poems themselves; but a

few notes of his style may be pointed out to indicate his relation on the one hand to the earlier Greek classics, on the other to a more modern and romantic art. Amid all the richness of his ornament, it retains the inimitable Greek simplicity,—that quality which so often makes translations from the Greek seem bare and cold. But the romantic sense of beauty, in which he is the precursor of Virgil and the Latins, is something which on the whole is new: and new too is a certain keenness of perception towards delicate or evanescent phases of nature, shown sometimes in single phrases like the "sea-green dawn," in which he anticipates Shelley; sometimes in a wonderfully expanded Tennysonian simile; and habitually in the remarkable faculty of composition and selection which give a perennial freshness and charm to his landscapes. And together with this natural romanticism, as we may call it, is the literary romanticism which he shares with the other Alexandrian poets. The idyls addressed to Hiero and Ptolemy give a vivid picture of the position which literature held at this period, in the enormously enlarged world where "the rain from heaven makes the wheat-fields grow on ten thousand continents." Satiety had followed over-production: "Homer is enough," became the cry of critics; and to many it seemed better (in the phrase Tennyson borrowed from Theocritus) "to be born to labor and the mattock-hardened hand" than to woo further the Muses, who sat now "with heads sunk on chill nerveless knees." To bring a new flush into these worn faces; to renew, if but for a little, the brightness of poetry and the joy of song; to kindle a light at which Virgil should fire the torch for the world to follow,—this was the achievement of Theocritus: nor is it without fitness that the bucolic hexameter, the lovely and fragile metre of the idyls, should be a modification of the same verse in which Homer had embodied the morning glory of the Greek spirit. "With a backward look even of five hundred courses of the sun," the idyls close, in lingering cadences, the golden age of poetry which opened with the Iliad.

The selections which follow are chosen with the view of giving the spirit of the idyls in its most heightened form. The 'Adoniazusæ,' one of the most interesting and certainly the most unique in its realism, is omitted, as easily accessible to modern readers in the essay on 'Pagan and Mediæval Religious Sentiment,' in Matthew Arnold's 'Essays in Criticism'; and a few of the most characteristic of the Theocritean epigrams are added to show his mastery of a peculiarly Greek form of poetry which is distinct from the idyllic.

J. W. Mackail

THE SONG OF THYRSIS

BEGIN, *ye Muses dear, begin the pastoral song!*
Thyrsis of Ætna am I, and this is the voice of Thyrsis. Where, ah! where were ye when Daphnis was languishing; ye Nymphs, where were ye? By Peneus's beautiful dells, or by dells of Pindus? for surely ye dwelt not by the great stream of the river Anapus, nor on the watch-tower of Ætna, nor by the sacred water of Acis.

Begin, ye Muses dear, begin the pastoral song!

For him the jackals, for him the wolves did cry; for him did even the lion out of the forest lament. Kine and bulls by his feet right many, and heifers plenty, with the young calves, bewailed him.

Begin, ye Muses dear, begin the pastoral song!

Came Hermes first from the hill, and said, "Daphnis, who is it that torments thee; child, whom dost thou love with so great desire?" The neatherds came, and the shepherds; the goatherds came: all they asked what ailed him. Came also Priapus,—

Begin, ye Muses dear, begin the pastoral song!

And said: "Unhappy Daphnis, wherefore dost thou languish, while for thee the maiden by all the fountains, through all the glades, is fleeting in search of thee? Ah! thou art too laggard a lover, and thou nothing availest! A neatherd wert thou named, and now thou art like the goatherd:

Begin, ye Muses dear, begin the pastoral song!

"For the goatherd, when he marks the young goats at their pastime, looks on with yearning eyes, and fain would be even as they; and thou, when thou beholdest the laughter of maidens, dost gaze with yearning eyes, for that thou dost not join their dances."

Begin, ye Muses dear, begin the pastoral song!

Yet these the herdsman answered not again, but he bare his bitter love to the end; yea, to the fated end he bare it.

Begin, ye Muses dear, begin the pastoral song!

Ay, but she too came, the sweetly smiling Cypris; craftily smiling she came, yet keeping her heavy anger: and she spake,

saying: "Daphnis, methinks thou didst boast that wouldst throw Love a fall: nay, is it not thyself that hast been thrown by grievous Love?"

Begin, ye Muses dear, begin the pastoral song!

But to her Daphnis answered again: "Implacable Cypris, Cypris terrible, Cypris of mortals detested, already dost thou deem that my latest sun has set; nay, Daphnis even in Hades shall prove great sorrow to Love.

Begin, ye Muses dear, begin the pastoral song!

"Where it is told how the herdsman with Cypris— Get thee to Ida, get thee to Anchises! There are oak-trees—here only galingale blows; here sweetly hum the bees about the hives!

Begin, ye Muses dear, begin the pastoral song!

"Thine Adonis, too, is in his bloom; for he herds the sheep and slays the hares, and he chases all the wild beasts. Nay, go and confront Diomedes again, and say 'The herdsman Daphnis I conquered: do thou join battle with me.'

Begin, ye Muses dear, begin the pastoral song!

"Ye wolves, ye jackals, and ye bears in the mountain caves, farewell! The herdsman Daphnis ye never shall see again, no more in the dells, no more in the groves, no more in the woodlands. Farewell, Arethusa; ye rivers, good-night, that pour down Thymbris your beautiful waters.

Begin, ye Muses dear, begin the pastoral song!

"That Daphnis am I who here do herd the kine, Daphnis who water here the bulls and calves.

"O Pan, Pan! whether thou art on the high hills of Lycæus, or rangest mighty Mænalus, haste hither to the Sicilian isle! Leave the tomb of Helice, leave that high cairn of the son of Lycaon, which seems wondrous fair, even in the eyes of the blessed.

Give o'er, ye Muses, come, give o'er the pastoral song!

"Come hither, my prince, and take this fair pipe, honey-breathed with wax-topped joints; and well it fits thy lip: for verily I, even I, by Love am now haled to Hades.

Give o'er, ye Muses, come, give o'er the pastoral song!

"Now violets bear, ye brambles; ye thorns, bear violets; and let fair narcissus bloom on the boughs of juniper! Let all things with all be confounded;—from pines let men gather pears, for Daphnis is dying! Let the stag drag down the hounds, let owls from the hills contend in song with the nightingales."

Give o'er, ye Muses, come, give o'er the pastoral song!

So Daphnis spake, and ended; but fain would Aphrodite have given him back to life. Nay, spun was all the thread that the Fates assigned; and Daphnis went down into the stream. The whirling wave closed over the man the Muses loved, the man not hated of the nymphs.

Give o'er, ye Muses, come, give o'er the pastoral song!

Translation of Andrew Lang.

THE LOVE OF SIMÆTHA

From the Second Idyl

DELPHIS troubled me, and I against Delphis am burning this laurel; and even as it crackles loudly when it has caught the flame, and suddenly is burned up, and we see not even the dust thereof,—lo, even thus may the flesh of Delphis waste in the burning!

My magic wheel, draw home to me the man I love!

Even as I melt this wax, with the god to aid, so speedily may he by love be molten, the Myndian Delphis! And as whirls this brazen wheel, so restless, under Aphrodite's spell, may he turn and turn about my doors.

My magic wheel, draw home to me the man I love!

. . . . . .

Three times do I pour libation, and thrice, my Lady Moon, I speak this spell:—Be it with a friend that he lingers, be it with a leman he lies, may he as clean forget them as Theseus, of old, in Dia—so legends tell—did utterly forget the fair-tressed Ariadne.

My magic wheel, draw home to me the man I love!

Coltsfoot is an Arcadian weed that maddens, on the hills, the young stallions and fleet-footed mares. Ah! even as these may

I see Delphis; and to this house of mine may he speed like a madman, leaving the bright palæstra.

My magic wheel, draw home to me the man I love!

This fringe from his cloak Delphis lost; that now I shred and cast into the cruel flame. Ah, ah, thou torturing Love, why clingest thou to me like a leech of the fen, and drainest all the black blood from my body?

My magic wheel, draw home to me the man I love!

Lo, I will crush an eft, and a venomous draught to-morrow I will bring thee!

But now, Thestylis, take these magic herbs and secretly smear the juice on the jambs of his gate (whereat, even now, my heart is captive, though nothing he recks of me), and spit and whisper, "'Tis the bones of Delphis that I smear." . . .

The Thracian servant of Theucharidas — my nurse that is but lately dead, and who then dwelt at our doors — besought me and implored me to come and see the show. And I went with her, wretched woman that I am, clad about in a fair and sweeping linen stole, over which I had thrown the holiday dress of Clearista.

Bethink thee of my love, and whence it came, my Lady Moon!

Lo! I was now come to the mid-point of the highway, near the dwelling of Lycon, and there I saw Delphis and Eudamippus walking together. Their beards were more golden than the golden flower of the ivy; their breasts (they coming fresh from the glorious wrestler's toil) were brighter of sheen than thyself, Selene!

Bethink thee of my love, and whence it came, my Lady Moon!

Even as I looked I loved, loved madly, and all my heart was wounded, woe is me! and my beauty began to wane. No more heed took I of that show, and how I came home I know not; but some parching fever utterly overthrew me, and I lay abed ten days and ten nights.

Bethink thee of my love, and whence it came, my Lady Moon!

Translation of Andrew Lang.

THE SONGS OF THE REAPERS

From the Tenth Idyl

BATTUS — Ye Muses Pierian, sing ye with me the slender maiden; for whatsoever ye do but touch, ye goddesses, ye make wholly fair.

They all call thee a *gipsy*, gracious Bombyca, and *lean*, and *sunburnt;* 'tis only I that call thee *honey-pale.*

Yea, and the violet is swart, and swart the lettered hyacinth, but yet these flowers are chosen the first in garlands.

The goat runs after cytisus, the wolf pursues the goat, the crane follows the plow, but I am wild for love of thee.

Would it were mine, all the wealth whereof once Crœsus was lord, as men tell! Then images of us twain, all in gold, should be dedicated to Aphrodite,— thou with thy flute, and a rose, yea, or an apple, and I in fair attire, and new shoon of Amyclæ on both my feet.

Ah, gracious Bombyca, thy feet are fashioned like carven ivory; thy voice is drowsy sweet; and thy ways, I cannot tell of them! . . .

Demeter, rich in fruit, and rich in grain, may this corn be easy to win, and fruitful exceedingly!

Bind, ye bandsters, the sheaves, lest the wayfarer should cry, "Men of straw were the workers here, ay, and their hire was wasted!"

See that the cut stubble faces the North wind, or the West: 'tis thus the grain waxes richest.

They that thresh corn should shun the noonday sleep; at noon the chaff parts easiest from the straw.

As for the reapers, let them begin when the crested lark is waking, and cease when he sleeps, but take holiday in the heat.

Lads, the frog has a jolly life; he is not cumbered about a butler to his drink, for he has liquor by him unstinted!

Boil the lentils better, thou miserly steward; take heed lest thou chop thy fingers, when thou'rt splitting cumin-seed.

Translation of Andrew Lang.

[The four following extracts are from 'Select Epigrams from the Greek Anthology,' edited by J. W. Mackail.]

TO APOLLO AND THE MUSES

THESE dewy roses and yonder close-curled wild thyme are laid before the maidens of Helicon, and the dark-leaved laurels before thee, Pythian Healer, since the Delphic rock made this thine ornament; and this white-horned he-goat shall stain your altar, who nibbles the tip of the terebinth shoot.

HEAVEN ON EARTH

THIS is not the common Cyprian; revere the goddess, and name her the Heavenly, the dedication of holy Chrysogone in the house of Amphicles, with whom she had children and life together: and ever it was better with them year by year, who began with thy worship, O mistress; for mortals who serve the gods are the better off themselves.

VIOL AND FLUTE

WILT thou for the Muses' sake play me somewhat of sweet on thy twin flutes? and I lifting the harp will begin to make music on the strings; and Daphnis the neatherd will mingle enchantment with tunable breath of the wax-bound pipe; and thus standing nigh within the fringed cavern mouth, let us rob sleep from Pan, the lord of the goats.

THE SINKING OF THE PLEIAD

O MAN, be sparing of life, neither go on seafaring beyond the time; even so the life of man is not long. Miserable Cleonicus, yet thou didst hasten to come to fair Thasos, a merchantman out of hollow Syria, O merchant Cleonicus; but hard on the sinking of the Pleiad as thou journeyedst over the sea, as the Pleiad sank so didst thou.

IDYL VII

The Harvest Feast

[The poet, making his way through the noonday heat with two friends to a harvest feast, meets the goatherd Lycidas. To humor the poet, Lycidas sings a love song of his own; and the other replies with verses about the passion of Aratus, the famous writer of didactic verse. After a courteous parting from Lycidas, the poet and his two friends repair to the orchard, where meter is being gratified with the first-fruits of harvest and vintaging.

In this idyl, Theocritus, speaking of himself by the name of Simichidas, alludes to his teachers in poetry, and perhaps to some of the literary quarrels of the time.

The scene is in the isle of Cos. G. Hermann fancied that the scene was in Lucania; and Mr. W. R. Paton thinks he can identify the places named, by the aid of inscriptions (Classical Review, ii. 8, 265). See also Rayet, Mémoire sur l'Île de Cos, page 18, Paris, 1876.]

It fell upon a time when Eucritus and I were walking from the city to the Hales water, and Amyntas was the third in our company. The harvest feast of Deo was then being held by Phrasidemus and Antigenes, two sons of Lycopeus (if aught there be of noble and old descent), whose lineage dates from Clytia, and Chalcon himself — Chalcon, beneath whose foot the fountain sprang, the well of Buriné. He set his knee stoutly against the rock, and straightway by the spring poplars and elm-trees showed a shadowy glade; arched overhead they grew, and pleached with leaves of green. We had not yet reached the mid-point of the way, nor was the tomb of Brasilas yet risen upon our sight, when — thanks be to the Muses — we met a certain wayfarer, the best of men, a Cydonian. Lycidas was his name, a goatherd was he, nor could any that saw him have taken him for other than he was, for all about him bespoke the goatherd. Stripped from the roughest of he-goats was the tawny skin he wore on his shoulders, the smell of rennet clinging to it still; and about his breast an old cloak was buckled with a plaited belt, and in his right hand he carried a crooked staff of wild olive: and quietly he accosted me, with a smile, a twinkling eye, and a laugh still on his lips: —

"Simichidas, whither, pray, through the noon dost thou trail thy feet, when even the very lizard on the rough stone wall is sleeping, and the crested larks no longer fare afield? Art thou hastening to a feast, a bidden guest, or art thou for treading a

townsman's wine-press? For such is thy speed that every stone upon the way spins singing from thy boots!"

"Dear Lycidas," I answered him, "they all say that thou among herdsmen — yea, and reapers — art far the chiefest flute-player. In sooth this greatly rejoices our hearts; and yet, to my conceit, meseems I can vie with thee. But as to this journey, we are going to the harvest feast: for look you, some friends of ours are paying a festival to fair-robed Demeter, out of the first-fruits of their increase; for verily in rich measure has the goddess filled their threshing-floor with barley grain. But come, for the way and the day are thine alike and mine; come, let us vie in pastoral song: perchance each will make the other delight. For I too am a clear-voiced mouth of the Muses, and they all call me the best of minstrels: but I am not so credulous; no, by Earth! for to my mind I cannot as yet conquer in song that great Sicelidas, the Samian — nay, nor yet Philetas. 'Tis a match of frog against cicala!"

So I spoke, to win my end; and the goatherd with his sweet laugh said: "I give thee this staff, because thou art a sapling of Zeus, and in thee is no guile. For as I hate your builders that try to raise a house as high as the mountain summit of Oromedon, so I hate all birds of the Muses that vainly toil with their cackling notes against the Minstrel of Chios! But come, Simichidas, without more ado let us begin the pastoral song. And I — nay: see, friend, if it please thee at all, this ditty that I lately fashioned on the mountain-side!"

THE SONG OF LYCIDAS

Fair voyaging befall Ageanax to Mitylene, both when the *Kids* are westering, and the south wind the wet waves chases, and when Orion holds his feet above the Ocean! Fair voyaging betide him, if he saves Lycidas from the fire of Aphrodite; for hot is the love that consumes me.

The halcyons will lull the waves, and lull the deep, and the south wind, and the east, that stirs the sea-weeds on the farthest shores,— the halcyons that are dearest to the green-haired mermaids, of all the birds that take their prey from the salt sea. Let all things smile on Ageanax to Mitylene sailing, and may he come to a friendly haven. And I, on that day, will go crowned with anise, or with a rosy wreath, or a garland of white

violets; and the fine wine of Ptelea I will dip from the bowl as I lie by the fire, while one shall roast beans for me in the embers. And elbow-deep shall the flowery bed be thickly strown, with fragrant leaves and with asphodel, and with curled parsley; and softly will I drink, toasting Ageanax with lips clinging fast to the cup, and draining it even to the lees.

Two shepherds shall be my flute-players,—one from Acharnæ, one from Lycope; and hard by, Tityrus shall sing how the herdsman Daphnis once loved a strange maiden, and how on the hill he wandered, and how the oak-trees sang his dirge,—the oaks that grow by the banks of the river Himeras,—while he was wasting like any snow under high Hæmus, or Athos, or Rhodope, or Caucasus at the world's end.

And he shall sing how, once upon a time, the great chest prisoned the living goatherd, by his lord's infatuate and evil will; and how the blunt-faced bees, as they came up from the meadow to the fragrant cedar chest, fed him with food of tender flowers, because the Muse still dropped sweet nectar on his lips.

O blessed Comatas, surely these joyful things befell thee, and thou wast inclosed within the chest, and feeding on the honeycomb through the springtime didst thou serve out thy bondage. Ah, would that in my days thou hadst been numbered with the living! how gladly on the hills would I have herded thy pretty she-goats, and listened to thy voice, whilst thou, under oaks or pine-trees lying, didst sweetly sing, divine Comatas!

THE SONG OF SIMICHIDAS

For Simichidas the Loves have sneezed; for truly the wretch loves Myrto as dearly as goats love the spring. But Aratus, far the dearest of my friends, deep, deep in his heart he keeps Desire,—and Aratus's love is young! Aristis knows it, an honorable man,—nay, of men the best, whom even Phœbus would permit to stand and sing, lyre in hand, by his tripods. Aristis knows how deeply love is burning Aratus to the bone. Ah, Pan, thou lord of the beautiful plain of Homole,—bring, I pray thee, the darling of Aratus unbidden to his arms, whosoe'er it be that he loves. If this thou dost, dear Pan, then never may the boys of Arcady flog thy sides and shoulders with stinging herbs, when scanty meats are left them on thine altar. But if

thou shouldst otherwise decree, then may all thy skin be frayed and torn with thy nails,—yes, and in nettles mayst thou couch! In the hills of the Edonians mayst thou dwell in midwinter-time, by the river Hebrus, close neighbor to the Polar star! But in summer mayst thou range with the uttermost Æthiopians beneath the rock of the Blemyes, whence Nile no more is seen.

And you, leave ye the sweet fountain of Hyetis and Byblis; and ye that dwell in the steep home of golden Dione, ye Loves as rosy as red apples, strike me with your arrows, the desired, the beloved; strike, for that ill-starred one pities not my friend, my host! And yet assuredly the pear is over-ripe, and the maidens cry, "Alas, alas, thy fair bloom fades away!"

Come, no more let us mount guard by these gates, Aratus, nor wear our feet away with knocking there. Nay, let the crowing of the morning cock give others over to the bitter cold of dawn. Let Molon alone, my friend, bear the torment at that school of passion! For us, let us secure a quiet life, and some old crone to spit on us for luck, and so keep all unlovely things away.

Thus I sang, and sweetly smiling as before, he gave me the staff, a pledge of brotherhood in the Muses. Then he bent his way to the left, and took the road to Pyxa, while I and Eucritus, with beautiful Amyntas, turned to the farm of Phrasidemus. There we reclined on deep beds of fragrant lentisk, lowly strown, and rejoicing we lay in new-stript leaves of the vine. And high above our heads waved many a poplar, many an elm-tree, while close at hand the sacred water from the nymphs' own cave welled forth with murmurs musical. On shadowy boughs the burnt cicalas kept their chattering toil, far off the little owl cried in the thick thorn brake, the larks and finches were singing, the ringdove moaned, the yellow bees were flitting about the springs. All breathed the scent of the opulent summer, of the season of fruits; pears at our feet and apples by our sides were rolling plentiful, the tender branches with wild plums laden were earthward bowed, and the four-year-old pitch seal was loosened from the mouth of the wine-jars.

Ye nymphs of Castaly that hold the steep of Parnassus,—say, was it ever a bowl like this that old Chiron set before Heracles in the rocky cave of Pholus? Was it nectar like this that beguiled the shepherd to dance and foot it about his folds,—the shepherd that dwelt by Anapus on a time, the strong Polyphemus

who hurled at ships with mountains? Had these ever such a draught as ye nymphs bade flow for us by the altar of Demeter of the threshing-floor?

Ah, once again may I plant the great fan on her corn-heap, while she stands smiling by, with sheaves and poppies in her hands.

Translation of Andrew Lang.

THE FESTIVAL OF ADONIS

[This famous idyl should rather, perhaps, be called a mimus. It describes the visit paid by two Syracusan women residing in Alexandria, to the festival of the resurrection of Adonis. The festival is given by Arsinoë, wife and sister of Ptolemy Philadelphus; and the poem cannot have been written earlier than his marriage, in 266 (?) B. C. Nothing can be more gay and natural than the chatter of the women, which has changed no more in two thousand years than the song of birds.]

GORGO — Is Praxinoë at home?

Praxinoë — Dear Gorgo, how long is it since you have been here? She *is* at home. The wonder is that you have got here at last. Eunoë, see that she has a chair. Throw a cushion on it too.

Gorgo — It does most charmingly as it is.

Praxinoë — Do sit down.

Gorgo — Oh, what a thing spirit is! I have scarcely got to you alive, Praxinoë! What a huge crowd, what hosts of four-in-hands! Everywhere cavalry boots, everywhere men in uniform! And the road is endless: yes, you really live *too* far away!

Praxinoë — It is all the fault of that madman of mine. Here he came to the ends of the earth and took — a hole, not a house, and all that we might not be neighbors. The jealous wretch! always the same, ever for spite!

Gorgo — Don't talk of your husband Dinon like that, my dear girl, before the little boy: look how he is staring at you! Never mind, Zopyrion, sweet child, — she is not speaking about papa.

Praxinoë — Our Lady! the child takes notice.

Gorgo — Nice papa!

Praxinoë — That papa of his the other day — we call every day "the other day" — went to get soap and rouge at the shop, and back he came to me with salt — the great big endless fellow!

Gorgo — Mine has the same trick too: a perfect spendthrift, Diocleides! Yesterday he got what he meant for five fleeces, and paid seven shillings apiece for — what do you suppose? dogskins, shreds of old leather wallets, mere trash — trouble on trouble. But come, take your cloak and shawl. Let us be off to the palace of rich Ptolemy the King, to see the Adonis: I hear the Queen has provided something splendid!

Praxinoë — Fine folks do everything finely.

Gorgo — What a tale you will have to tell about the things you have seen, to any one who has not seen them! It seems nearly time to go.

Praxinoë — Idlers have always holiday. Eunoë, bring the water and put it down in the middle of the room, lazy creature that you are. Cats like always to sleep soft! Come, bustle, bring the water; quicker. I want water first; give it me all the same; don't pour out so much, you extravagant thing. Stupid girl! why are you wetting my dress? There, stop, I have washed my hands, as heaven would have it. Where is the key of the big chest? Bring it here.

Gorgo — Praxinoë, that full body becomes you wonderfully. Tell me, how much did the stuff cost you just off the loom?

Praxinoë — Don't speak of it, Gorgo! More than eight pounds in good silver money,— and the work on it! I nearly slaved my soul out over it!

Gorgo — Well, it is *most* successful; all you could wish.

Praxinoë — Thanks for the pretty speech! Bring my shawl, and set my hat on my head the fashionable way. No, child, I don't mean to take you. Boo! Bogies! There's a horse that bites! Cry as much as you please, but I cannot have you lamed. Let us be moving. Phrygia, take the child, and keep him amused; call in the dog, and shut the street door.

[*They go into the street.*]

Ye gods, what a crowd! How on earth are we ever to get through this coil? They are like ants that no one can measure or number. Many a good deed have you done, Ptolemy; since your father joined the immortals, there's never a malefactor to spoil the passer-by, creeping on him in Egyptian fashion — Oh! the tricks those perfect rascals used to play. Birds of a feather, ill jesters, scoundrels all! Dear Gorgo, what will become of us? Here come the King's war-horses! My dear man, don't trample

on me. Look, the bay's rearing; see, what temper! Eunoë, you foolhardy girl, will you never keep out of the way? The beast will kill the man that's leading him. What a good thing it is for me that my brat stays safe at home!

Gorgo—Courage, Praxinoë. We are safe behind them now, and they have gone to their station.

Praxinoë—There! I begin to be myself again. Ever since I was a child I have feared nothing so much as horses and the chilly snake. Come along: the huge mob is overflowing us.

Gorgo [*to an old woman*]—Are you from the court, mother?

Old Woman—I am, my child.

Praxinoë—Is it easy to get there?

Old Woman—The Achæans got into Troy by trying, my prettiest of ladies. Trying will do everything in the long run.

Gorgo—The old wife has spoken her oracles, and off she goes.

Praxinoë—Women know everything, yes; and how Zeus married Hera!

Gorgo—See, Praxinoë, what a crowd there is about the doors.

Praxinoë—Monstrous, Gorgo! Give me your hand: and you, Eunoë, catch hold of Eutychis; never lose hold of her, for fear lest you get lost. Let us all go in together; Eunoë, clutch tight to me. Oh, how tiresome, Gorgo: my muslin veil is torn in two already! For heaven's sake, sir, if you ever wish to be fortunate, take care of my shawl!

Stranger—I can hardly help myself, but for all that I will be as careful as I can.

Praxinoë—How close-packed the mob is! they hustle like a herd of swine.

Stranger—Courage, lady: all is well with us now.

Praxinoë—Both this year and for ever may all be well with you, my dear sir, for your care of us. A good kind man! We're letting Eunoë get squeezed: come, wretched girl, push your way through. That is the way. We are all on the right side of the door, quoth the bridegroom, when he had shut himself in with his bride.

Gorgo—Do come here, Praxinoë. Look first at these embroideries. How light and how lovely! You will call them the garments of the gods.

Praxinoë—Lady Athene! what spinningwomen wrought them, what painters designed these drawings, so true they are? How

naturally they stand and move, like living creatures, not patterns woven. What a clever thing is man! Ah, and himself — Adonis — how beautiful to behold he lies on his silver couch, with the first down on his cheeks, the thrice-beloved Adonis,— Adonis beloved even among the dead.

A Stranger — You weariful women, do cease your endless cooing talk! — They bore one to death with their eternal broad vowels!

Gorgo — Indeed! And where may this person come from? What is it to you if we *are* chatterboxes? Give orders to your own servants, sir. Do you pretend to command ladies of Syracuse? If you must know, we are Corinthians by descent, like Bellerophon himself, and we speak Peloponnesian. Dorian women may lawfully speak Doric, I presume?

Praxinoë — Lady Persephone! never may we have more than one master. I am not afraid of *your* putting me on short commons.

Gorgo — Hush, hush, Praxinoë: the Argive woman's daughter, the great singer, is beginning the 'Adonis'; she that won the prize last year for dirge-singing. I am sure she will give us something lovely; see, she is preluding with her airs and graces.

THE PSALM OF ADONIS

O Queen that lovest Golgi, and Idalium, and the steep of Eryx! O Aphrodite that playest with gold! lo, from the stream eternal of Acheron they have brought back to thee Adonis — even in the twelfth month they have brought him, the dainty-footed Hours. Tardiest of the Immortals are the beloved Hours; but dear and desired they come, for always to all mortals they bring some gift with them. O Cypris, daughter of Dione, from mortal to immortal, so men tell, thou hast changed Berenice, dropping softly in the woman's breast the stuff of immortality.

Therefore, for thy delight, O thou of many names and many temples, doth the daughter of Berenice, even Arsinoë, lovely as Helen, cherish Adonis with all things beautiful.

Before him lie all ripe fruits that the tall trees' branches bear; and the delicate gardens, arrayed in baskets of silver, and the golden vessels, are full of incense of Syria. And all the dainty cakes that women fashion in the kneading-tray, mingling blossoms manifold with the white wheaten flour, all that is wrought

of honey sweet, and in soft olive oil, all cakes fashioned in the semblance of things that fly and of things that creep,—lo, here they are set before him.

Here are built for him shadowy bowers of green, all laden with tender anise; and children flit overhead—the little Loves—as the young nightingales perched upon the trees fly forth and try their wings from bough to bough.

Oh, the ebony; oh, the gold; oh, the twin eagles of white ivory that carry to Zeus the son of Cronos his darling, his cup-bearer! Oh, the purple coverlet strown above, more soft than sleep! So Miletus will say, and whoso feeds sheep in Samos.

Another bed is strown for beautiful Adonis, one bed Cypris keeps, and one the rosy-armed Adonis. A bridegroom of eighteen or nineteen years is he; his kisses are not rough, the golden down being yet upon his lips! And now, good-night to Cypris in the arms of her lover! But lo, in the morning we will all of us gather with the dew, and carry him forth among the waves that break upon the beach; and with locks unloosed, and ungirt raiment falling to the ankles, and bosoms bare, we will begin our shrill sweet song.

Thou only, dear Adonis, so men tell,—thou only of the demi-gods dost visit both this world and the stream of Acheron. For Agamemnon had no such lot; nor Aias, that mighty lord of the terrible anger; nor Hector, the eldest born of the twenty sons of Hecabe; nor Patroclus; nor Pyrrhus, that returned out of Troy-land; nor the heroes of yet more ancient days, the Lapithæ and Deucalion's sons; nor the sons of Pelops, and the chiefs of Pelasgian Argos. Be gracious now, dear Adonis, and propitious even in the coming year. Dear to us has thine advent been, Adonis, and dear shall it be when thou comest again.

Gorgo—Praxinoë, the woman is cleverer than we fancied! Happy woman to know so much; thrice happy to have so sweet a voice. Well, all the same, it is time to be making for home. Diocleides has not had his dinner, and the man is all vinegar,—don't venture near him when he is kept waiting for dinner. Farewell, beloved Adonis: may you find us glad at your next coming!

Translation of Andrew Lang.

THEOGNIS

(Sixth and Fifth (?) Centuries B. C.)

ur ignorance as to the life of this favorite didactic poet is almost ludicrously complete. So early and competent a literary critic as Plato quotes from "Theognis, a citizen of Megara in Sicily." Yet the poet himself declares he was but a visitor in Sicily, and a native of the parent-city Megara in Hellas proper,—the jealous neighbor of Athens. Again, the lexicographers assign him to the 58th Olympiad (about the middle of the sixth century); but he himself thanks Apollo for averting from his native land "the insolent host of the Medes," so he must at least have outlived the first Persian invasion, by Mardonius, in 492 B. C.

There is, however, another possibility. In this corpus of six hundred and ninety-four elegiac couplets are found frequently verses elsewhere accredited to Solon, to Mimnermus, to Tyrtæus, etc. There is also a deal of repetition, with little or no change of words. So it appears that the very popularity of the work has drawn into it much alien or unclaimed material. It is perhaps a general collection of ethical maxims, representing the morality of an epoch, of a race. In that case, all attempt at chronology becomes desperate.

The chief trace of unity in the volume is to be sought in the name of the beautiful boy Kyrnos; who is often addressed by name, and for whose education and worldly success these warnings and suggestions are gathered up. Some expressions of warm affection and admiration may remind us that it was almost solely masculine youth and loveliness that aroused in the Hellenic mind the sentiment which the Italian poet devotes to a real or ideal Laura, Beatrice, or Corinna.

Much of this volume is as prosaic as Solon's political harangues; and we could easily accept Athenæus's assertion that Theognis did not set his poems to music. But as usual, Theognis himself refutes our later informant; especially in the passage wherein he claims to have immortalized his boyish friend by his songs.

If we may judge from the prevailing tone of the poem, Theognis had little of Solon's gentle and conciliatory nature. In the civic strife that long distracted Megara, he is a fierce partisan of the oligarchs; sharing their exile and poverty, their restoration amid threats of savage vengeance, their utter contempt for the base-born.

The general ethical tone of the verse is not high. Loyalty to friendship is the chord most enthusiastically struck. There is a frequent pessimistic tone about human life. The very gods are reproached for grievous injustice. Poverty is so bitter that suicide is a justifiable means of escape. Temperance — in the Greek sense — is praised; yet even here there are exceptions: —

> «Shameful it is for a man to be drunk among those who are sober:
> Shameful as well to remain sober when others are drunk!»

Altogether, the book is not a remarkably edifying one; and the attempt to disentangle the various poems, authors, and times represented in it is a task «for a laborious man, and a patient, — and not very happy at that!» as Plato says of those who would expound the meaning of the myths.

Perhaps Theognis appears at his best — and he certainly appears with great frequency — as he is cited in quotation, by Plato and nearly every later author who discourses on social and ethical themes. His great fame in antiquity demanded some attempt at analysis here.

The verses of Theognis are accessible as printed in any text of the Greek lyric poetry; and some portions of his work are usually included in the annotated anthologies. Any one who wishes to make a thorough study of him either in Greek or English will find abundant aid in the volume of the Bohn Library which is chiefly devoted to Hesiod. This contains a literal prose translation of Theognis, with copious references to parallel literature. Furthermore, the most gifted of translators, John Hookham Frere, undertook to reconstruct both the outer and inner biography of our poet from hints afforded in his verse. The attempt itself could hardly be successful if our account of the materials given above has any elements of truth. Incidentally, however, Frere provided us also with a happy translation of nearly or quite the entire body of verse, rearranged freely for his special purposes. This essay of Frere is also included in the volume before mentioned, and from it we draw all the citations given below.

THE BELOVED YOUTH GAINS FAME FROM THE POET'S SONGS

You soar aloft, and over land and wave
Are borne triumphant on the wings I gave
(The swift and mighty wings, Music and Verse).
Your name in easy numbers smooth and terse
Is wafted o'er the world; and heard among
The banquetings and feasts, chanted and sung,
Heard and admired; the modulated air
Of flutes, and voices of the young and fair,
Recite it, and to future times shall tell,
When, closed within the dark sepulchral cell,
Your form shall molder, and your empty ghost
Wander along the dreary Stygian coast.
Yet shall your memory flourish fresh and young,
Recorded and revived on every tongue,
In continents and islands, every place
That owns the language of the Grecian race.
No purchased prowess of a racing steed,
But the triumphant Muse, with airy speed,
Shall bear it wide and far, o'er land and main,
A glorious and unperishable strain;
A mighty prize, gratuitously won,
Fixed as the earth, immortal as the sun.
But for all this no kindness in return!
No token of attention or concern!
Baffled and scorned, you treat me like a child,
From day to day, with empty words beguiled.
Remember! common justice, common-sense,
Are the best blessings which the gods dispense:
And each man has his object; all aspire
To something which they covet and desire.
Like a fair courser, conqueror in the race,
Bound to a charioteer sordid and base,
I feel it with disdain; and many a day
Have longed to break the curb and burst away.

WORLDLY WISDOM

Join with the world; adopt with every man
His party views, his temper, and his plan;
Strive to avoid offense, study to please,—
Like the sagacious inmate of the seas,
That an accommodating color brings,
Conforming to the rock to which he clings;
With every change of place changing his hue:
The model for a statesman such as you.
Learn, Kurnus, learn to bear an easy mind;
Accommodate your humor to mankind
And human nature;—take it as you find!
A mixture of ingredients, good or bad,—
Such are we all, the best that can be had:
The best are found defective; and the rest,
For common use, are equal to the best.
Suppose it had been otherwise decreed—
How could the business of the world proceed?
Fairly examined, truly understood,
No man is wholly bad nor wholly good,
Nor uniformly wise. In every case,
Habit and accident, and time and place,
Affect us. 'Tis the nature of the race.
Entire and perfect happiness is never
Vouchsafed to man; but nobler minds endeavor
To keep their inward sorrows unrevealed.
With meaner spirits nothing is concealed:
Weak, and unable to conform to fortune,
With rude rejoicing or complaint importune,
They vent their exultation or distress.
Whate'er betides us, grief or happiness,
The brave and wise will bear with steady mind,
Th' allotment unforeseen and undefined
Of good or evil, which the gods bestow,
Promiscuously dealt to man below.
Learn patience, O my soul! though racked and torn
With deep distress—bear it!—it must be borne!
Your unavailing hopes and vain regret,
Forget them, or endeavor to forget:
Those womanish repinings, unrepressed
(Which gratify your foes), serve to molest
Your sympathizing friends—learn to endure!
And bear calamities you cannot cure!

«DESERT A BEGGAR BORN»

Blessed, almighty Jove! with deep amaze
I view the world, and marvel at thy ways!
All our devices, every subtle plan,
Each secret act, and all the thoughts of man,
Your boundless intellect can comprehend!
On your award our destinies depend.
How can you reconcile it to your sense
Of right and wrong, thus loosely to dispense
Your bounties on the wicked and the good?
How can your laws be known or understood,
When we behold a man faithful and just,
Humbly devout, true to his word and trust,
Dejected and oppressed; whilst the profane
And wicked and unjust, in glory reign,
Proudly triumphant, flushed with power and gain?
What inference can human reason draw?
How can we guess the secret of thy law,
Or choose the path approved by power divine?
We take, alas! perforce, the crooked line,
And act unwillingly the baser part,
Though loving truth and justice at our heart;
For very need, reluctantly compelled
To falsify the principles we held;
With party factions basely to comply;
To flatter, and dissemble, and to lie!
Yet he — the truly brave — tried by the test
Of sharp misfortune, is approved the best;
While the soul-searching power of indigence
Confounds the weak, and banishes pretense.
Fixt in an honorable purpose still,
The brave preserve the same unconquered will;
Indifferent to fortune, good or ill.

A SAVAGE PRAYER

May Jove assist me to discharge the debt
Of kindness to my friends, and grant me yet
A further boon — revenge upon my foes!
With these accomplished, I could gladly close
My term of life — a fair requital made;
My friends rewarded, and my wrongs repaid:

Revenge and gratitude, before I die,
Might make me deemed almost a deity!
Yet hear, O mighty Jove, and grant my prayer,
Relieve me from affliction and despair!
Oh, take my life, or grant me some redress,
Some foretaste of returning happiness!
Such is my state: I cannot yet descry
A chance of vengeance on mine enemy,
The rude despoilers of my property;
Whilst I—like to a scared and hunted hound
That scarce escaping, trembling and half drowned,
Crosses a gully, swelled with wintry rain—
Have crept ashore, in feebleness and pain.
Yet my full wish,—to drink their very blood,—
Some power divine, that watches for my good,
May yet accomplish. Soon may he fulfill
My righteous hope, my just and hearty will.

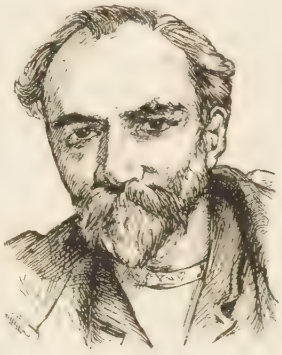
ANDRÉ THEURIET

(1833–)

IN 1857 a poem by a new hand appeared in the Revue des Deux Mondes. 'In Memoriam' was a romance in verse, and it showed the qualities which distinguish all its author's prose and poetry.

André Theuriet was born at Marly-le-Roi in 1833, and passed his school days at Bar-le-Duc. Later he studied law in Paris, and then accepted a position in the Treasury Department.

Theuriet began his literary career with poems; but he has also been popular as a writer of stories, and has been a well-known contributor of both to many Paris journals; among them L'Illustration, Le Moniteur, Le Figaro, Le Gaulois, and the Revue des Deux Mondes.



André Theuriet

His poems were first collected in 1867, when he published them in a volume entitled 'Chemin du Bois,' which had the honor of being crowned by the French Academy. He has since then published several new volumes of poems. Both in verse and prose Theuriet excels in delicate depiction of country life and of nature, and in his sympathetic analysis of beauty.

Theuriet has also attempted drama; and in 1871 his 'Jean Marie,' a one-act play, was given with success at the Odéon.

He has written a large number of novels and short stories, and many of these have been translated into English. Among the best known are 'The Maugars,' 'Angela's Fortune,' 'The House of the Two Barbels,' 'Madame Heurteloup,' and 'Stories of Every-day Life.' Perhaps their greatest charm is the quiet simplicity with which the characters are drawn and the plot developed. "Theuriet is certainly," said Jules Lemaître, "the best, most cordial, and most accurate painter of our little French *bourgeoisie*, half peasant in nature and half townsfolk."

He has a gentleness of spirit which makes him more alive to the pathetic than to the tragic. He is more tender than strong. So both

in his dainty and musical poems, and his graceful prose, he pleases by his calm and discriminating exposition of the life he studies rather than by emotional force.

THE BRETONNE

From Stories of Every-day Life

One November night, the eve of St. Catherine, the iron grating of the Auberive Central Prison turned on its hinges to release a woman about thirty years old. She was dressed in a faded woolen gown, and wore a white cap which made an odd frame for a face puffed and bleached by the prison régime. She was a prisoner whose sentence had just expired. Her fellow convicts called her "The Bretonne." Just six years before, the prison wagon had brought her there condemned for infanticide. After having dressed herself again in her own clothes, and being paid her small savings at the office, she was once more free, with a passport marked for Langres.

The mail had already started; so, frightened and awkward, she went stumblingly to the chief inn of the place, and in a hesitating voice requested a night's lodging. The inn was full; and the landlady, who was not at all anxious to harbor a bird of this feather, advised her to try the little public-house at the other end of the village.

The Bretonne, more and more dazed and awkward, went on her way, and knocked at the door of this inn, which was in truth hardly more than a tavern for laborers. This landlady too glanced her over distrustfully; and then, doubtless divining an ex-convict, sent her away on the pretext that she did not keep people over night. The Bretonne dared not insist, but went meekly with drooping head; while a sullen hate rose in her heart against the world which thus repulsed her. There was nothing to do but walk on to Langres. By the end of November, night falls early; and as she followed the gray road stretching between two rows of trees, with a rude north wind whistling in the branches, and scattering the dead leaves, she was soon enveloped in darkness.

After six years of a confined and sedentary life she had almost forgotten how to walk. Her knee-joints felt as though they were bound; her feet, used to sabots, were uncomfortable in her new shoes. Before she had walked a league they were weary

and blistered. She sat down on a stone and shivered, wondering if she must die of cold and hunger in the black night under the chilling wind. Suddenly along the quiet road, through the gusts of wind, she thought she heard the lingering sound of a voice singing. As she listened, she distinguished the cadences of one of the monotonous caressing little songs with which mothers rock their children. Rising, she walked in the direction from which it came; and reaching the turn of a cross-road, saw a light glowing through the branches.

Five minutes later she reached a clay hut, with a roof covered with clods of earth, and with a single window from which beamed luminous rays. With a beating heart she made up her mind to knock. The song stopped at once, and a peasant woman came to the door. She was about the same age as the Bretonne, but worn and faded with hard work. Her torn jacket showed something of her rough tanned skin; her red hair escaped in disorder from her cloth cap. Her gray eyes gazed in surprise at this rather odd-looking stranger.

"Well, good evening," she said, holding up her lamp. "What is it?"

"I can go no farther," murmured the Bretonne with a stifled sob. "The town is so far away; and if you will only take me in for the night, I shall be very grateful. I shall be glad to pay for your trouble."

"Come in!" answered the other after a moment's hesitation. Then she went on, in a voice that sounded inquisitive rather than suspicious, "Why didn't you stay at Auberive?"

"They wouldn't keep me;" and drooping her blue eyes, the Bretonne, seized with a scruple, added: "You see I am just out of prison, and people are afraid."

"Ah! Come in just the same. I'm not at all afraid, as I've never had anything but my poverty. It would be a sin to shut the door on any Christian such a cold night. I'll get some heather for your bed."

She brought some armfuls of heather from a shed, and spread them in a corner near the fire.

"Do you live here all alone?" asked the Bretonne timidly.

"Yes, with my youngster who is nearly seven. I get our living by working in the wood."

"So your husband is dead?"

"I never had one," said the woman brusquely. "My poor baby has no father. Never mind. Every one has his own

troubles. Now there is your bed all ready for you, and here are two or three potatoes left from our supper. It's all I can offer you."

She was interrupted by a childish voice from a dark little hole separated from the main room by a wooden partition.

"Good-night," she added. "I hope you'll sleep well. I must go to my baby: she's scared."

She took the lamp and went into the next room, leaving her guest in darkness. The Bretonne stretched herself out on the heather. She ate her potatoes and then tried to close her eyes, but sleep would not come to her. Through the thin partition she could hear the mother talking softly to the child, who had been waked by the stranger's arrival and would not go to sleep again. The mother petted and kissed her, with simple caressing words which touched the Bretonne's heart.

This outbreak of tenderness stirred a confused maternal instinct in the heart of the girl, who had been sentenced for stifling her new-born baby. She remembered that her own child might have been just the age of this little girl. This thought, and the sound of the childish voice, made her shudder profoundly. A gentle sentiment melted her bitter heart, and she felt moved to weep.

"Come, my pet," said the mother. "If you are good, I will take you to the fair of St. Catherine to-morrow."

"St. Catherine is the little girls' saint, isn't she, mamma?"

"Yes, little one."

"Does St. Catherine really bring playthings to children?"

"Yes, sometimes."

"Why doesn't she bring me some?"

"We live too far off, and then we are too poor."

"Does she give them only to rich people? Why, mamma? I would like some playthings too."

"Well some day, if you are good — if you go to sleep like a good girl — perhaps she will bring you some."

"Then I'll go to sleep right away, so that she'll bring me some to-morrow."

Silence. Then light and even breathing. Both mother and child were slumbering. The Bretonne alone could not sleep. Her heart was wrung by a poignant yet tender emotion. She thought more and more of her dead little one. At dawn the mother and child were still fast asleep. The Bretonne slipped quietly out of the house, and walking quickly towards Auberive,

did not pause until she reached the first houses. Then she went more slowly up the one street, reading the signs over the shops. At last one seemed to satisfy her, and she knocked on the blinds until she was admitted. It was a little haberdashery, where they had also some playthings,—poor shopworn paper dolls, Noah's arks, and sheepfolds. To the merchant's amazement, the Bretonne bought them all, and then went away. She was going back to the hut when she felt a hand on her shoulder; and turning in fear, saw a police officer. The poor thing had forgotten that convicts, after their release, were not allowed to remain in the neighborhood of the prison.

"You ought to be at Langres by this time instead of vagabonding here," said the officer severely. "Come, off with you."

She tried to explain, but he would not listen. In a twinkling a cart was obtained, she was forced to get in with a policeman as escort, and off they went.

The cart jolted along the frozen road, and the poor Bretonne pressed her package of toys between her chilled fingers. They reached a turn in the road, and she recognized the footpath through the woods. Her heart leaped, and she implored the policeman to stop and let her deliver a message to a woman who lived only two steps away. She pleaded so earnestly that the good-hearted fellow allowed himself to be persuaded. The horse was tied to a tree, and they went along the path to the hut. The woman was chopping kindling-wood in front of the door. At sight of her guest returning with a policeman, she stood stupefied, her arms hanging.

"Hush!" said the Bretonne. "Is the little one still sleeping?"

"Yes — but —"

"Take these toys and put them softly on her bed. Tell her St. Catherine sent them. I went back to Auberive for them, but it seems I had no right, so they are taking me to Langres."

"Blessed Virgin!" cried the mother.

"Hush!"

They went in the house to the bed. The Bretonne's escort kept close behind her while she set out on the coverlid the dolls, the ark, and the sheepfold. She kissed the bare little arm of the sleeping child. Then she turned to the policeman, who was rubbing his eyes:—

"Now," she said, "we can start."

AN EASTER STORY

From 'Stories of Every-day Life'

THERE was at Seville, in the faubourg of Triana, a boy of fifteen years named Juanito el Morenito. He was an orphan; had grown by good luck, like a weed, on the pavement of Triana: sleeping now out of doors, now in the stable of a lodging-house; living on a handful of sweet acorns, or a fried fish bought at a discount, and earning his living in a hundred little occupations, of which the most lucrative was selling programmes at the doors of the theatres. In spite of his rags, he was a pretty boy; with luminous eyes, smiling mouth, and curly hair, and so deeply tanned that he had been surnamed Morenito. He had, moreover, a little gipsy blood in his veins; and like the gipsies, he was of an independent disposition, loving vagrancy, and passionately fond of bull-fights.

Upon Good Friday he awoke in a morose spirit. Throughout Holy Week the theatres had been closed; and not having been able to pursue his business of selling programmes, he had not a *cuarto* in his pocket. His poverty was the more irksome that upon Easter Day there was to be a magnificent bull-baiting, with Mazzantini and Frascuelo as *spadas*, and that his empty purse would deprive him of his favorite spectacle.

Nevertheless he resolved to go and seek his luck in the streets of Seville; and after addressing a prayer to the Virgin de la Esperanza, to whom he was very devoted, he shook off the bits of straw which clung to his hair, and hurried out of the stable where he had slept.

The morning was magnificent. The slender rose-tower of the Giralda stood out clearly against the deep-blue sky. The streets were already full of people from the country, who had come to Seville to see the processions of the Confradias. In passing before the Plaza de Toros, Morenito saw a long line of eager people already besieging the ticket-office; and this augmented the bitterness of his regrets. For four hours he rambled about Rue Sierpes, sniffing the fried fish and the cinnamon cakes browning in boiling oil, and following the toreadors as they strutted slowly before the cafés in their short coats and narrow breeches. He racked his brain for an honest means of gaining a few pesetas. He attempted in vain to join those who were crying programmes of the procession with the names of the different

fraternities: all the places were taken, and he was repulsed on all sides. At last, having tried everything he could think of,— his stomach empty, and his back baked by the sun,— he came out on the Plaza de la Constitucion, where the processions must stop; and finding a shady corner under one of the portals of the Audiencia, he decided to rest there while waiting for the Confradias to pass.

"Who sleeps, dines;" and in place of a breakfast, Morenito gave himself a good slice of slumber. He soon slept profoundly; and upon my word he looked very handsome, stretched his full length upon the white pavement, one arm folded under his curly black head,— his eyelids shut tight with their long lashes, and his red lips half open in a vague smile which partly uncovered his little white teeth.

While he was slumbering, a couple of tourists passed; young people, husband and wife probably,— certainly a pair of lovers, as was evident by the way they held each other's arms.

"See what a pretty fellow he is," said the young man, stopping to contemplate the sleeper; "and what a charming picture that would make! What a delightful attitude! It's all there; even the significant gesture of this open hand, which looks as if it were expecting some windfall to drop into it during sleep."

"Do you know," answered the young wife, "how to give this sleeper a fine surprise? Put a piece of silver in his hand for him to find when he wakes!"

Lovers are generous. The young man took a five-franc piece from his purse, and placed it gently on the open hand; which by a mechanical movement half closed at the cool contact of the metal. Then the couple went away laughing.

Morenito continued to sleep; and while sleeping, he dreamed. He dreamed that the pure Virgin of the Esperanza was descending to him on a ladder the color of a rainbow. She had a crown of lilies in her hair, and was carrying white roses in her hands. And she said to him in a voice sweet as honey: "Juanito, thou hast never forgotten to pray to me morning and evening. In honor of the resurrection of my son, I wish to recompense thee. Thou shalt go to see the bulls on Sunday!" At the same time, the Virgin shook the petals from her white roses into Morenito's hand; and in falling, each rose leaf changed into a piece of silver: and Morenito experienced such joy that it awoke him. He stretched himself, and from one of his hands — oh, miracle! —

a white coin slipped and fell with a silvery sound upon the flagging. He could not believe either his eyes or his ears. He picked up the coin. It was a beautiful bright piece of five pesetas. The Virgin had not mocked him, and he could go to the bull-fight! With a bound he was on his feet, and running toward the Plaza de Toros.

As he was turning the corner of the Calle San Pablo, he almost rushed against a slip of a girl of the faubourg of Triana, whom he had known since childhood, and who was named Chata. She was very pale, and her great black eyes were full of tears.

"What is the matter, Chata?" he asked her.

"My mother is sick," she answered, "and I have not been to bed for two nights. The doctor came this morning and ordered remedies. I went to the druggist's, but he would not give me anything on credit. What shall I do? If the bells toll for her, they will toll for me too: I will not outlive her!"

Morenito remained thoughtful a moment, his gaze plunged into Chata's tearful black eyes; then suddenly, taking the miraculous coin, he put it into the hand of his little friend.

"Here, *nina mia*," he said, "take this money: it came from the Virgin of the Esperanza, and the *bonita Madre* will not be vexed if I use it to cure your mother."

Chata was so excited that she did not take time even to thank him, but ran to the druggist's without once looking back.

It was written that Morenito was surely not to go to the prime bull-fight. But as there are compensations in the world, he passed a gay Sunday nevertheless. That day Chata's mother was better, and the little girl came to the lodging-house court to thank Juanito. She had made something of a toilet; and with the remainder of Morenito's money she had bought two red roses, which she had thrust into her black hair. The two went for a walk along the Guadalquivir, under the orange-trees in blossom.

The springtide had kindled an indescribable light in Chata's eyes, and perhaps a more tender sentiment contributed to this illumination. When they found themselves in a corner shaded by high bushes of myrtle, she suddenly threw her two arms around Morenito's neck, and said without the least false shame, "Te quiero, companero!" (I love you, comrade!) And while the bells rang for the Easter festival, these two children tasted their first kiss of love.

AUGUSTIN THIERRY

(1795–1856)

BY FREDERIC LOLIÉE

AUGUSTIN THIERRY, the celebrated historian and renovator of historical research in France, was born at Blois, May 10th, 1795. He died in 1856. A pupil of the École Normale, and at first destined to the profession of teaching, he was for several years the collaborator of Saint-Simon. With this venturous economist he prepared several works upon industry, speculative politics, and the organization of European societies; imbibing his master's ideas without sharing his chimeras. But his true vocation was elsewhere. He had felt it awakening within him from his school days. This was in 1811, as he was finishing his studies at the lyceum of his native town.

AUGUSTIN THIERRY

An enthusiastic reading of Châteaubriand's 'Martyrs' lighted the spark in his intellect and decided his destiny. The striking evocation of the empire of the Cæsars in its decline; and the admirable narrative of Eudorus; and the dramatic picture of a Roman army marching across the marches of Batavia to meet an army of Franks,—as though to hurl against each other, in one terrible shock, civilization and barbarism,—had given him already a very vivid glimpse of a new and picturesque manner of exhuming and reanimating the past. He was still very young when he decided to establish the basis of his renovating method. He began by a straightforward attack upon the erroneous science of the old historical school, and by demonstrating the necessity of breaking with the false views of traditional teaching. This was the object of his 'Lettres sur l'Histoire de France' (Letters upon French History: 1827), in which are brilliantly developed the principles of an entirely modern art of restoring to original documents their primitive physiognomy, their color, and significance. For he possessed to a marvelous degree the intuition which could discover the spirit under the dead letter of charters and

chronicles. Then, armed with a science painfully acquired in the depths of libraries, where he lost health and later sight, he proceeded from theory to practice. He published 'L'Histoire de la Conquête de l'Angleterre par les Normands, de ses Causes et de ses Suites' (History of the Norman Conquest of England, its Causes and Consequences: 1825, 3 vols.; new edition revised and enlarged, 1845, 4 vols.); an account, detailed and extremely lucid, not only of the national struggle which followed the victory of the Normans over the Saxons, but also of the tendencies, impulses, motives, which impelled men placed in a social state approaching barbarism. Then in his 'Récits des Temps Mérovingiens' (Narratives of the Merovingian Era: 1840, 2 vols.), he presented with a truly Homeric color of truth the manners of the destroyers of the Roman Empire, their odd and savage aspect, and the violent contrasts of the races which in the sixth century were mingled but not yet blended on the soil of Gaul. This is the most finished of Augustin Thierry's works. One should read also the pages, full of candor and charm, of his 'Dix Ans d'Études' (Ten Years of Study: 1834).

Augustin Thierry did not wholly escape the risk of errors,—the anticipating views or daring conjectures always more or less entailed by the spirit of generalization. In return he penetrated with astonishing profundity to the very heart of barbarism; and rendered as living as contemporaries the characters of one of the most complex and least known epochs of European history. A great author as well as a great historian, he carried his care for form to an incomparable degree. Sainte-Beuve called him a translator of genius, of our old chroniclers. Indeed he possessed the double seal of genius: boldness in creation, and finish in detail.

The life of Augustin Thierry, like his style, deserves to be offered as an example to the writers who seek in art something more than selfish and transitory satisfactions. A martyr to his researches,—blind, crippled, helpless,—until the last hour he never stopped perfecting his writings in the sense of beauty and truth. Nor did he ever cease to consider devotion to science as superior to material pleasures,—to fortune, and even to health.

Frédéric Loliée

THE TRUE HISTORY OF JACQUES BONHOMME, FROM AUTHENTIC DOCUMENTS

From the 'Historical Essays'

JACQUES was still very young, when strangers from the south invaded the land of his ancestors; it was a fine domain bathed by two great lakes, and capable of producing corn, wine, and oil in abundance. Jacques had a lively but unsteady mind; growing up on his usurped soil he forgot his ancestors, and the usurpers pleased him. He learned their language, espoused their quarrels, and bound himself to their fortune. This fortune of invasion and conquest was for some time successful; but one day fortune became adverse, and the tide of war brought invasion on the land of the usurpers. Jacques's domain, on which floated their standards, was one of the first threatened. Bodies of men who had emigrated from the north besieged it on all sides. Jacques was too unaccustomed to independence to dream of freeing his habitation: the sole alternatives his mind suggested to him were, either to deliver himself up to new masters or to adhere to the old ones. Wavering between these two resolutions, he confided his doubts to a grave personage of his family,—the priest of a religion which Jacques had recently embraced, and which he practiced with great fervor.

"My father," said he, "what shall I do? My present state wearies me. Our conquerors, who call us their *allies*, treat us really like slaves. They exhaust us to fill their treasury, which in their language they call the basket: this basket is a bottomless abyss. I am weary of submitting to their yoke: but the yoke of their enemies frightens me; those north men are, it is said, very rapacious, and their battle-axes are very sharp. For mercy's sake, tell me whose side I shall take."—"My son," replied the holy man, "you must be on the side of God: God in the present day is on the side of the idolatrous north against the heretical south. The men of the north will be your masters: I can predict this; for I myself, with my own hands, have just opened your gates to them." Jacques was stunned by these words; he had not recovered from his bewilderment when a great noise of arms and horses, together with strange acclamations, told him that all was over. He saw men of great height, and speaking from the throat, hurry into his dwelling, divide the furniture into lots, and measure the land in order to divide it. Jacques was sad;

but feeling that there was no remedy, he endeavored to become reconciled to his fate. He looked patiently at the thieves; and when their chief passed, he saluted him by the cry of *Vivat rex!* which the chief did not understand. The strangers distributed the booty, settled on their portions of land, reviewed their forces, exercised themselves in arms, assembled in councils, and decreed laws of police and war for themselves, without thinking more of Jacques than if he had never existed. He stood at a distance, awaiting an official notice of his destiny, and practicing with a great deal of trouble to pronounce the barbaric names of men in high stations among his new masters. Several of these euphoniously disfigured names may be restored in the following manner: Merowig, Chlodowig, Hilderik, Hildebert, Sighebert, Karl, etc.

Jacques at last received his sentence: it was a formal act, drawn up by the friend and compatriot who had made himself the introducer of the conquerors; and who, as the price of such service, had received from their bounty the finest portion of the cultivated land and the Greek title of *Episcopus* — which the conquerors transformed into that of *Biscop* and granted without understanding it. Jacques, who until then had been called *Romanus*, the Roman, from the name of his first masters, saw himself qualified in this new diploma with the title of *litus seu villanus noster;* and ordered, under pain of the rod and cord, to cultivate the land himself for the benefit of the strangers. The word *litus* was new to his ears; he asked an explanation, and he was told that this word, derived from the Germanic verb *let* or *lât*, permit or leave, really signified that they had the kindness to let him live. This favor appeared to him rather a slight one; and he took a fancy to solicit others from the assembly of the possessors of his domain, which was held on fixed days in the open air, in a vast field. The chiefs stood in the midst, and the multitude surrounded them; decisions were made in common, and each man gave his opinion, from the highest to the lowest — *a maximo usque ad minimum.* Jacques went to that august council; but at his approach a murmur of contempt was raised, and the guards forbade him to advance, threatening him with the wood of their lances. One of the strangers, more polite than the others, and who knew how to speak good Latin, told him the cause of this treatment: "The assembly of the masters of this land," said he, "*dominorum territorii*, is interdicted to men of

your class,—to those whom we call 'liti vel litones, et istius modi viles inopesque personæ.'"

Jacques went sadly to work: he had to feed, clothe, warm, and lodge his masters; he worked for many years, during which time his condition barely changed, but during which, on the other hand, he saw the vocabulary by which his miserable condition was designated increase prodigiously. In several inventories that were drawn up at the same time, he saw himself ignominiously confounded with the trees and flocks of the domain, under the common name of clothing of the land, *terræ vestitus;* he was called live money, *pecunia vive*, body serf, *addictus glebæ*, bondman in the idiom of the conquerors. In times of clemency and mercy, only six days' labor out of seven was demanded of him. Jacques was sober; he lived on little, and endeavored to save: but more than once his slender savings were taken from him in virtue of that incontestable axiom, "Quæ servi sunt, ea sunt domini," —what the serf possesses is the master's property.

Whilst Jacques worked and suffered, his masters quarreled amongst themselves, either from vanity or interest. More than once they deposed their chiefs; more than once their chiefs oppressed them; more than once opposite factions waged a civil war. Jacques always bore the weight of these disputes: no party spared him; he always had to bear the anger of the conquered and the pride of the conquerors. It happened that the chief of the conquering community pretended to have the sole real claims on the land, the labor, the body and the soul of poor Jacques. Jacques, credulous and trusting to an excess because his woes were innumerable, allowed himself to be persuaded to give his consent to these pretensions, and accept the title of "subjugated by the chief," *subjectus regis;* in the modern jargon, "subject of the king." In virtue of this title, Jacques only paid the king fixed taxes, *tallias rationabiles*, which was far from meaning reasonable taxes. But although nominally become the property of the chief, he was not therefore free from the exactions of the subalterns. Jacques paid first on one side, then on the other; fatigue was wearing him out. He entreated repose: the laughing reply was, "Bonhomme cries out, but bonhomme must pay." Jacques bore with misfortune: he was unable to tolerate outrage. He forgot his weakness, he forgot his nakedness, and hurried out against his oppressors, armed to their teeth or intrenched in fortresses. Their chiefs and subalterns, friends and enemies, all united to

crush him. He was pierced with the strokes of lances, hacked with the cuts of swords, bruised under the feet of horses: no more breath was left in him but what he required not to die on the spot, for he was wanted.

Jacques — who since this war bore the surname of *Jacques bonhomme* — recovered of his wounds, and paid as heretofore. He paid the subsidies, the assistances, the gabelle, the rights of sale, of tolls and customs, the poll tax, the twentieths, etc., etc. At this exorbitant price, the king protected him a little against the rapacity of the other nobles: this more fixed and peaceful condition pleased him; he became attached to the new yoke which procured it for him; he even persuaded himself that this yoke was natural and necessary to him, that he required fatigue in order not to burst with health, and that his purse resembled trees, which grow when they are pruned. Care was taken not to burst out laughing at these sallies of his imagination; they were encouraged, on the contrary: and it was when he gave full vent to them that the names of loyal and well-advised man, "recte legalis et sapiens," were given him.

If it is for my good that I pay, said Jacques to himself one day, it follows therefore that the first duty of those I pay is to act for my good; and that they are, properly speaking, only the stewards of my affairs. If they are the stewards of my affairs, it follows that I have a right to regulate their accounts and give them my advice. This succession of inductions appeared to him very luminous: he never doubted but that it did the greatest credit to his sagacity; he made it the subject of a large book, which he printed in beautiful type. This book was seized, mutilated, and burnt; instead of the praises which the author expected, the galleys were proposed to him. His presses were seized; a lazzaretto was instituted, wherein his thoughts were to perform quarantine before passing into print. Jacques printed no more, but he did not think less. The struggle of his thought against authority was long secret and silent; his mind long meditated this great idea, that by a natural right he was free and master at home, before he made any tentative to realize it. At last one day, when a great want of money compelled the powers whom Jacques supplied, to call him to council to obtain from him a subsidy which it did not dare to exact, Jacques arose, assumed a proud tone, and clearly stated his absolute and imprescriptible right of property and liberty.

Authority capitulated, then retracted; war ensued, and Jacques was the conqueror, because several friends of his former masters deserted to embrace his cause. He was cruel in his victory, because long misery had soured him. He knew not how to conduct himself when free, because he still had the habits of slavery. Those whom he took for stewards enslaved him anew whilst proclaiming his absolute sovereignty. "Alas!" said Jacques, "I have suffered two conquests; I have been called serf, villain, subject: but I never was insulted by being told that it was in virtue of my rights that I was a slave and despoiled." One of his officers, a great warrior, heard him murmur and complain. "I see what you want," said he, "and I will take upon myself to give it to you. I will mix up the traditions of the two conquests that you so justly regret: I will restore to you the Frankish warriors, in the persons of my soldiers; they shall be, like them, barons and nobles. I will reproduce the great Cæsar, your first master; I will call myself *imperator:* you shall have a place in my legions; I promise you promotion in them." Jacques opened his lips to reply, when suddenly the trumpets sounded, the drums beat, the eagles were unfurled. Jacques had formerly fought under the eagles; his early youth had been passed in following them mechanically: as soon as he saw them again, he thought no longer — he marched. . . .

It is time that the jest should end. We beg pardon for having introduced it into so grave a subject: we beg pardon for having made use of an insulting name formerly applied to our fathers, in order to retrace more rapidly the sad succession of our misfortunes and our faults. It seems as if on the day on which, for the first time, servitude, the daughter of armed invasion, put its foot on the country which now bears the name of France, it was written above that servitude should never leave it; that, banished under one form, it was to reappear under another, and changing its aspect without changing its nature, stand upright at its former post in spite of time and mankind. After the domination of the conquering Romans, came the domination of the conquering Franks; then absolute monarchy, then the absolute authority of republican laws, then the absolute power of the French empire, then five years of exceptional laws under the constitutional charter. Twenty centuries have elapsed since the footsteps of conquest were imprinted on our soil; its traces have not disappeared: generations have trampled on without

destroying them; the blood of men has washed without effacing them. Was it then for such a destiny that nature formed that beautiful country which so much verdure adorns, such harvests enrich, and which is under the influence of so mild a climate?

THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS

From the 'History of the Conquest of England by the Normans'

On the ground which afterwards bore, and still bears, the name of "Battle," the Anglo-Saxon lines occupied a long chain of hills, fortified with a rampart of stakes and osier hurdles. In the night of the 13th of October, William announced to the Normans that the next day would be the day of battle. The priests and monks, who had followed the invading army in great numbers, being attracted like the soldiers by the hope of booty, assembled together to offer up prayers and sing litanies, while the fighting men were preparing their arms. The soldiery employed the time which remained to them after this first care in confessing their sins and receiving the sacrament. In the other army the night was passed in quite a different manner: the Saxons diverted themselves with great noise, and sung their old national songs round their watch-fires, while they emptied the horns of beer and of wine.

In the morning the bishop of Bayeux, who was a son of William's mother, celebrated mass in the Norman camp, and gave a blessing to the soldiers; he was armed with a hauberk under his pontifical habit: he then mounted a large white horse, took a baton of command in his hand, and drew up the cavalry into line. The army was divided into three columns of attack: in the first were the soldiers from the county of Boulogne and from Ponthieu, with most of the adventurers who had engaged personally for pay; the second comprised the auxiliaries from Brittany, Maine, and Poitou; William himself commanded the third, composed of the Norman chivalry. At the head and on the flanks of each division marched several ranks of light-armed infantry, clad in quilted cassocks, and carrying long-bows, or arbalets of steel. The duke mounted a Spanish charger which a rich Norman had brought him when he returned from a pilgrimage to St. James of Compostella in Gallicia. From his neck were suspended the most venerated of the relics on which Harold had

sworn; and the standard consecrated by the Pope was carried at his side by a young man named Toustain-le-Blanc. At the moment when the troops were about to advance, the duke, raising his voice, thus addressed them: —

"Remember to fight well, and put all to death; for if we conquer we shall all be rich. What I gain, you will gain; if I conquer, you will conquer; if I take this land, you shall have it. Know however that I am not come here only to obtain my right, but also to avenge our whole nation for the felonies, perjuries, and treacheries of these English. They put to death the Danes, men and women, on St. Brice's night. They decimated the companions of my kinsman Alfred, and took his life. Come on, then; and let us, with God's help, chastise them for all these misdeeds."

The army was soon within sight of the Saxon camp, to the northwest of Hastings. The priests and monks then detached themselves from it, and ascended a neighboring height, to pray and to witness the conflict. A Norman named Taillefer spurred his horse forward in front, and began the song — famous throughout Gaul — of the exploits of Charlemagne and Roland. As he sung, he played with his sword; throwing it up with force in the air, and receiving it again in his right hand. The Normans joined in chorus, or cried, "God be our help! God be our help!"

As soon as they came within bowshot, the archers let fly their arrows and the crossbow-men their bolts; but most of the shots were deadened by the high parapet of the Saxon redoubts. The infantry, armed with spears, and the cavalry, then advanced to the entrances of the redoubts, and endeavored to force them. The Anglo-Saxons, all on foot around their standard planted in the ground, and forming behind their redoubts one compact and solid mass, received the assailants with heavy blows of their battle-axes, which, with a back-stroke, broke their spears and clove their coats of mail. The Normans, unable either to penetrate the redoubts or to tear up the palisades, and fatigued with their unsuccessful attack, fell back upon the division commanded by William. The duke then commanded all his archers again to advance, and ordered them not to shoot point-blank, but to discharge their arrows upwards, so that they might fall beyond the rampart of the enemy's camp. Many of the English were wounded, chiefly in the face, in consequence of this manœuvre; Harold himself lost an eye by an arrow, but he nevertheless continued to command and to fight. The close attack of the foot

and horse recommenced, to the cry of "Notre Dame! Dieu aide! Dieu aide!" But the Normans were repulsed at one entrance of the Saxon camp, as far as a great ravine covered with grass and brambles, in which, their horses stumbling, they fell pell-mell, and numbers of them perished. There was now a momentary panic in the army of the invaders: it was rumored that the duke was killed; and at this news they began to fly. William threw himself before the fugitives, and barred their passage, threatening them, and striking them with a lance; then uncovering his head, —"Here I am," he exclaimed; "look at me: I live, and with God's help I will conquer!"

The horsemen returned to the redoubts; but as before, they could neither force the entrance nor make a breach. The duke then bethought himself of a stratagem to draw the English out of their position, and make them quit their ranks. He ordered a thousand horse to advance and immediately take to flight. At the sight of this feigned rout, the Saxons were thrown off their guard; and all set off in pursuit, with their axes suspended from their necks. At a certain distance, a body of troops posted there for the purpose joined the fugitives, who then turned round; and the English, surprised in the midst of their disorder, were assailed on all sides with spears and swords, which they could not ward off, both hands being occupied in wielding their heavy axes. When they had lost their ranks the gates of the redoubt were forced, and horse and foot entered together; but the combat was still warmly maintained, pell-mell and hand to hand. William had his horse killed under him. King Harold and his two brothers fell dead at the foot of their standard, which was plucked from the ground, and the banner sent from Rome planted in its stead. The remains of the English army, without a chief and without a standard, prolonged the struggle until the close of day, so that the combatants on each side could recognize one another only by their language.

Having, says an old historian, rendered all which they owed to their country, the remnant of Harold's companions dispersed; and many died on the roads, in consequence of their wounds and the day's fatigue. The Norman horse pursued them without relaxation, and gave quarter to no one. They passed the night on the field of battle; and on the morrow, at dawn of day, Duke William drew up his troops, and had all the men who had followed him across the sea called over from the roll which had

been prepared before his departure from the port of St. Valery. Of these, a vast number, dead and dying, lay beside the vanquished on the field. The fortunate survivors had, as the first profits of their victory, the spoils of the dead. In turning over the bodies there were found thirteen wearing under their armor the monastic habit: these were the abbot of Hida and his twelve companions; the name of their monastery was the first inscribed in the Black Book of the conquerors.

The mothers and the wives of those who had repaired to the field of battle from the neighboring country to die with the King, came to the field to seek for and to bury the bodies of their sons and husbands. The body of King Harold remained for some time on the battle-field, and no one dared ask for it. At length Godwin's widow, named Githa, overcoming her anguish, sent a message to Duke William demanding his permission to perform the last rites in honor of her son. She offered, say the Norman historians, to give him the weight of her son's body in gold. But the duke refused harshly, saying that the man who had belied his faith and his religion should have no sepulture but the sands of the shore. If we may believe an old tradition on this score, however, he eventually became milder in favor of the monks of Waltham, an abbey founded and enriched in his lifetime by Harold. Two Saxon monks, Osgod and Ailrik, deputed by the abbot of Waltham, made request and obtained leave to transport to their church the sad remains of its benefactor. They then proceeded to the heap of slain that had been spoiled of armor and of vestments, and examined them carefully one after another; but he whom they sought for had been so much disfigured by wounds that they could not recognize it. Sorrowing, and despairing of succeeding in their search by themselves, they applied to a woman whom Harold, before he was king, had kept as his mistress; and entreated her to assist them. She was called Edith, and poetically surnamed the Swan-necked. She consented to follow the two monks, and succeeded better than they had done in discovering the corpse of him whom she had loved.

These events are all related by the chroniclers of the Anglo-Saxon race in a tone of dejection which it is difficult to transfuse. They call the day of the battle a day of bitterness, a day of death, a day stained with the blood of the brave. "England, what shall I say of thee?" exclaims the historian of the church of Ely: "what shall I say of thee to our descendants? — That

thou hast lost thy national king, and hast fallen under the domination of foreigners; that thy sons have perished miserably; that thy councilors and thy chieftains are vanquished, slain, or disinherited!" Long after the day of this fatal conflict, patriotic superstition believed that the fresh traces of blood were still to be seen on the ground where the battle was. These traces were said to be visible on the heights to the northwest of Hastings whenever a little rain moistened the soil. The conqueror, immediately upon gaining the victory, made a vow to erect on this ground a convent dedicated to the Holy Trinity, and to St. Martin the patron of the soldiers of Gaul. Soon afterwards, when his good fortune permitted him to fulfill this vow, the great altar of the monastery was placed on the spot where the Saxon standard of King Harold had been planted and torn down. The circuit of the exterior walls was traced so as to inclose all the hill which the bravest of the English had covered with their bodies. All the circumjacent land, a league wide, on which the different scenes of the battle had been acted, became the property of this abbey, which in the Norman language was called "l'Abbaye de la Bataille," or Battle Abbey. Monks from the great convent of Marmoutiers, near Tours, came to establish here their domicile; and they prayed for the repose of the souls of all the combatants who perished on that fatal day.

It is said that when the first stones of the edifice were laid, the architects discovered that there would certainly be a want of water. Being disconcerted, they carried this disagreeable news to William. "Work, work away," replied the Conqueror jocularly: "if God grant me life, there shall be more wine for the monks of Battle to drink than there now is clear water in the best convent in Christendom."

THE STORY OF FORTUNATUS

From the 'Historical Essays and Narratives of the Merovingian Era'

THE first event which signalized the opening of the synod [of Soissons, 580 A. D.] was a literary one: it was the arrival of a long piece of poetry composed by Venantius Fortunatus, and addressed to King Hilperik and to all the bishops assembled at Braine. The singular career which this Italian, the last poet of the aristocratic Gallo-Roman society, had created for

himself by his talents and the elegance of his manners, demands here an episodical digression.

Born in the environs of Treviso, and educated at Ravenna, Fortunatus came to Gaul to visit the tomb of St. Martin, in fulfillment of a pious vow; but this journey being in all ways delightful to him, he made no haste to terminate it. After having accomplished his pilgrimage to Tours, he continued to travel from town to town, and was sought and welcomed by all the rich and noble men who still piqued themselves on their refinement and elegance. He traveled all over Gaul, from Mayence to Bordeaux, and from Toulouse to Cologne; visiting on his road the bishops, counts, and dukes, either of Gallic or Frankish origin, and finding in most of them obliging hosts, and often truly kind friends.

Those whom he left, after a stay of a longer or shorter period in their episcopal palaces, their country-houses, or their strong fortresses, kept up a regular correspondence with him from that period; and he replied to their letters by pieces of elegiac poetry, in which he retraced the remembrances and incidents of his journey. To every one he spoke of the natural beauties and monuments of their country: he described the picturesque spots, the rivers and the forests, the culture of the land, the riches of the churches, and the delights of the country-houses. These pictures, sometimes tolerably accurate and sometimes vaguely rhetorical, were mixed up with compliments and flattery. The poet and wit praised the kindness, the hospitality, of the Frankish nobles, not omitting the facility with which they conversed in Latin; and the political talents, the ingenuity, and the knowledge of law and business, which characterized the Gallo-Roman nobles. To praise for the piety of the bishops, and their zeal in building and consecrating new churches, he added approbation of their administrative works for the prosperity, ornament, or safety of towns. He praised one for having restored ancient edifices, a prætorium, a portico, and baths; a second for having turned the course of a river, and dug canals for irrigation; a third for having erected a citadel fortified with towers and machines of war. All this, it must be owned, was marked with signs of extreme literary degeneracy; being written in a style at once pedantic and careless, full of incorrect and distorted expressions and of puerile puns: but setting these aside, it is pleasant to witness the appearance of Venantius Fortunatus rekindling a last spark of intellectual life in Gaul, and to see this stranger becoming a common bond

of union between those who, in the midst of a society declining into barbarism, here and there retained the love of literature and mental enjoyments. Of all his friendships, the deepest and most permanent was the one which he formed with a woman,— Radegonda, one of the wives of King Chlother the First, then living retired at Poitiers in a convent which she had herself founded, and where she had taken the veil as a simple nun. . . .

The monastery of Poitiers had already [A. D. 567] attracted the attention of the whole Christian world for more than fifteen years, when Venantius Fortunatus, in his pilgrimage of devotion and pleasure through Gaul, visited it as one of the most remarkable sights which his travels afforded him. He was received there with flattering distinction: the warm reception which the Queen was accustomed to give men of talent and refinement was lavished on him as the most illustrious and amiable of their guests. He saw himself loaded by her and the abbess with care, attentions, and praises. This admiration, reproduced each day under various forms, and distilled, so to speak, into the ear of the poet by two women,— the one older than himself, the other younger,— detained him by ever new charms longer than he had expected. Weeks, months passed, and all delays were exhausted; and when the traveler spoke of setting forth again, Radegonda said to him: "Why should you go? Why not remain with us?" This wish, uttered by friendship, was to Fortunatus a decree of fate: he no longer thought of crossing the Alps, but settled at Poitiers, took orders there, and became a priest of the metropolitan church.

This change of profession facilitated his intercourse with his two friends, whom he called his mother and sister, and it became still more assiduous and intimate than before. Apart from the ordinary necessity of women being governed by a man, there were imperious reasons in the case of the foundress and the abbess of the convent of Poitiers, which demanded a union of attention and firmness only to be met with in a man. The monastery had considerable property, which it was not only necessary to manage, but also to guard with daily vigilance against impositions and robberies. This security was only to be obtained by means of royal diplomas, threats of excommunication from the bishops, and perpetual negotiations with dukes, counts, and judges, who were little anxious to act from duty, but who did a great deal from interest or private friendship. A task like this demanded both address and activity, frequent journeys, visits to

the courts of kings, the talent of pleasing powerful men, and of treating with all sorts of people. Fortunatus employed in it all his knowledge of the world and the resources of his mind, with as much success as zeal; he became the counselor, confidential agent, ambassador, steward, and secretary of the Queen and the abbess. His influence, absolute in external matters, was hardly less so on the internal order and arrangements of the house: he was the arbitrator of little quarrels, the moderator of rival passions and feminine spite. All mitigations of the rules, all favors, holidays, and extra repasts, were obtained through his intervention and at his request. He even had, to a certain extent, the direction of consciences; and his advice, sometimes given in verse, always inclined to the least rigid side. Moreover, Fortunatus combined great suppleness of mind with considerable freedom of manners. A Christian chiefly through his imagination, as has been frequently said of the Italians, his orthodoxy was irreproachable; but in his practice of life he was effeminate and sensual. He abandoned himself without restraint to the pleasures of the table; and not only was he always found a jovial guest, a great drinker, and an inspired singer at the banquets given by his rich patrons, both Romans and barbarians, but in imitation of the customs of imperial Rome he sometimes dined alone on several courses. Clever as all women are at retaining and attaching to themselves a friend by the weak points of his character, Radegonda and Agnes rivaled each other in encouraging this gross propensity, in the same way that they flattered in him a less ignoble defect,—that of literary vanity. They sent daily to Fortunatus's dwelling the best part of the meals of the house; and not content with this, they had dishes which were forbidden them by the rules, dressed for him with all possible care. These were meats of all kinds, seasoned in a thousand different ways, and vegetables dressed with gravy or honey, and served up in dishes of silver, jasper, and crystal. At other times he was invited to take his repast at the convent; and then not only was the entertainment of the most delicate kind, but the ornaments of the dining-room were of a refined coquetry. Wreaths of odoriferous flowers adorned the walls, and rose-leaves covered the table instead of a table-cloth. Wine flowed into beautiful goblets for the guests to whom it was interdicted by no vow; there was almost a reflex of the suppers of Horace or Tibullus in the elegance of this repast, offered to a Christian poet by two recluses dead to the world. The three actors of

this singular drama addressed each other by tender names, the meaning of which a heathen would certainly have misunderstood. The names of mother and sister from the lips of the Italian were accompanied by such epithets as these: «my life,» «my light,» «delight of my soul»; and all this was only, in truth, an exalted but chaste friendship, a sort of intellectual love. With regard to the abbess, who was little more than thirty when this liaison began, this intimacy appeared suspicious, and became the subject of scandalous insinuations. The reputation of the priest Fortunatus suffered from them, and he was obliged to defend himself, and to protest that he only felt for Agnes, like a brother, a purely spiritual love, a celestial affection. He did it with dignity, in some verses in which he takes Christ and the Virgin as witnesses of the innocence of his heart.

This man of frivolous and gay disposition, whose maxim was to enjoy the present, and always to look on the bright side of life, was, in his conversations with the daughter of the King of Thuringia, the confidant of deep suffering, of melancholy reminiscences, of which he felt himself incapable. Radegonda had attained the age when the hair begins to whiten, without having forgotten any of the impressions of her early childhood; and at fifty, the memory of the days spent in her own country amidst her friends came to her as fresh and as painful as at the moment of her capture. She often said, «I am a poor captive woman:» she delighted in retracing, even in their smallest details, the scenes of desolation, of murder, and of violence, of which she had been a witness, and partly a victim. After so many years of exile, and notwithstanding a total change of tastes and habits, the remembrance of the parental fireside, and the old family affections, remained to her objects of worship and of love: it was the remnant, the only one she had retained, of the Germanic manners and character. The images of her dead and banished parents never ceased to be present to her, in spite of her new attachments, and the peace of mind she had acquired. There was even something vehement, an almost savage ardor, in her yearnings towards the last remnants of her race, towards the son of her uncle who had taken refuge at Constantinople, towards cousins born in exile and whom she only knew by name. This woman, who, in a strange land, had never been able to love anything which was both Christian and civilized, colored her patriotic regrets with a rude poetry, a reminiscence of national songs which she had formerly heard in the wooden palace of her

ancestors, or on the heaths of her country. The traces of them are still visibly, though certainly in a softened degree, to be met with here and there in some pieces of poetry, in which the Italian poet, speaking in the name of the queen of the barbarians, endeavors to render her melancholy confidences in the way that he received them from her: —

"I have seen women carried into slavery, with bound hands and flowing hair; one walked barefooted in the blood of her husband, the other passed over the corpse of her brother. Each one has had cause for tears; and I, I have wept for all. I have wept for my relations who have died, and I must weep for those who remain alive. When my tears cease to flow, when my sighs are hushed, my sorrow is not silent. When the wind murmurs, I listen if it brings me any news; but no shadow of my relations presents itself to me. A whole world divides me from what I love most. Where are they? I ask it of the wind that whistles; I ask it of the clouds that float by; I wish some bird would come and tell me of them. Ah! if I were not withheld by the sacred walls of this convent, they would see me arrive at the moment when they least expected me. I would set out in bad weather; I would sail joyfully through the tempest. The sailors might tremble, but I should have no fear. If the vessel split, I would fasten myself to a plank, and continue my voyage; and if I could seize no fragment, I would swim to them."

Such was the life which Fortunatus had led since the year 567: a life consisting of religion without moroseness, of affection without anxiety, of grave cares, of leisure filled with agreeable trifling. This last and curious example of an attempt at uniting Christian perfection with the social refinements of ancient civilization would have passed away without leaving any trace if the friend of Agnes and Radegonda had not himself, in his poetical works, noted even the smallest phases of the destiny which, with so perfect an instinct of happiness, he had chosen for himself. In them is found inscribed, almost day by day, the history of this society of three persons connected by a strong sympathy, — the love of everything elegant, and the want of lively and intellectual conversation. There are verses on all the little events of which this sweet and monotonous mode of existence was made up: on the pain of separation, the dullness of absence, and the delights of return; on little presents made and received, — on flowers, fruits, and all sorts of dainties, on willow-baskets which the poet amused himself in plaiting with his own hands as gifts for his two friends. There are some on the suppers of the three in

the convent, animated by "delicious chats"; and for the solitary repasts in which Fortunatus, whilst eating his utmost, regretted having only one pleasure at a time, and not having his eyes and ears charmed as well. Finally, there were some on the sad and happy days which every year brought round: such as the anniversary of Agnes's birth; and the first day of Lent, when Radegonda, in obedience to a vow, shut herself up in a cell to pass there the time of that long fast. "Where is my light hidden? Wherefore does she conceal herself from my eyes?" the poet then exclaimed, in a passionate accent which might have been thought profane; and when Easter-day and the end of this long absence arrived, he then, mingling the smiles of a madrigal with the grave reflections of the Christian faith, said to Radegonda: "Thou hast robbed me of my happiness: now it returns to me with thee; thou makest me doubly celebrate this solemn festival."

To the delights of a tranquillity unique in that century, the Italian emigrant added that of a glory which was no less so; and he was even able to deceive himself as to the duration of the expiring literature of which he was the last and most frivolous representative. The barbarians admired him, and did their best to delight in his witticisms; his slightest works, such as notes written whilst the bearer was waiting, simple distichs improvised at table, spread from hand to hand, were read, copied, and learned by heart; his religious poems and verses addressed to the kings were objects of public expectation. On his arrival in Gaul, he had celebrated the marriage of Sighebert and Brunehilda in the heathen style, and the conversion of the Arian Brunehilda to the Catholic faith in the Christian style. The warlike character of Sighebert, the conqueror of nations beyond the Rhine, was the first theme of his poetical flatteries; later, when settled at Poitiers in the kingdom of Haribert, he wrote the praise of a pacific king in honor of that unwarlike prince. Haribert died in the year 567, and the precarious situation of the town of Poitiers, alternately taken by the kings of Neustria and Austrasia, obliged the poet to observe a prudent silence for a long while; and his tongue became unloosed only on the day on which the city he inhabited appeared to him to have definitely fallen into the power of King Hilperik. He then composed for that king his first panegyric and elegiac verses: this was the piece mentioned above, and the sending of which to Braine gave rise to this long episode.

ADOLPHE THIERS

(1797–1877)

BY ADOLPHE COHN

THIERS (Louis Adolphe, usually mentioned simply as Adolphe Thiers),—born April 15th, 1797, died September 3d, 1877,—belongs to a class of writers which was comparatively large in France during the first half of the nineteenth century; who owed to literary success an entrance to political life, and distinguished themselves as public men no less than as men of letters. Of these no one reached such eminence as the little Marseilles laborer's son, who at the age of seventy-four was elected the first President of the French Republic.

ADOLPHE THIERS

The Thiers family, though one of the humblest of the large city of Marseilles, managed to give to its brightest child as good an education as was at the disposal of French children at the beginning of the century. Adolphe Thiers was given a government scholarship in the *lycée* or college of his native city; and after winning distinction in his classes, studied law in the neighboring city of Aix, which possessed one of the government law schools. There he met a young student one year his senior,—François Mignet; with whom, owing partly to the many tastes they had in common, he formed a friendship which was dissolved only by death more than sixty years later. Neither of these two law students cared much for the law, both of them longed for a literary career; and both of them therefore soon moved to Paris, the centre of the intellectual life of the nation. Thiers made his mark with incredible rapidity, and before long was a regular member of the staff of one of the most important liberal papers, the Constitutionnel; he even became a part owner of the paper, through the liberality of the German publisher, Cotta. There he wrote on all sorts of subjects, his best articles being on the annual exhibition of paintings known as the Salon.

A proposal that came from a sort of literary hack, Félix Bodin, made him determine to write a history of the French Revolution;

the first two volumes of which, bearing Bodin's name by the side of Thiers's, appeared in 1823. This was the beginning of the first exhaustive history of the French Revolution written by one who had not been an eye-witness of the event; and it presented therefore greater guarantees of impartiality than anything before published on the same subject. The young writer moreover possessed to a very high degree the gift of telling an interesting story, and of presenting in a clear and simple way that which seemed at first obscure and complicated. He could also work fast, so as not to allow the reader to lose his interest in the narrative. The last of the ten volumes of Thiers's 'History of the French Revolution' appeared in 1827, hardly four years after the first volumes had been issued.

The success of the work at once placed its author in the front rank of historical writers, at a time when France was extraordinarily rich in literary talent, and when the desire to know as accurately as possible the events of the revolutionary period was general in Europe. Thiers, who was destined to be a great parliamentarian, had also a special gift for financial explanation and military narrative; so that he possessed almost every one of the requisites for composing the history of a crisis which was financial in its causes and military in its development, no less than social and political in its nature.

It is to be noted as a curious coincidence that while Thiers was publishing this exhaustive work on the Revolution, his friend Mignet was writing another and shorter narrative of the same period. These two works were the first that manifested a reaction against the anti-revolutionary sentiments which had been dominant in France, at least in appearance, since the restoration of the Bourbons. Liberal opinion was gathering strength and boldness. The accession to the throne of Charles X., the last of the surviving brothers of Louis XVI., made every one feel that a great effort would be made by the court to place the ultra-royalist and Catholic party in full control of affairs. Thiers's 'History of the French Revolution' called attention to the means by which in the past the people had triumphed over an anti-patriotic cabal, and powerfully served the Liberal party in its preparations for what may be termed aggressive resistance.

On January 1st, 1830, when the fight was at its hottest, Thiers for the first time assumed a prominent rank among the combatants. In connection with his friends François Mignet and Armand Carrel he established a daily political paper, Le National, which was at once recognized as the boldest of the opposition newspapers. The leader in which the policy of the paper was explained stated that, determined to possess political liberty, France was willing to find a model for her institutions across the Channel; but that should she fail in the attempt, she would not hesitate to look for another model across the Atlantic. The article had been written by Adolphe Thiers,

who was destined to be before long a minister of a constitutional sovereign, and more than forty years later the President of a democratic republic.

In the months that followed, many of the most striking political articles of the National were printed over the initials A. T.; and when on July 25th, 1830, Charles X. determined, by his famous Ordonnances, to challenge the Chamber of Deputies and the Liberal press to a mortal combat, it was Adolphe Thiers that wrote the strong-worded protest by which the Parisian journalists proclaimed their refusal to obey the illegal dictates of the infatuated monarch.

The success of the revolution of 1830 made Thiers one of the most influential men in the kingdom. His literary productions at that time comprised, in addition to his 'History of the French Revolution' and to his articles in the Constitutionnel and in the National, a volume on 'Law and his System of Finance' (1826), reprinted in 1858 under a new title, 'History of Law'; and an 'Essay on Vauvenargues,' quite an early production, written by him while still in Aix, and rewarded by a prize of the Aix Academy of Letters and Sciences under rather curious circumstances. That Academy had offered a Eulogy of Vauvenargues as a subject for a competitive essay. Young Thiers, in his eagerness to secure the prize, sent in two essays composed on two different plans,—so that the judges could not, until the name of the author was disclosed, imagine that they came from only one source; and he secured both first and second prize, over all his competitors.

For nearly fifteen years after the accession of Louis Philippe there was an interruption in his labors as a man of letters. He then played an important political part, being several times a cabinet minister and twice prime minister; the last time from March to November 1840, when he strongly supported against all Europe the celebrated ruler of Egypt, Mehemet-Ali. His rival at that time was another celebrated man of letters,—the historian Guizot, who succeeded him as prime minister. Both were considered the most brilliant political orators France possessed at that time, with Berryer and Lamartine. In 1834 Thiers was elected a member of the French Academy. His speech on being received in that illustrious body is one of his most successful efforts.

The opinions he represented in Parliament during the reign of Louis Philippe were those of a moderate Liberal, and especially of one who placed the authority of Parliament far above the King. That much he set forth in the famous formula: «The King reigns and does not govern.» Soon after his retirement from power, in 1840, he realized that both King and Parliament were, and were likely to remain for a long time, hostile to his ideas, and that his chances of regaining power were very slight indeed. He therefore again turned

to literature, to historical writing. In his 'History of the French Revolution' he had conducted his narrative to the Eighteenth Brumaire of the eighth year of the French Republic (November 9th, 1799), —the date of the military revolution by which General Napoleon Bonaparte was made supreme in the State. He determined now to write the history of Napoleon himself from his accession to power to his death. The times were ripe for such an undertaking: the admiration for Napoleon was one of the strongest feelings of the generation to which Thiers belonged. When last prime minister, he had prevailed upon England to give up the remains of the great captain, and to allow them to be transported to France. Paris had known in the succeeding quarter of a century no such enthusiasm as was manifested on December 15th, 1840; when, in the midst of the most impressive military pomp, Napoleon's coffin was laid at rest in the crypt of the Hôtel des Invalides. Thiers devoted no less than twenty years of his life to the composition of his 'History of the Consulate and the Empire'; the first five volumes of which were published in 1845, and the twentieth and last in 1862.

During that period France passed through strange vicissitudes. The throne of Louis Philippe was in February 1848 swept away by a revolution, which the King at the last moment vainly tried to stave off by calling Thiers to power. A republic was established, which soon intrusted its destiny to a nephew of Napoleon. Thiers, after supporting the candidacy of Louis Napoleon to the presidency of the republic, soon discovered his mistake, and became a determined opponent of the "Prince-President"; and so, when Louis Napoleon broke his oath of office and destroyed the republic, Thiers was not surprised at being informed that he was banished from France. He was, however, soon allowed to return and to peacefully complete his great historical undertaking. In the mean time he had written a short but important work on 'Property,' destined to check the growth of socialistic feeling.

The 'History of Napoleon' is Thiers's greatest claim to distinction as a literary man. It possesses in a high degree the merits of clearness and order; it never fails to be interesting. It may be lacking in moral power: Napoleon is too uniformly praised and admired, his opponents are too uniformly found fault with. But the author's enthusiasm for his hero is felt to be genuine; and Thiers, moreover, does not seem to speak simply in his own name, but in the name of the millions for whom Napoleon was the image of everything that was great and striking. Whether this fulsome approval of Napoleon's doings very well agreed with the liberal doctrines he defended in the political arena, does not seem to have troubled Thiers very much; and as soon as he had completed his history he re-entered public

life, and almost suddenly passed from praising the uncle to bitterly assailing the nephew.

In 1863 Thiers offered himself as an opposition candidate to the voters of one of the Paris constituencies; and after being elected a member of the Chamber of Deputies, opened against the imperial government a campaign of opposition, which became every day more intense until his predictions were verified, and the imperial throne lay shattered on the battle-field.

Thiers's political speeches between 1863 and 1870 developed with a marvelous variety of arguments the theme that the government of Napoleon III. betrayed the French people, both in denying them political liberty and in allowing French influence to become every day smaller in foreign affairs. Especially did he criticize the expedition by which the French government tried to establish an empire in Mexico, and the policy of Napoleon III. in allowing Prussia to grow at the expense of Austria. His denunciation of that policy in 1866 was nothing short of prophetic.

He was of course re-elected to the Chamber in 1869; and a year later, the policy which he opposed culminated in the fóolhardy declaration of war against Prussia and the disasters that followed. This declaration of war Thiers did his utmost to prevent; he addressed the house in an impassioned speech, which the supporters of the government constantly cut with insulting interruptions, without however succeeding in stifling his voice.

Thiers was now seventy-three years old, and new paths of usefulness opened before him in which he was to win more renown than he had in all his past career. On September 4th, 1870, after the reception of the news of the surrender of the imperial army at Sedan, the imperial government collapsed at Paris; a republic was proclaimed; and a new government was formed, consisting of the representatives of the various Parisian constituencies in the Chamber of Deputies. Thiers however declined to be a member of that government; but at its request undertook to visit all the capitals of Europe, and try to get some help for invaded France.

He failed in his mission,—in which, indeed, failure was simply unavoidable; and when a few months later France had to sue for peace, and to elect a National Assembly which alone had the power of accepting or rejecting the terms of the victorious Germans, the country only remembered Thiers's heroic opposition to the declaration of the war, and manifested its confidence in him by an election to the Assembly from no less than twenty-six constituencies.

It was a foregone conclusion that he would be called upon by the Assembly to form a new government. On February 17th, at Bordeaux,—where the Assembly met because it was one of the spots

still unoccupied by the German armies,—he was elected chief of the executive power of the French Republic, and President of the Council of Ministers; a title which was a few months later changed to President of the French Republic. His first duty was the saddest that could befall such a patriotic Frenchman as he was: he had to meet Prince Bismarck, and hear from him the terms upon which Germany was willing to grant peace to France. This duty he fulfilled with dignity, courage, and skill; and he was fortunate enough to save for France the Alsatian fortress of Belfort, without the possession of which the French frontier would have remained entirely open to any later German invasion.

None the less hard was it for him to convince the Assembly that, hard as they were, the terms imposed by Germany had to be accepted, so that patriotic citizens might afterwards address themselves to the task of reorganizing the impoverished country.

The task he then had to face was nothing short of appalling. Administration, army, finances — everything was in a state of complete collapse; and yet the country had to pay to Germany the unheard-of war indemnity of one thousand million dollars, before the territory of France was to be free from the presence of German armies! In addition to that, political passions were at fever heat. A majority of the members elected to the National Assembly were men of royalist proclivities, who wished to have the republic abolished, and either the Bourbon or the Orleans pretender called to the throne. On the other hand, Paris and all the large cities were enthusiastically republican, and made no secret of their determination to resist by force any attempt to re-establish a monarch in France.

To reconcile these conflicting claims, to the extent of having the settlement of purely political questions postponed to a time when the country had been enabled to resume the normal tenor of its life, was the task to which Thiers then devoted himself, and in the performance of which he could make use of hardly any weapon save his oratorical power. Being a member of the Assembly, he was allowed to address it; and those of his speeches which belong to that period of his life are among the most remarkable that have been delivered before any parliament.

His success was not always complete. For instance, he wished the Assembly to leave Bordeaux and come to Paris, as soon as the German forces had left the Paris forts. All he could achieve was to determine the Assembly, which disliked the intense republicanism of the capital, to move to Versailles. This slight, which the Parisians felt to be undeserved after the heroic resistance they had opposed to the Germans in a five-months' siege, was one of the causes of the terrible insurrection which broke out on March 18th, 1871.

It was while engaged in the sad task of repressing that insurrection that President Thiers, for the first time, openly stated his determination to keep away from any plans having for their object the destruction of the republic. Almost up to that time he had been known to be an advocate of constitutional monarchy. But the strength of republican sentiment in France, and the hopeless divisions of the royalists and imperialists, now convinced him that a restoration of monarchy in France would be, as he soon after stated, "the worst of revolutions."

No wonder that the friends of the pretenders, who controlled a majority of the Assembly, at once determined to treat him as an enemy, and that therefore the career of his government was not an easy one. Every day assailed by his critics, M. Theirs was constantly compelled to take part himself in the debates of the Assembly, where his personal ascendency often enabled him to secure a majority against all apparent odds. The task, moreover, that had to be performed by the government, was one which hardly made it possible to M. Thiers's opponents to dispense with his services, even after the defeat of the Paris insurrection had re-established everywhere the sovereignty of the National Government. The German troops still occupied a considerable part of the French territory; the enormous war indemnity due to Germany had not been paid; the army had not been organized; and finally, France needed to be trusted by the other nations, and possessed then no other statesman who commanded the respect of all the European governments in anything like the same degree as M. Thiers. In addition thereto the country, which had elected a good many royalists in February 1871 simply because they more energetically than others pronounced in favor of a cessation of the war, now every day showed by its votes in by-elections, which were numerous, its growing affection for republican institutions, and made the anti-republican members of the Assembly somewhat timid in furthering plans clearly condemned by a majority of the electorate. They therefore directed their efforts to a somewhat different object. M. Thiers's main weapon was his persuasive oratory; and the speeches that he delivered during that period of his political life are among his most interesting productions, even from a purely literary standpoint. They are wonders of simplicity, of clearness, at times of good-naturedness; but also, when needed, of dogged tenacity. If the deliberations of the Assembly could be so conducted that M. Thiers should be kept out of them, his opponents would have gained a great point. And this they achieved in a great measure. They managed to have a law framed which decided that, as M. Thiers was not simply a member of the Assembly but also President of the Republic, he would be allowed to address the Assembly only in special sessions, held solely for that purpose, at his own request.

Finally the work which M. Thiers had assigned to himself was done. The enormous war indemnity was paid, thanks to the wonderful success of two five per cent. loans issued by the government. A convention was signed with Germany by virtue of which the French territory was to be freed of German troops some time in 1873, considerably before the moment at which this consummation had originally been expected. The law reorganizing the army was passed in 1872. What remained to be done now was to give France a constitution; and President Thiers, in a special message, boldly asked that that constitution should be republican.

This was too much for the anti-republicans of the Assembly. They determined that M. Thiers must be compelled to resign his office. On May 24th, 1873, a memorable session took place, in which the President most impressively explained the reasons that had led him to consider it impossible and undesirable to re-establish a monarchy in France. He had never been so eloquent, so persuasive, so energetic. All was of no avail. Everything had been settled in advance. An adverse vote was carried by a majority of fourteen in a house of more than seven hundred; and in the evening he resigned his office, and Marshal MacMahon was elected by his opponents as his successor.

The last four years of his life Thiers spent in comparative retirement. He remained in public life in so far as he was all the time a member of the representative assemblies; but he very seldom took part in discussions. His advice, however, was constantly sought by the leaders of the republican party, with whom he came to be almost exclusively surrounded. Once he seemed almost on the eve of returning to power. On May 16th, 1877, President MacMahon had, by means that were constitutionally questionable, got rid of a republican cabinet which possessed an undoubted majority in Parliament. The royalists were still smarting under the bitterness of their disappointment in being unable to destroy the republic, even after the resignation of President Thiers; and they were determined to give another and desperate battle to their opponents. A monarchical ministry was formed; office-holders of monarchical tendencies were everywhere substituted for the republican incumbents; and a general election was called, in which it was hoped by the royalists that an unscrupulous use of the governmental machinery might compel the country to return to the house an anti-republican majority. The republicans were led in the fight by Thiers, Gambetta, and Grévy; and their plan was, after winning at the polls a victory which seemed to them absolutely certain to come, to compel Marshal MacMahon to resign the Presidency, and to reinstate M. Thiers in that office. The success of the plan was prevented by the death of Thiers himself, who was then in his eighty-first year. It occurred in Saint-Germain, near Paris, on September 3d, 1877.

The great statesman's funeral was an imposing popular and republican demonstration. He helped the cause he had come to love so much, in death as he had done in life. Among his papers was found an important document, the last thing of any public interest that was written by him. It was a kind of political testament, the publication of which was intrusted to three of his best and oldest friends: Mignet, who although slightly his senior survived him a few years, Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire, and Jules Simon. In it the illustrious ex-President gave to the French people the advice which seemed to him most timely in the crisis through which the country was then passing; and he thus very substantially contributed to the final victory of the republic in France.

All the political life here sketched is reflected in the remarkable collection of his speeches which has been published since his death, and the editor of which was one of his stanchest political and private friends, M. Calmon.

The type of men to whom Thiers belonged seems to be passing away. Literature and politics seem to get more widely apart from each other than before. No more Guizots and Thierses in France, no more Broughams and Macaulays in England, no more Daniel Websters in the United States: the more reason for paying close attention to the best specimens of a class of public men who thought that he understood his country best who understood its language best.

WHY THE REVOLUTION CAME

From the 'History of the French Revolution'

EVERYBODY is acquainted with the revolutions of the French monarchy. It is well known that the Greeks, and afterwards the Romans, introduced their arms and their civilization among the half-savage Gauls; that subsequently the barbarians established their military hierarchy among them; that this hierarchy, transferred from persons to lands, struck root, as it were, and grew up into the feudal system. Authority was divided between the feudal chief called king and the secondary chiefs called vassals, who in their turn were kings over their own dependents. In our times, when the necessity for preferring mutual accusations has caused search to be made for reciprocal faults, abundant pains have been taken to teach us that the supreme authority was first disputed by the vassals, which is

always done by those who are nearest to it; that this authority was afterwards divided among them, which constituted feudal anarchy; and that at length it reverted to the throne, where it concentrated itself into despotism, under Louis XI., Richelieu, and Louis XIV.

The French population had progressively enfranchised itself by industry, the primary source of wealth and liberty. Though originally agricultural, it soon devoted its attention to commerce and manufactures, and acquired an importance that affected the entire nation. Introduced as a supplicant to the States-General, it appeared there in no other posture than on its knees, in order to be grievously abused. In process of time even Louis XIV. declared that he would have no more of these cringing assemblies; and this he declared, booted and whip in hand, to the parliament. Thenceforth were seen at the head of the State a king clothed with a power ill defined in theory, but absolute in practice; grandees who had relinquished their feudal dignity for the favor of the monarch, and who disputed by intrigue what was granted to them out of the substance of the people; beneath them an immense population, having no other relation to the court and the aristocracy than habitual submission and the payment of taxes. Between the court and the people were parliaments invested with the power of administering justice and registering the royal decrees. Authority is always disputed. If not in the legitimate assemblies of the nation, it is contested in the very palace of the prince. It is well known that the parliaments, by refusing to register the royal edicts, rendered them ineffective; this terminated in "a bed of justice" and a concession when the king was weak, but in entire submission when the king was powerful. Louis XIV. had no need to make concessions, for in his reign no parliament durst remonstrate; he drew the nation along in his train, and it glorified him with the prodigies which itself achieved in war and in the arts and sciences. The subjects and the monarch were unanimous, and their actions tended towards one and the same point. But no sooner had Louis XIV. expired than the Regent afforded the parliaments occasion to revenge themselves for their long nullity. The will of the monarch, so profoundly respected in his lifetime, was violated after his death, and his last testament was canceled. Authority was then thrown into litigation, and a long struggle commenced between the parliaments, the clergy, and the court,

in sight of a nation worn out with long wars, and exhausted by supplying the extravagance of its rulers, who gave themselves up alternately to a fondness for pleasure and for arms. Till then it had displayed no skill but for the service and the gratification of the monarch: it now began to apply its intelligence to its own benefit and the examination of its interests.

The human mind is incessantly passing from one object to another. From the theatre and the pulpit, French genius turned to the moral and political sciences: all then became changed. Figure to yourself, during a whole century, the usurpers of all the national rights quarreling about a worn-out authority; the parliaments persecuting the clergy, the clergy persecuting the parliaments; the latter disputing the authority of the court; the court, careless and calm amid this struggle, squandering the substance of the people in the most profligate debauchery: the nation, enriched and roused, watching these disputes, arming itself with the allegations of one party against the other, deprived of all political action, dogmatizing boldly and ignorantly because it was confined to theories; aspiring above all to recover its rank in Europe, and offering in vain its treasure and its blood to regain a place which it had lost through the weakness of its rulers. Such was the eighteenth century.

The scandal had been carried to its height when Louis XVI. — an equitable prince, moderate in his propensities, carelessly educated, but naturally of a good disposition — ascended the throne at a very early age. He called to his side an old courtier, and consigned to him the care of his kingdom; and divided his confidence between Maurepas and the Queen, — an Austrian princess, young, lively, and amiable, who possessed a complete ascendency over him. Maurepas and the Queen were not good friends. The King, sometimes giving way to his minister, at others to his consort, began at an early period his long career of vacillations. Aware of the state of his kingdom, he believed the reports of the philosophers on that subject; but brought up in the most Christian sentiments, he felt the utmost aversion for them. The public voice, which was loudly expressed, called for Turgot, one of the class of economists: an honest, virtuous man, endowed with firmness of character; a slow genius, but obstinate and profound. Convinced of his probity, delighted with his plans of reform, Louis XVI. frequently repeated, "There are none besides myself and Turgot who are friends of the people." Turgot's reforms were

thwarted by the opposition of the highest orders in the State, who were interested in maintaining all kinds of abuses, which the austere minister proposed to suppress. Louis XVI. dismissed him with regret. During his whole life, which was only a long martyrdom, he had the mortification to discern what was right, to wish it sincerely, but to lack the energy requisite for carrying it into execution.

The King, placed between the court, the parliaments, and the people, exposed to intrigues and to suggestions of all sorts, repeatedly changed his ministers. Yielding once more to the public voice, and to the necessity for reform, he summoned to the finance department Necker, a native of Geneva, who had amassed wealth as a banker: a partisan and disciple of Colbert, as Turgot was of Sully; an economical and upright financier, but a vain man, fond of setting himself up for arbitrator in everything,—philosophy, religion, liberty; and, misled by the praises of his friends and the public, flattering himself that he could guide and fix the minds of others at that point at which his own had stopped.

Necker re-established order in the finances, and found means to defray the heavy expenses of the American war. With a mind more comprehensive but less flexible than that of Turgot, possessing more particularly the confidence of capitalists, he found for the moment unexpected resources, and revived public credit. But it required something more than financial artifices to put an end to the embarrassments of the exchequer, and he had recourse to reform. He found the higher orders not less adverse to him than they had been to Turgot; the parliaments, apprised of his plans, combined against him, and obliged him to retire.

The conviction of the existence of abuses was universal; everybody admitted it; the King knew and deeply grieved at it. The courtiers, who derived advantage from these abuses, would have been glad to see an end put to the embarrassments of the exchequer, provided it did not cost them a single sacrifice. They descanted at court on the state of affairs, and there retailed philosophical maxims; they deplored, whilst hunting, the oppressions inflicted upon the farmer; nay, they were even seen to applaud the enfranchisement of the Americans, and to receive with honor the young Frenchmen who returned from the New World. The parliaments also talked of the interests of the people, loudly insisted on the sufferings of the poor, and yet opposed

the equalization of the taxes, as well as the abolition of the remains of feudal barbarism. All talked of the public weal, few desired it; and the people, not yet knowing who were its true friends, applauded all those who resisted power, its most obvious enemy.

By the removal of Turgot and Necker, the state of affairs was not changed; the distress of the treasury still remained the same. Those in power would have been willing to dispense, for a long time to come, with the intervention of the nation; but it was absolutely necessary to subsist — it was absolutely necessary to supply the profusion of the court. The difficulty, removed for a moment by the dismissal of a minister, by a loan, by the forced imposition of a tax, appeared again in an aggravated form, like every evil injudiciously neglected. The court hesitated, just as a man does who is compelled to take a dreaded but an indispensable step. An intrigue brought forward M. de Calonne, who was not in good odor with the public, because he had contributed to the persecution of La Chalotais. Calonne, clever, brilliant, fertile in resources, relied upon his genius, upon fortune, and upon men, and awaited the future with the most extraordinary apathy. It was his opinion that one ought not to be alarmed beforehand, or to discover an evil till the day before that on which one intends to set about repairing it. He seduced the court by his manners, touched it by his eagerness to grant all that it required, afforded the King and everybody else some happier moments, and dispelled the most gloomy presages by a gleam of prosperity and blind confidence.

That future which had been counted upon now approached: it became necessary at length to adopt decisive measures. It was impossible to burden the people with fresh imposts, and yet the coffers were empty. There was but one remedy which could be applied,— that was to reduce the expenses by the suppression of grants; and if this expedient should not suffice, to extend the taxes to a greater number of contributors,— that is, to the nobility and clergy. These plans, attempted successively by Turgot and Necker and resumed by Calonne, appeared to the latter not at all likely to succeed, unless the consent of the privileged classes themselves could be obtained. Calonne, therefore, proposed to collect them together in an assembly, to be called the Assembly of the Notables, in order to lay his plans before them, and to gain their consent either by address or by conviction.

Translation of Frederic Shoberl.

THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR IN WESTERN FRANCE

From the 'History of the French Revolution'

ANOTHER much more general revolt had broken out in the Marais and the department of La Vendée. At Machecoul and Challans, the recruiting was the occasion of a universal insurrection. A hair-dresser named Gaston killed an officer, took his uniform, put himself at the head of the troop, took Challans, and then Machecoul,—where his men burned all the papers of the administrations, and committed murders of which Bocage had furnished no example. Three hundred republicans were shot by parties of twenty or thirty. The insurgents first made them confess, and then took them to the edge of a ditch, beside which they shot them, to spare themselves the trouble of burying the bodies. Nantes instantly sent several hundred men to St. Philibert; but learning that there was a disturbance at Savenay, it recalled those troops, and the insurgents of Machecoul remained masters of the conquered country.

In the department of La Vendée,—that is, to the south of the theatre of this war,—the insurrection assumed still more consistence.

The national guards of Fontenay, having set out on their march for Chantonnay, were repulsed and beaten. Chantonnay was plundered. General Verteuil, who commanded the eleventh military division, on receiving intelligence of this defeat dispatched General Marcé with twelve hundred men, partly troops of the line and partly national guards. The rebels, who were met at St. Vincent, were repulsed. General Marcé had time to add twelve hundred more men and nine pieces of cannon to his little army. In marching upon St. Fulgent he again fell in with the Vendeans in a valley, and stopped to restore a bridge which they had destroyed. About four in the afternoon of the 18th of March, the Vendeans, taking the initiative, advanced and attacked him. Availing themselves as usual of the advantages of the ground, they began to fire with their wonted superiority; and by degrees surrounded the republican army, astonished at this destructive fire, and utterly unable to reach an enemy concealed and dispersed in all the hollows of the ground. At length they rushed on to the assault, threw their adversaries into disorder, and made themselves masters of the artillery, the ammunition, and the arms, which the soldiers threw away that they might be the lighter in their flight.

These more important successes in the department of La Vendée, properly so called, procured for the insurgents the name of Vendeans; which they afterwards retained, though the war was far more active out of La Vendée. The pillage committed by them in the Marais caused them to be called *brigands*, though the greater number did not deserve that appellation. The insurrection extended into the Marais, from the environs of Nantes to Les Sables; and into Anjou and Poitou, as far as the environs of Vihiers and Parthenay. The cause of the success of the Vendeans was in the configuration of the country; in their skill and courage to profit by it; and finally in the inexperience and imprudent ardor of the republican troops, which, levied in haste, were in too great a hurry to attack them, and thus gave them victories and all their results,— military stores, confidence, and courage.

Easter recalled all the insurgents to their homes, from which they never would stay away long. To them a war was a sort of sporting excursion of several days; they carried with them a sufficient quantity of bread for the time, and then returned to inflame their neighbors by the accounts which they gave. Places of meeting were appointed for the month of April. The insurrection was then general, and extended over the whole surface of the country.

THE HEIGHT OF THE "TERROR"

From the 'History of the French Revolution'

NEVER had the terror been greater, not only in the Convention, but in the prisons and throughout France.

The cruel agents of Robespierre, Fouquier-Tinville the accuser and Dumas the president, had taken up the law of the 22d of Prairial, and were preparing to avail themselves of it for the purpose of committing fresh atrocities in the prisons. "Very soon," said Fouquier, "there shall be put up on their doors bills of 'This house to let.'" The plan was to get rid of the greater part of the suspected persons. People had accustomed themselves to consider these latter as irreconcilable enemies, whom it was necessary to destroy for the welfare of the republic. To sacrifice thousands of individuals, whose only fault was to think in a certain manner,— nay, whose opinions were often precisely the

same as those of their persecutors,— to sacrifice them seemed a perfectly natural thing, from the habit which people had acquired of destroying one another. The facility with which they put others to death, or encountered death themselves, had become extraordinary. In the field of battle, on the scaffold, thousands perished daily, and nobody was any longer shocked at it. The first murders committed in 1793 proceeded from a real irritation caused by danger. Such perils had now ceased; the republic was victorious: people now slaughtered not from indignation, but from the atrocious habit which they had contracted. That formidable machine which they had been obliged to construct in order to withstand enemies of all kinds, began to be no longer necessary; but once set going, they knew not how to stop it. Every government must have its climax, and does not perish till it has attained that climax. The Revolutionary government was not destined to end on the same day that all the enemies of the republic should be sufficiently terrified: it was destined to go beyond that point, and to exercise itself till it had become generally disgusting by its very atrocity. Such is the invariable course of human affairs. Why had atrocious circumstances compelled the creation of a government of blood, which was to reign and vanquish solely by inflicting death?

A still more frightful circumstance is, that when the signal is given, when the idea is established that lives must be sacrificed, all dispose themselves for this horrid purpose with an extraordinary facility. Every one acts without remorse, without repugnance. People accustom themselves to this, like the judge who condemns criminals to death, like the surgeon who sees beings writhing under his instrument, like the general who orders the sacrifice of twenty thousand soldiers. They frame a horrid language according to their new operations; they contrive even to render it gay; they invent striking words to express sanguinary ideas. Every one, stunned and hurried along, keeps pace with the mass; and men who were yesterday engaged in the peaceful occupations of the arts and commerce, are to-day seen applying themselves with the same facility to the work of death and destruction.

The Committee had given the signal by the law of the 22d. Dumas and Fouquier had but too well understood it. It was necessary, however, to find pretexts for immolating so many victims. What crime could be imputed to them, when most of them

were peaceful, unknown citizens, who had never given any sign of life to the State? It was conceived that being confined in the prisons, they would think how to get out of them; that their number was likely to inspire them with a feeling of their strength, and to suggest to them the idea of exerting it for their escape. The pretended conspiracy of Dillon was the germ of this idea, which was developed in an atrocious manner. Some wretches among the prisoners consented to act the infamous part of informers. They pointed out in the Luxembourg one hundred and sixty prisoners who, they said, had been concerned in Dillon's plot. Some of these list-makers were procured in all the other places of confinement; and they denounced in each, one or two hundred persons as accomplices in the "conspiracy of the prisons." An attempt at escape made at La Force served but to authorize this unworthy fable; and hundreds of unfortunate creatures began immediately to be sent to the Revolutionary tribunal. They were transferred from the various prisons to the Conciergerie, to be thence taken to the tribunal and to the scaffold. In the night between the 18th and 19th of Messidor (June 6th), the one hundred and sixty persons denounced at the Luxembourg were transferred. They trembled on hearing themselves called: they knew not what was laid to their charge, but they regarded it as most probable that death was reserved for them. The odious Fouquier, since he had been furnished with the law of the 22d, had made great changes in the hall of the tribunal. Instead of the seats for the advocates and the bench, which would hold eighteen or twenty persons and had been appropriated to the accused, an amphitheatre for the accused was constructed by his order, with a capacity of one hundred or one hundred and fifty at a time. This he called his "little seats." Carrying his atrocious activity still further, he had even caused a scaffold to be erected in the very hall of the tribunal; and he proposed to have the one hundred and sixty accused in the Luxembourg, tried at one and the same sitting.

The Committee of Public Welfare, when informed of the kind of mania which had seized its public accuser, sent for him, ordered him to remove the scaffold from the hall in which it was set up, and forbade him to bring sixty persons to trial at once. "What!" said Collot-d'Herbois in a transport of indignation: "wouldst thou then demoralize death itself?" It should however be remarked that Fouquier asserted the contrary, and maintained that it was

he who demanded the trial of the one hundred and sixty in three divisions. Everything proves, on the contrary, that it was the Committee which was less extravagant than their minister, and checked his mad proceedings. They were obliged to repeat the order to Fouquier-Tinville to remove the guillotine from the hall of the tribunal.

The one hundred and sixty were divided into three companies, tried and executed in three days. The proceedings were as expeditious and as frightful as those adopted in the Abbaye on the nights of the 2d and 3d of September. Carts ordered for every day were waiting from the morning in the court of the Palace of Justice, and the accused could see them as they went up-stairs to the tribunal. Dumas the president, holding sessions like a maniac, had a pair of pistols on the table before him. He merely asked the accused their names, and added some very general question. In the examination of the one hundred and sixty, the president said to one of them, Dorival, "Do you know anything of the conspiracy?" — "No." — "I expected that you would give that answer; but it shall not avail you. Another." He addressed a person named Champigny, "Are you not an ex-noble?" — "Yes." — "Another." To Gudreville, "Are you a priest?" — "Yes — but I have taken the oath." — "You have no right to speak. Another." To a man named Menil, "Were you not servant to the ex-constituent Menou?" — "Yes." — "Another." To Vely, "Were you not architect to Madame?" — "Yes; but I was dismissed in 1788." — "Another." To Gondrecourt, "Had you not your father-in-law at the Luxembourg?" — "Yes." — "Another." To Durfort, "Were you not in the life-guard?" — "Yes; but I was disbanded in 1789." — "Another."

Such was the summary mode of proceeding with these unfortunate persons. According to the law, the testimony of witnesses was to be dispensed with only when there existed material or moral proofs; nevertheless no witnesses were called, as it was alleged that proofs of this kind existed in every case. The jurors did not take the trouble to retire to the consultation room. They gave their opinions before the audience, and sentence was immediately pronounced. The accused had scarcely time to rise and to mention their names. One day there was a prisoner whose name was not upon the list of the accused, and who said to the Court, "I am not accused; my name in not on your list." "What signifies that?" said Fouquier, "give it quick!" He gave it, and

was sent to the scaffold like the others. The utmost negligence prevailed in this kind of barbarous administration. Sometimes, owing to the extreme precipitation, the acts of accusation were not delivered to the accused till they were before the tribunal. The most extraordinary blunders were committed. A worthy old man, Loizerolles, heard along with his own surname the Christian names of his son called over: he forebore to remonstrate, and was sent to the scaffold. Some time afterward the son was brought to trial; it was found that he ought not to be alive, since a person answering to all his names had been executed: it was his father. He was nevertheless put to death. More than once victims were called long after they had perished. There were hundreds of acts of accusation quite ready, to which there was nothing to add but the designation of the individuals.

The trials were conducted in like manner. The printing-office was contiguous to the hall of the tribunal: the forms were kept standing, the title, the motives, were ready composed; there was nothing but the names to be added. These were handed through a small loophole to the overseer. Thousands of copies were immediately printed, and plunged families into mourning and struck terror into the prisons. The hawkers came to sell the bulletin of the tribunal under the prisoners' windows, crying, "Here are the names of those who have gained prizes in the lottery of St. Guillotine." The accused were executed on the breaking-up of the court; or at latest on the morrow, if the day was too far advanced.

Ever since the passing of the law of the 22d of Prairial, victims perished at the rate of fifty or sixty a day. "That goes well," said Fouquier-Tinville: "heads fall like tiles." And he added, "It must go better still next decade: I must have four hundred and fifty at least." For this purpose there were given what were called orders to the wretches who undertook the office of spies upon the suspected. These wretches had become the terror of the prisons. Confined as suspected persons, it was not exactly known which of them it was who undertook to mark out victims; but it was inferred from their insolence, from the preference shown them by the jailers, from the orgies which they held in the lodges with the agents of the police. They frequently gave intimation of their importance, in order to traffic with it. They were caressed, implored, by the trembling prisoners; they even received sums of money not to put their names

upon their lists. These they made up at random: they said of one, that he had used aristocratic language; of another, that he had drunk on a certain day when a defeat of the armies was announced: and their mere designation was equivalent to a death-warrant. The names which they had furnished were inserted in so many acts of accusation; these acts were notified in the evening to the prisoners, and the latter were removed to the Conciergerie. This was called in the language of the jailers "the evening journal." When those unfortunate creatures heard the rolling of the tumbrils which came to fetch them, they were in an agony as cruel as that of death. They ran to the gates, clung to the bars to listen to the list, and trembled lest their name should be pronounced by the messenger. When they were named, they embraced their companions in misfortune, and took a last leave of them. Most painful separations were frequently witnessed,—a father parting from his children, a husband from his wife. Those who survived were as wretched as those who were conducted to the den of Fouquier-Tinville. They went back expecting soon to rejoin their relatives. When the fatal list was finished, the prisoners breathed more freely, but only till the following day. Their anguish was then renewed, and the rolling of the carts brought fresh terror along with it.

The public pity began to be expressed in a way that gave some uneasiness to the exterminators. The shopkeepers in the Rue St. Honoré, through which the carts passed every day, shut up their shops. To deprive the victims of these signs of mourning, the scaffold was removed to the Barrière du Trone; but not less pity was shown by the laboring people in this quarter than by the inhabitants of the best streets in Paris. The populace, in a moment of intoxication, may have no feeling for the victims whom it slaughters itself; but when it daily witnesses the death of fifty or sixty unfortunate persons against whom it is not excited by rage, it soon begins to be softened. This pity, however, was still silent and timid. All the distinguished persons confined in the prisons had fallen,—the unfortunate sister of Louis XVI. had been immolated in her turn; and Death was already descending from the upper to the lower classes of society. We find at this period on the list of the Revolutionary tribunal, tailors, shoemakers, hair-dressers, butchers, farmers, publicans, nay, even laboring men, condemned for sentiments and language held to be counter-revolutionary. To convey in brief an idea of the num-

ber of executions of this period, it will be sufficient to state that between the month of March 1793, when the tribunal commenced its operations, and June 1794 (22d Prairial, year II), 577 persons had been condemned; and that from the 10th of June (22d Prairial) to the 17th of July (9th Thermidor) it condemned 1,285: so that the total number of victims up to the 9th of Thermidor amounts to 1,862.

Translation of Frederic Shoberl.

THE POLICY OF NAPOLEON IN EGYPT

From the 'History of the French Revolution'

The Arabs were struck by the character of the young conqueror. They could not comprehend how it was that a mortal who wielded the thunderbolt should be so merciful. They called him the worthy son of the Prophet, the Favorite of the great Allah. They sang in the great mosque the following litany: —

"The great Allah is no longer wroth with us. He hath forgotten our faults: they have been sufficiently punished by the long oppression of the Mamelukes. Let us sing the mercies of the great Allah!

"Who is he that hath saved the Favorite of Victory from the dangers of the sea and the rage of his enemies? Who is he that hath led the brave men of the West safe and unharmed to the banks of the Nile?

"It is the great Allah, the great Allah, who hath ceased to be wroth with us. Let us sing the mercies of the great Allah!

"The Mameluke beys had put their trust in their horses; the Mameluke beys had drawn forth their infantry in battle array.

"But the Favorite of Victory, at the head of the brave men of the West, hath destroyed the footmen and the horsemen of the Mamelukes.

"As the vapors which rise in the morning from the Nile are scattered by the rays of the sun, so hath the army of the Mamelukes been scattered by the brave men of the West; because the great Allah is now wroth with the Mamelukes, because the brave men of the West are as the apple of the right eye of the great Allah."

Bonaparte, in order to make himself better acquainted with the manners of the Arabs, resolved to attend all their festivals. He was present at that of the Nile, which is one of the greatest

in Egypt. The river is the benefactor of the country. It is, in consequence, held in great veneration by the inhabitants, and is the object of a sort of worship. During the inundation, its water is introduced into Cairo by a great canal: a dike prevents it from entering the canal until it has attained a certain height; the dike is then cut, and the day fixed for this operation is a day of rejoicing. The height to which the river has risen is publicly proclaimed, and when there are hopes of a great inundation, general joy prevails, for it is an omen of abundance.

It is on the 18th of August (1st of Fructidor) that this festival is held. Bonaparte had ordered the whole army to be under arms, and had drawn it up on the banks of the canal. An immense concourse of people had assembled, and beheld with joy the "brave men of the West" attending their festival. Bonaparte, at the head of his staff, accompanied the principal authorities of the country. A sheik first proclaimed the height to which the Nile had risen. It was twenty-five feet, which occasioned great joy. Men then fell to work to cut the dike. The whole of the French artillery was fired at once, at the moment when the water of the river poured in. According to custom, a great number of boats hastened to the canal, in order to obtain the prize destined to that which should first enter. Bonaparte delivered the prize himself. A multitude of men and boys plunged into the waters of the Nile, from a notion that bathing in them at this moment is attended with beneficial effects. Women threw into them hair and pieces of stuff. Bonaparte then ordered the city to be illuminated, and the day concluded with entertainments.

The festival of the Prophet was celebrated with not less pomp. Bonaparte went to the great mosque; seated himself on cushions, cross-legged like the sheiks; and repeated with them the litanies of the Prophet, rocking the upper part of his body to and fro, and shaking his head. All the members of the holy college were edified by his piety. He then attended the dinner given by the Grand Sheik elected in the course of the day.

It was by such means that the young general, as profound a politician as he was a great captain, contrived to ingratiate himself with the people. While he flattered their prejudices for the moment, he labored to diffuse among them some day the light of science, by the creation of the celebrated Institute of Egypt. He collected the men of science and the artists whom he had brought

with him; and associating with them some of the best educated of his officers, established that institute, to which he appropriated revenues and one of the most spacious palaces in Cairo. Some were to occupy themselves in preparing an accurate description and a map of the country, comprehending the most minute details; others were to explore its ruins, and to furnish history with new lights; others, again, were to study the productions, to make observations useful to natural philosophy, natural history, and astronomy; while others were to employ themselves in inquiries concerning the ameliorations that might be made in the condition of the inhabitants,—by machines, canals, works upon the Nile, and processes adapted to a soil so singular and so different from that of Europe. If Fortune did subsequently wrest from us that beautiful country, at any rate she could not deprive us of the conquests which science was about to make in it. A monument was preparing which was destined to reflect not less honor on the genius and the perseverance of our men of science, than the expedition on the heroism of our soldiers.

Monge was the first who obtained the presidency. Bonaparte was only the second. He proposed the following subjects: To inquire the best construction of wind and water mills; to find a substitute for the hop (which does not grow in Egypt) for the making of beer; to determine the sites adapted to the cultivation of the vine; to seek the best means of procuring water for the citadel of Cairo; to dig wells in different spots in the desert; to inquire the means of clarifying and cooling the water of the Nile; to devise some useful application of the rubbish with which the city of Cairo—and indeed all the ancient towns of Egypt—was incumbered; and to find out materials requisite for the manufacture of gunpowder in Egypt. From these questions, the reader may judge of the bent of the general's mind. The engineers, the draughtsmen, and the men of science, immediately dispersed themselves throughout all the provinces, to commence the description and the map of the country. Such were the first proceedings of this infant colony, and the manner in which its founder directed the operations.

Translation of Frederic Shoberl.

NAPOLEON'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY AFTER THE DISASTER OF ABOUKIR

On the festival of the foundation of the republic, celebrated on the 1st of Vendémiaire, he strove to give a new stimulus to their imagination: he had engraven on Pompey's Pillar the names of the first forty soldiers slain in Egypt. They were the forty who had fallen in the attack on Alexandria. These forty names of men sprung from the villages of France were thus associated with the immortality of Pompey and Alexander. He issued this grand and extraordinary address to his army, in which was recorded his own wonderful history:—

"*Soldiers:*

"We celebrate the first day of the year VII. of the republic.

"Five years ago the independence of the French people was threatened: but you took Toulon; this was an omen of the destruction of your enemies.

"A year afterwards you beat the Austrians at Dego.

"The following year you were on the summits of the Alps.

"Two years ago you were engaged against Mantua, and you gained the famous victory of St. George.

"Last year you were at the sources of the Drave and the Isonzo, on your return from Germany.

"Who would then have said that you would be to-day on the banks of the Nile, in the centre of the Old World?

"From the Englishman, celebrated in the arts and commerce, to the hideous and ferocious Bedouin, all nations have their eyes fixed upon you.

"Soldiers, yours is a glorious destiny, because you are worthy of what you have done and of the opinion that is entertained of you. You will die with honor, like the brave men whose names are inscribed on this pyramid, or you will return to your country covered with laurels and with the admiration of all nations.

"During the five months that we have been far away from Europe, we have been the object of the perpetual solicitude of our countrymen. On this day, forty millions of citizens are celebrating the era of representative governments; forty millions of citizens are thinking of you. All of them are saying, 'To their labors, to their blood, we are indebted for the general peace, for repose, for the prosperity of commerce, and for the blessings of civil liberty.'"

EDITH MATILDA THOMAS

(1854–)

THE poetical work of Edith Matilda Thomas is chiefly remarkable for its sustained literary quality. While it is never lacking in spontaneity, it always shows conscientious workmanship, and strict fidelity to a high ideal of the requirements of verse. Its subject-matter evidences a thoughtful, sensitive, and oft-times passionate spirit in the author, governed however by that spirit of asceticism which is the distinguishing mark of the true artist. Miss Thomas's self-restraint is commensurate with her inspiration.

She was born in 1854 in Chatham, Ohio; was educated at the Normal Institute at Geneva, in the same State. While she was yet a girl, she began writing for the magazines. In 1885 she published a volume of verse entitled 'A New-Year's Masque,' and in the following year a volume of prose with the title 'The Round Year.' Her prose is no less excellent than her verse, being always strong, simple, and direct. 'The Round Year' is a kind of continuous essay on the various aspects of the seasons. The author's love of nature is not that bred in the town, through long deprivation of its refreshment. She has the intimate acquaintance with it which does not deal in generalities, but lingers with discerning affection over the beauties of certain flowers and wayside bushes, of elusive changes in the sky, of the impalpable essences of natural things felt rather than seen even with the inner eye.

EDITH M. THOMAS

This friendly love for the outside world informs many of her most beautiful poems. The volumes entitled 'Lyrics and Sonnets,' 'A Winter Swallow,' 'Fair Shadow Land,' 'A New-Year's Masque,' contain not a few of these poems of the sky and earth. In one of them, 'Half Sight and Whole Sight,' she expresses the spirit in which she herself looks upon the God-made world:—

> "Thou beholdest, indeed, some mystical intimate beckoning
> Out of the flower's honeyed heart, that passeth our reckoning;
> Yet when hast thou seen, or shalt see,
> With the eye of yon hovering bee?"

Miss Thomas's poems of love and life are more remote in their spirit than her poems of nature; yet in a time of feverish erotic verse their apparent coldness is welcome. She has drunk too deep, it may be, at the fountain-head of Greek poetry to share the modern extravagance of thought and feeling. Her poems on classical subjects show no small degree of comprehension of the Greek spirit. She makes use oftenest of the sonnet and lyric forms in her poetry, handling them with delicate skill. The sense of her verse is never sacrificed to its music; and in her preservation of the fine balance between the two elements, she gives clearest evidence of the genuineness of her poetical gifts.

SYRINX

From 'A New-Year's Masque, and Other Poems.' Copyright 1884, by Edith M. Thomas. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers

COME forth, too timid spirit of the reed!
Leave thy plashed coverts and elusions shy,
And find delight at large in grove and mead.
No ambushed harm, no wanton's peering eye,
The shepherd's uncouth god thou needst not fear,—
Pan has not passed this way for many a year.

'Tis but the vagrant wind that makes thee start,
The pleasure-loving south, the freshening west;
The willow's woven veil they softly part,
To fan the lily on the stream's warm breast:
No ruder stir, no footstep pressing near,—
Pan has not passed this way for many a year.

Whether he lies in some mossed wood, asleep,
And heeds not how the acorns drop around,
Or in some shelly cavern near the deep,
Lulled by its pulses of eternal sound,
He wakes not, answers not, our sylvan cheer,—
Pan has been gone this many a silent year.

Else we had seen him, through the mists of morn,
To upland pasture lead his bleating charge;
There is no shag upon the stunted thorn,
No hoof-print on the river's silver marge;
Nor broken branch of pine, nor ivied spear,—
Pan has not passed that way for many a year.

O tremulous elf, reach me a hollow pipe,
The best and smoothest of thy mellow store!
Now I may blow till Time be hoary ripe,
And listening streams forsake the paths they wore:
Pan loved the sound, but now will never hear,—
Pan has not trimmed a reed this many a year!

And so, come freely forth, and through the sedge
Lift up a dimpled, warm, Arcadian face,
As on that day when fear thy feet did fledge,
And thou didst safely win the breathless race.—
I am deceived: nor Pan nor thou art here,—
Pan has been gone this many a silent year.

LETHE

From 'Fair Shadow Land.' Copyright 1893, by Edith M. Thomas. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers

REMEMBRANCE followed him into the skies.
They met. Awhile mute Sorrow held him thrall.
Then broke he forth in spirit words and sighs:—
"Great was my sin, but at my contrite call
Came pardon and the hope of Paradise;
If this be Heaven, thy blessing on me fall!"
She looked. Peace filled her unremembering eyes;
She knew him not — she had forgotten all.

SUNSET

From 'A Winter Swallow: With Other Verse.' Copyright 1896, by Charles Scribner's Sons

WHAT pageants have I seen, what plenitude
Of pomp, what hosts in Tyrian rich array,
Crowding the mystic outgate of the day:
What silent hosts, pursuing or pursued,
And all their track with wealthy wreckage strewed!
What seas that roll in waves of gold and gray,
What flowers, what flame, what gems in blent display,—
What wide-spread pinions of the phœnix brood!

Give me a window opening on the west,
And the full splendor of the setting sun.
There let me stand and gaze, and think no more
If I be poor, or old, or all unblest;
And when my sands of life are quite outrun,
May my soul follow through the day's wide door!

CYBELE AND HER CHILDREN

From 'Fair Shadow Land.' Copyright 1893, by Edith M. Thomas. Houghton Mifflin & Co., publishers

The Mother has eternal youth;
Yet in the fading of the year,
For sake of what must fade, in ruth
She wears a crown of oak-leaves sear.

By whistling woods, by naked rocks,
That long have lost the summer heat,
She calls the wild, unfolded flocks,
And points them to their shelter meet.

In her deep bosom sink they all;
The hunter and the prey are there;
No ravin-cry, no hunger-call:
These do not fear, and those forbear.

The winding serpent watches not;
Unwatched, the field-mouse trembles not;
Weak hyla, quiet in his grot,
So rests, nor changes line or spot.

For food the Mother gives them sleep,
Against the cold she gives them sleep,
To cheat their foes she gives them sleep,
For safety gives them death-like sleep.

The Mother has eternal youth,
And therefrom, in the wakening year
Their life revives; and they, in sooth,
Forget their mystic bondage drear.

THE GRASSHOPPER

From 'A New-Year's Masque, and Other Poems.' Copyright 1884, by Edith M. Thomas. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers

SHUTTLE of the sunburnt grass,
Fifer in the dun cuirass,
Fifing shrilly in the morn,
Shrilly still at eve unworn;
Now to rear, now in the van,
Gayest of the elfin clan:
Though I watch their rustling flight,
I can never guess aright
Where their lodging-places are:
'Mid some daisy's golden star,
Or beneath a roofing leaf,
Or in fringes of a sheaf,
Tenanted as soon as bound!
Loud thy reveille doth sound.
When the earth is laid asleep,
And her dreams are passing deep,
On mid-August afternoons;
And through all the harvest moons,
Nights brimmed up with honeyed peace,—
Thy gainsaying doth not cease.
When the frost comes thou art dead:
We along the stubble tread,
On blue, frozen morns, and note
No least murmur is afloat;
Wondrous still our fields are then,
Fifer of the elfin men.

WINTER SLEEP

From 'A Winter Swallow.' Copyright 1896, by Charles Scribner's Sons

I KNOW it must be winter (though I sleep)—
I know it must be winter, for I dream
I dip my bare feet in the running stream,
And flowers are many and the grass grows deep.

I know I must be old (how age deceives!)—
I know I must be old, for, all unseen,
My heart grows young, as autumn fields grow green
When late rains patter on the falling sheaves.

I know I must be tired (and tired souls err) —
I know I must be tired, for all my soul
To deeds of daring beats a glad faint roll,
As storms the riven pine to music stir.

I know I must be dying (Death draws near) —
I know I must be dying, for I crave
Life — life, strong life, and think not of the grave
And turf-bound silence in the frosty year.

JAMES THOMSON

(1700–1748)

JAMES THOMSON occupies a significant position among English poets, less by virtue of his poetical gifts — although these are of no mean order — than by the wholesome influence of his recognition of nature in an artificial age. He was a contemporary of Pope, yet he struck a note in his poems which was to be amplified later in the works of Wordsworth and Coleridge, of Shelley and Keats. He was the father of the natural school, as opposed to the pseudo-classical school of which Pope was the complete embodiment.

JAMES THOMSON

When Thomson was growing up amid the wild scenery of the Scottish Border country, literary England was dominated by an ideal of verse in contrast to which even Shakespeare's measures were held to be barbarous. The rhyming iambic pentameter, the favorite verse form, had been developed by Pope to such a point of polished perfection that imitation alone was possible. Moreover, it was employed only on a limited range of subjects. These might be either classical or urbane: nothing so vulgar as nature or the common people was worthy of the Muse. The genius of poetry had been brought from the fresh air of the fields into the vitiated air of the drawing-rooms; had been laced and powdered and encased in stiff brocades, which hindered all freedom of motion.

But of this Thomson knew nothing. It was his good fortune to have been born far from London, and to have been brought up amid the simple influences of country life. He was born in 1700 in the parish of Ednam, in Roxburghshire, of which his father was minister. He received his early education at Jedburgh school. It was at Jedburgh that he met a Mr. Riccalton, who was accustomed to teach the boys Latin in the aisle of his church. He had written a poem on 'A Winter's Day,' from which Thomson obtained his first idea for the 'Seasons.' The future poet's education was received more from nature than from books. The magnificent panorama of the year was unrolled continually before him, and he was not indifferent

to its beauties. It was with reluctance that he left his country home for Edinburgh, where he remained five years as a student of divinity. The ministry, however, had few attractions for him: in 1725 he abandoned his studies, and followed a fellow-student, Mallet, to London, to seek his fortune there. Through the influence of a friend, Lady Baillie, he obtained a tutorship in the family of Lord Binning; but he held this position only a short time. The following winter found him without money, without prospects, and almost without friends. The death of his mother had plunged him into deep melancholy: he gave vent to his feelings at the approach of the unfriendly winter, by writing the first of his poems on the seasons. For several weeks after its publication no notice was taken of it; then a gentleman of some influence in the London world of letters ran across it, and immediately proclaimed its value in the coffee-houses. 'Winter' began to be widely read: its popularity was soon established.

Thomson enjoyed all the prestige of a man who has struck a new vein in literature. It is easy to understand how the jaded palates of the London circles, surfeited with Popian classicism, were refreshed by this simple poem of winter in the country. To the generations which know Wordsworth, Thomson's song of the bleak season seems well-nigh artificial; but it was Nature herself to the coffee-house coteries who had forgotten her existence. It contains indeed much that is sincere, wholesome, and beautiful. The pretty picture of bright-eyed robin-redbreast hopping across the cottage floor in quest of crumbs, the pathetic description of the peasant-shepherd dying in the snow, while his wife and children wait for him in vain, must have stirred unwonted emotions in the hearts of a generation accustomed to the jeweled artificialities of the 'Rape of the Lock.' Thomson's conception of nature was in no sense like that of Wordsworth: he never disassociated it from human interests; it is always the background for the human drama: but for this reason it was popular, and will always remain popular, with a class of persons to whom the Wordsworthian conception seems cold and unsympathetic.

'Winter' was also significant because it was written in blank verse of a noble order. The rhyming couplets of the classicists, the rocking-horse movement of their verse, had done much to destroy the exquisite musical sense which had reached its perfection in the Elizabethans. It was the mission of Thomson to revive this sense through his artistic use of blank verse.

'Summer' was published not long after 'Winter.' It was followed by an 'Ode to the Memory of Sir Isaac Newton.' 'Spring' was published in 1728, and 'Autumn' in 1730. In this same year, the play of 'Sophonisba' also appeared; but Thomson never succeeded as a playwright. His 'Agamemnon,' his 'Tancred and Sigismunda,' his masque of 'Alfred,' which contains the song 'Rule, Britannia,' are stilted and

dreary compositions. He had written 'Alfred' in conjunction with his friend Mallet. His poem 'Liberty,' published the first part in 1734 and the second in 1736, was of no higher order of merit. It would seem that after writing the 'Seasons,' Thomson's energies declined, not again to be revived in full force until he wrote the 'Castle of Indolence,' shortly before his death. His income during these years was obtained partly from his books, and partly from sinecure positions. In 1744 he was appointed Surveyor-General of the Leeward Islands, a position which he held until his death in 1748.

In the year of his death 'The Castle of Indolence' was published. It is a poem of great beauty and charm, whose richness of diction is suggestive of Keats. The sensuous Spenserian stanza employed is well adapted to the subject. The false enchanter, Indolence, holds many captive in his castle by his magic arts; but he is at last conquered by the Knights of the Arts and Industries. The slumberous atmosphere of the Castle and its environment is wonderfully communicated in the opening stanzas; and the poem in its entirety is worthy of the author of the 'Seasons' at his best.

What Wordsworth is to the nineteenth century, Thomson was to the eighteenth. With him began that outpouring of the true poetical spirit which was to culminate one hundred years later.

RULE, BRITANNIA!

From the Masque of 'Alfred'

WHEN Britain first, at Heaven's command,
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sung this strain:—
"Rule, Britannia, rule the waves;
Britons never will be slaves."

The nations not so blest as thee,
Must in their turns to tyrants fall;
While thou shalt flourish great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.
"Rule, Britannia, rule the waves;
Britons never will be slaves."

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke;

As the loud blast that tears the skies
Serves but to root thy native oak.
"Rule, Britannia, rule the waves;
Britons never will be slaves."

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame;
All their attempts to bend thee down
Will but arouse thy generous flame,
But work their woe, and thy renown.
"Rule, Britannia, rule the waves;
Britons never will be slaves."

To thee belongs the rural reign;
Thy cities shall with commerce shine;
All thine shall be the subject main,
And every shore it circles thine.
"Rule, Britannia, rule the waves;
Britons never will be slaves."

The Muses, still with freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coast repair;
Blest isle! with matchless beauty crowned,
And manly hearts to guard the fair.
"Rule, Britannia, rule the waves;
Britons never will be slaves."

APRIL RAIN

From the 'Seasons'—Spring

COME, gentle Spring; ethereal mildness, come:
And from the bosom of your dropping cloud,
While music wakes around, veiled in a shower
Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend.
O Hertford, fitted or to shine in courts
With unaffected grace, or walk the plain
With innocence and meditation joined
In soft assemblage, listen to my song,
Which thy own season paints; when Nature all
Is blooming and benevolent, like thee.
And see where surly Winter passes off,
Far to the north, and calls his ruffian blasts:
His blasts obey, and quit the howling hill,
The shattered forest, and the ravished vale;
While softer gales succeed,—at whose kind touch,

Dissolving snows in livid torrents lost,
The mountains lift their green heads to the sky.
As yet the trembling year is unconfirmed,
And Winter oft at eve resumes the breeze,
Chills the pale morn, and bids his driving sleets
Deform the day delightless: so that scarce
The bittern knows his time with bill ingulphed
To shake the sounding marsh; or from the shore
The plovers when to scatter o'er the heath,
And sing their wild notes to the listening waste. . . .
The northeast spends his rage, he now shut up
Within his iron cave; the effusive south
Warms the wide air, and o'er the void of heaven
Breathes the big clouds with vernal showers distent.
At first a dusky wreath they seem to rise,
Scarce staining ether; but by fast degrees,
In heaps on heaps, the doubling vapor sails
Along the loaded sky, and mingling deep,
Sits on the horizon round a settled gloom:
Not such as wintry storms on mortals shed,
Oppressing life; but lovely, gentle, kind,
And full of every hope and every joy,
The wish of Nature. Gradual sinks the breeze
Into a perfect calm; that not a breath
Is heard to quiver through the closing woods,
Or rustling turn the many twinkling leaves
Of aspen tall. The uncurling floods, diffused
In glassy breadth, seem through delusive lapse
Forgetful of their course. 'Tis silence all,
And pleasing expectation. Herds and flocks
Drop the dry sprig, and mute-imploring, eye
The fallen verdure. Hushed in short suspense,
The plumy people streak their wings with oil,
To throw the lucid moisture trickling off;
And wait the approaching sign to strike, at once,
Into the general choir. Even mountains, vales,
And forests seem, impatient, to demand
The promised sweetness. Man superior walks
Amid the glad creation, musing praise,
And looking lively gratitude. At last
The clouds consign their treasures to the fields;
And softly shaking on the dimpled pool
Prelusive drops, let all their moisture flow
In large effusion o'er the freshened world.

THE LOST CARAVAN

From the 'Seasons'—Summer

BREATHED hot
From all the boundless furnace of the sky,
And the wide glittering waste of burning sand,
A suffocating wind the pilgrim smites
With instant death. Patient of thirst and toil,
Son of the desert! even the camel feels,
Shot through his withered heart, the fiery blast.
Or from the black-red ether, bursting broad,
Sallies the sudden whirlwind. Straight the sands,
Commoved around, in gathering eddies play;
Nearer and nearer still they darkening come;
Till with the general all-involving storm
Swept up, the whole continuous wilds arise;
And by their noonday fount dejected thrown,
Or sunk at night in sad disastrous sleep,
Beneath descending hills, the caravan
Is buried deep. In Cairo's crowded streets
The impatient merchant, wondering, waits in vain,
And Mecca saddens at the long delay.

THE INUNDATION

From 'The Seasons'—Autumn

DEFEATING oft the labors of the year,
The sultry south collects a potent blast.
At first the groves are scarcely seen to stir
Their trembling tops, and a still murmur runs
Along the soft-inclining fields of corn;
But as the aerial tempest fuller swells,
And in one mighty stream, invisible,
Immense, the whole excited atmosphere
Impetuous rushes o'er the sounding world,
Strained to the root, the stooping forest pours
A rustling shower of yet untimely leaves.
High-beat, the circling mountains eddy in,
From the bare wild, the dissipated storm,
And send it in a torrent down the vale.
Exposed and naked to its utmost rage,

Through all the sea of harvest rolling round,
The billowy plain floats wide; nor can evade,
Though pliant to the blast, its seizing force —
Or whirled in air, or into vacant chaff
Shook waste. And sometimes too a burst of rain,
Swept from the black horizon, broad, descends
In one continuous flood. Still overhead
The mingling tempest weaves its gloom, and still
The deluge deepens; till the fields around
Lie sunk and flatted in the sordid wave.
Sudden, the ditches swell; the meadows swim.
Red, from the hills, innumerable streams
Tumultuous roar; and high above its bank
The river lift: before whose rushing tide,
Herds, flocks, and harvests, cottages and swains,
Roll mingled down; all that the winds had spared,
In one wild moment ruined,— the big hopes
And well-earned treasures of the painful year.
Fled to some eminence, the husbandman
Helpless beholds the miserable wreck
Driving along; his drowning ox at once
Descending, with his labors scattered round,
He sees; and instant o'er his shivering thought
Comes Winter unprovided, and a train
Of clamant children dear. Ye masters, then,
Be mindful of the rough laborious hand
That sinks you soft in elegance and ease;
Be mindful of those limbs, in russet clad,
Whose toil to yours is warmth and graceful pride;
And oh, be mindful of that sparing board
Which covers yours with luxury profuse,
Makes your glass sparkle, and your sense rejoice!
Nor cruelly demand what the deep rains
And all-involving winds have swept away.

THE FIRST SNOW

From the 'Seasons' — Winter

The keener tempests come; and fuming dun
From all the livid east, or piercing north,
Thick clouds ascend,— in whose capacious womb
A vapory deluge lies, to snow congealed.

Heavy they roll their fleecy world along;
And the sky saddens with the gathered storm.
Through the hushed air the whitening shower descends;
At first thin wavering, till at last the flakes
Fall broad and wide and fast, dimming the day
With a continual flow. The cherished fields
Put on their winter robe of purest white.
'Tis brightness all; save where the new snow melts
Along the mazy current. Low the woods
Bow their hoar head; and ere the languid sun
Faint from the west emits his evening ray,
Earth's universal face, deep-hid and chill,
Is one wild dazzling waste that buries wide
The works of man. Drooping, the laborer ox
Stands covered o'er with snow, and then demands
The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of heaven,
Tamed by the cruel season, crowd around
The winnowing store, and claim the little boon
Which Providence assigns them. One alone,
The redbreast, sacred to the household gods,
Wisely regardful of the embroiling sky,
In joyless fields and thorny thickets leaves
His shivering mates, and pays to trusted man
His annual visit. Half afraid, he first
Against the window beats; then, brisk, alights
On the warm hearth; then, hopping o'er the floor,
Eyes all the smiling family askance,
And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is—
Till, more familiar grown, the table crumbs
Attract his slender feet. The foodless wilds
Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The hare,
Though timorous of heart, and hard beset
By death in various forms, dark snares, and dogs,
And more unpitying men, the garden seeks,
Urged on by fearless want. The bleating kind
Eye the black heaven, and next the glistening earth,
With looks of dumb despair; then, sad dispersed,
Dig for the withered herb through heaps of snow.

THE SHEEP-WASHING

From the 'Seasons' — Summer

THE meek-eyed morn appears, mother of dews,
At first faint gleaming in the dappled east;
Till far o'er ether spreads the widening glow,
And from before the lustre of her face,
White break the clouds away. With quickened step
Brown night retires. Young day pours in apace,
And opens all the lawny prospect wide.
The dripping rock, the mountain's misty top,
Swell on the sight and brighten with the dawn. . . .
Roused by the cock, the soon-clad shepherd leaves
His mossy cottage, where with peace he dwells;
And from the crowded fold, in order, drives
His flock to taste the verdure of the morn. . . .

Now swarms the village o'er the jovial mead:
The rustic youth, brown with meridian toil,
Healthful and strong; full as the summer rose
Blown by prevailing suns, the ruddy maid,
Half naked, swelling on the sight, and all
Her kindled graces burning o'er her cheek;
Even stooping age is here; and infant hands
Trail the long rake, or with the fragrant load
O'ercharged, amid the kind oppression roll.
Wide flies the tedded grain; all in a row
Advancing broad, or wheeling round the field,
They spread their breathing harvest to the sun,
That throws refreshful round a rural smell;
Or as they rake the green-appearing ground,
And drive the dusky wave along the mead,
The russet hay-cock rises thick behind,
In order gay: while heard from dale to dale,
Waking the breeze, resounds the blended voice
Of happy labor, love and social glee.

Or rushing thence in one diffusive band,
They drive the troubled flocks, by many a dog
Compelled to where the mazy-running brook
Forms a deep pool; this bank abrupt and high,
And that fair-spreading in a pebbled shore.
Urged to the giddy brink, much is the toil,
The clamor much of men and boys and dogs,
Ere the soft fearful people to the flood

Commit their woolly sides. And oft the swain,
On some, impatient, seizing hurls them in:
Emboldened then, nor hesitating more,
Fast, fast they plunge amid the flashing wave,
And panting, labor to the farther shore.
Repeated this, till deep the well-washed fleece
Has drunk the flood, and from his lively haunt
The trout is banished by the sordid stream.
Heavy and dripping, to the breezy brow
Slow move the harmless race: where as they spread
Their swelling treasures to the sunny ray,
Inly disturbed, and wondering what this wild
Outrageous tumult means, their loud complaints
The country fill; and tossed from rock to rock,
Incessant bleatings run around the hills.
At last of snowy white, the gathered flocks
Are in the wattled pen, innumerous pressed,
Head above head; and ranged in lusty rows
The shepherds sit, and whet the sounding shears.
The housewife waits to roll her fleecy stores,
With all her gay-drest maids attending round.
One, chief, in gracious dignity enthroned,
Shines o'er the rest, the pastoral queen, and rays
Her smiles, sweet-beaming, on her shepherd-king;
While the glad circle round them yield their souls
To festive mirth, and wit that knows no gall.
Meantime their joyous task goes on apace:
Some mingling stir the melted tar, and some,
Deep on the new-shorn vagrant's heaving side,
To stamp his master's cypher ready stand;
Others the unwilling wether drag along;
And glorying in his might, the sturdy boy
Holds by the twisted horns the indignant ram.
Behold where, bound and of its robe bereft
By needy man,—that all-depending lord,—
How meek, how patient, the mild creature lies!
What softness in its melancholy face,
What dumb complaining innocence appears!
Fear not, ye gentle tribes,—'tis not the knife
Of horrid slaughter that is o'er you waved;
No, 'tis the tender swain's well-guided shears,
Who having now, to pay his annual care,
Borrowed your fleece, to you a cumbrous load,
Will send you bounding to your hills again.

THE CASTLE OF INDOLENCE

From 'The Castle of Indolence'

The castle hight of Indolence,
And its false luxury;
Where for a little time, alas!
We lived right jollily.

O MORTAL man, who livest here by toil,
Do not complain of this thy hard estate;
That like an emmet thou must ever moil,
Is a sad sentence of an ancient date:
And certes, there is for it reason great;
For though sometimes it makes thee weep and wail,
And curse thy star, and early drudge and late,
Withouten that would come a heavier bale,—
Loose life, unruly passions, and diseases pale.

In lowly dale, fast by a river's side,
With woody hill o'er hill encompassed round,
A most enchanting wizard did abide,
Than whom a fiend more fell is nowhere found.
It was, I ween, a lovely spot of ground;
And there a season atween June and May,
Half prankt with spring, with summer half embrowned,
A listless climate made, where, sooth to say,
No living wight could work, ne carèd even for play.

Was naught around but images of rest:
Sleep-soothing groves, and quiet lawns between;
And flowery beds that slumbrous influence kest,
From poppies breathed; and beds of pleasant green,
Where never yet was creeping creature seen.
Meantime, unnumbered glittering streamlets played,
And hurlèd everywhere their waters sheen;
That, as they bickered through the sunny glade,
Though restless still themselves, a lulling murmur made.

Joined to the prattle of the purling rills
Were heard the lowing herds along the vale,
And flocks loud bleating from the distant hills,
And vacant shepherds piping in the dale:
And now and then, sweet Philomel would wail,
Or stock-doves plain amid the forest deep,
That drowsy rustled to the sighing gale;

And still a coil the grasshopper did keep;
Yet all these sounds yblent inclinèd all to sleep.

Full in the passage of the vale, above,
A sable, silent, solemn forest stood;
Where naught but shadowy forms was seen to move,
As Idless fancied in her dreaming mood:
And up the hills, on either side, a wood
Of blackening pines, aye waving to and fro,
Sent forth a sleepy horror through the blood:
And where this valley winded out below,
The murmuring main was heard, and scarcely heard, to flow.

A pleasing land of drowsihead it was,
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye;
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
For ever flushing round a summer sky:
There eke the soft delights, that witchingly
Instill a wanton sweetness through the breast,
And the calm pleasures always hovered nigh;
But whate'er smacked of noyance, or unrest,
Was far, far off expelled from this delicious nest.

The landscape such, inspiring perfect ease,
Where Indolence (for so the wizard hight)
Close-hid his castle mid embowering trees,
That half shut out the beams of Phœbus bright,
And made a kind of checkered day and night:
Meanwhile, unceasing at the massy gate,
Beneath a spacious palm, the wicked wight
Was placed; and to his lute, of cruel fate
And labor harsh, complained, lamenting man's estate. . . .

Here freedom reigned, without the least alloy;
Nor gossip's tale, nor ancient maiden's gall,
Nor saintly spleen durst murmur at our joy,
And with envenomed tongue our pleasures pall.
For why? there was but one great rule for all;
To wit, that each should work his own desire,
And eat, drink, study, sleep, as it may fall,
Or melt the time in love, or wake the lyre,
And carol what, unbid, the Muses might inspire.

The rooms with costly tapestry were hung,
Where was inwoven many a gentle tale;

Such as of old the rural poets sung,
Or of Arcadian or Sicilian vale:
Reclining lovers, in the lonely dale,
Poured forth at large the sweetly tortured heart;
Or, sighing tender passion, swelled the gale,
And taught charmed echo to resound their smart;
While flocks, woods, streams around, repose and peace impart.

Those pleased the most, where, by a cunning hand,
Depainted was the patriarchal age;
What time Dan Abram left the Chaldee land,
And pastured on from verdant stage to stage,
Where fields and fountains fresh could best engage.
Toil was not then; of nothing took they heed,
But with wild beasts the sylvan war to wage,
And o'er vast plains their herds and flocks to feed:
Blest sons of Nature they! true golden age indeed!

Sometimes the pencil, in cool airy halls,
Bade the gay bloom of vernal landscapes rise,
Or Autumn's varied shades embrown the walls:
Now the black tempest strikes the astonished eyes;
Now down the steep the flashing torrent flies;
The trembling sun now plays o'er ocean blue,
And now rude mountains frown amid the skies:
Whate'er Lorraine light-touched with softening hue,
Or savage Rosa dashed, or learnèd Poussin drew.

Each sound, too, here to languishment inclined,
Lulled the weak bosom, and inducèd ease:
Aerial music in the warbling wind,
At distance rising oft, by small degrees,
Nearer and nearer came; till o'er the trees
It hung, and breathed such soul-dissolving airs,
As did, alas! with soft perdition please:
Entangled deep in its enchanting snares,
The listening heart forgot all duties and all cares.

A certain music, never known before,
Here lulled the pensive, melancholy mind;
Full easily obtained. Behooves no more,
But sidelong, to the gently waving wind,
To lay the well-tuned instrument reclined;
From which, with airy, flying fingers light,
Beyond each mortal touch the most refined,

The god of winds drew sounds of deep delight:
Whence, with just cause, the harp of Æolus it hight.

Ah me! what hand can touch the string so fine?
Who up the lofty diapason roll
Such sweet, such sad, such solemn airs divine,
Then let them down again into the soul:
Now rising love they fanned; now pleasing dole
They breathed in tender musings through the heart;
And now a graver sacred strain they stole,
As when seraphic hands a hymn impart:
Wild warbling nature all, above the reach of art!

Such the gay splendor, the luxurious state,
Of Caliphs old, who on the Tygris's shore,
In mighty Bagdat, populous and great,
Held their bright court, where was of ladies store;
And verse, love, music, still the garland wore:
When sleep was coy, the bard, in waiting there,
Cheered the lone midnight with the Muse's lore;
Composing music bade his dreams be fair,
And music lent new gladness to the morning air.

JAMES THOMSON

(1834–1882)

The strange sombre genius of the second James Thomson found its ultimate and most perfect utterance in that remarkable poem 'The City of Dreadful Night,' likely to remain long the litany of pessimism in English verse. It is a work of gloomy but splendid imagination, with a rhythmical mastery and sonorous beauty of diction which declare its author plainly a man of rare poetic gift. 'The City of Dreadful Night' stands as one of the unique productions of nineteenth-century poetry. It is Thomson's letter of credit on posterity. His other poems shrink into insignificance beside it; yet they too, while lacking the technical perfection and sustained power of his masterpiece, have touches of the same high quality.

Thomson's life was that of a roving bohemian journalist and literary hack. He was born in Port Glasgow, Scotland, on November 24th, 1834; was educated in the Caledonian Orphan Asylum, and entered the British army as regimental schoolmaster. His acquaintance there with Charles Bradlaugh, whose agnostic views were acceptable to him, led to his becoming a contributor to the National Reformer, when the former established it in 1860. After leaving the military service, Thomson gave himself up to literature, writing much for radical papers. His earliest work appeared in Tait's Edinburgh Magazine, and his best poems in Bradlaugh's periodical,—'To Our Ladies of Death' in 1863, and 'The City of Dreadful Night' in 1874. He came to America in 1872 on a mining speculation of unsuccessful issue; and while in this country, was commissioned by the New York World to go to Spain as special correspondent. In this newspaper work he used the pen-name Bysshe Vanolis, which he shortened to B. V.,—the one name indicating his passion for Shelley, the other being an anagram on the German romantic poet Novalis. When Thomson was a young man in the Army, stationed in Ireland, he won the love of a girl whose premature death affected him deeply, —intensifying what seems to have been a natal tendency towards hypochondria. Irregular habits in later life developed this; and he became a victim of alcohol and opium in the desire to escape insomnia and drown melancholy. He died miserably before his time, in the London University Hospital, June 3d, 1882, aged 48. His poems were published in collected form in 1880. There is a biography of him by Salt.

Thomson's spirit brooded on the night side of things, and there is a weird, mystic quality to his imaginings. He is, in his greatest poem, a master of the gloomy, the phantasmal, and the irremediably sad, expressed in statuesque form and stately, mournful music. He is of the school of Poe in the command of the awful; metrically, he suggests comparison with Swinburne; and his creed is that of the Italian poet-pessimist Leopardi, to whom his book of verse is dedicated. But his note is entirely distinctive: there is nothing imitative about 'The City of Dreadful Night.' It stands like a colossal image hewn out of black marble, to be admired as wonderful art in the same breath that it is deplored as the morbid outcome of genius. Of its decided merit there can be no question. Negation and despair have seldom found a sincerer, a more poignant, and a more majestic utterance.

FROM 'THE CITY OF DREADFUL NIGHT'

LO, THUS, as prostrate, "In the dust I write
My heart's deep languor and my soul's sad tears."
Yet why evoke the spectres of black night
To blot the sunshine of exultant years?
Why disinter dead faith from moldering hidden?
Why break the seals of mute despair unbidden,
And wail life's discords into careless ears?

Because a cold rage seizes one at whiles
To show the bitter old and wrinkled truth
Stripped naked of all vesture that beguiles,
False dreams, false hopes, false masks and modes of youth;
Because it gives some sense of power and passion
In helpless impotence to try to fashion
Our woe in living words howe'er uncouth.

Surely I write not for the hopeful young,
Or those who deem their happiness of worth,
Or such as pasture and grow fat among
The shows of life and feel nor doubt nor dearth,
Or pious spirits with a God above them
To sanctify and glorify and love them,
Or sages who foresee a heaven on earth.

For none of these I write, and none of these
Could read the writing if they deigned to try:

So may they flourish, in their due degrees,
On our sweet earth and in their unplaced sky.
If any cares for the weak words here written,
It must be some one desolate, fate-smitten,
Whose faith and hope are dead, and who would die.

Yes, here and there some weary wanderer
In that same city of tremendous night
Will understand the speech, and feel a stir
Of fellowship in all-disastrous fight:
I suffer mute and lonely, yet another
Uplifts his voice to let me know a brother
Travels the same wild paths, though out of sight.

O sad Fraternity, do I unfold
Your dolorous mysteries shrouded from of yore?
Nay, be assured: no secret can be told
To any who divined it not before;
None uninitiate by many a presage
Will comprehend the language of the message,
Although proclaimed aloud forevermore.

The City is of Night: perchance of Death,
But certainly of Night; for never there
Can come the lucid morning's fragrant breath
After the dewy dawning's cold gray air:
The moon and stars may shine with scorn or pity;
The sun has never visited that city,
For it dissolveth in the daylight fair.

Dissolveth like a dream of night away;
Though present in distempered gloom of thought
And deadly weariness of heart all day.
But when a dream night after night is brought
Throughout a week, and such weeks few or many
Recur each year for several years, can any
Discern that dream from real life in aught? . . .

A river girds the city west and south,
The main north channel of a broad lagoon,
Regurging with the salt tides from the mouth;
Waste marshes shine and glister to the moon

For leagues, then moorland black, then stony ridges;
Great piers and causeways, many noble bridges,
Connect the town and islet suburbs strewn.

Upon an easy slope it lies at large,
And scarcely overlaps the long curved crest
Which swells out two leagues from the river marge.
A trackless wilderness rolls north and west,
Savannas, savage woods, enormous mountains,
Bleak uplands, black ravines with torrent fountains;
And eastward rolls the shipless sea's unrest.

The city is not ruinous, although
Great ruins of an unremembered past,
With others of a few short years ago
More sad, are found within its precincts vast.
The street-lamps always burn; but scarce a casement
In house or palace front from roof to basement
Doth glow or gleam athwart the mirk air cast.

The street-lamps burn amidst the baleful glooms,
Amidst the soundless solitudes immense
Of rangèd mansions dark and still as tombs.
The silence which benumbs or strains the sense
Fulfills with awe the soul's despair unweeping:
Myriads of habitants are ever sleeping,
Or dead, or fled from nameless pestilence!

Yet as in some necropolis you find
Perchance one mourner to a thousand dead,
So there; worn faces that look deaf and blind
Like tragic masks of stone. With weary tread,
Each wrapt in his own doom, they wander, wander,
Or sit foredone and desolately ponder
Through sleepless hours with heavy drooping head.

Mature men chiefly; few in age or youth:
A woman rarely: now and then a child;
A child! If here the heart turns sick with ruth
To see a little one from birth defiled,
Or lame or blind, as preordained to languish
Through youthless life, think how it bleeds with anguish
To meet one erring in that homeless wild.

They often murmur to themselves: they speak
To one another seldom, for their woe

Broods maddening inwardly and scorns to wreak
Itself abroad; and if at whiles it grow
To frenzy which must rave, none heeds the clamor,
Unless there waits some victim of like glamour,
To rave in turn, who lends attentive show.

The City is of Night, but not of Sleep:
There sweet sleep is not for the weary brain;
The pitiless hours like years and ages creep,
A night seems termless hell. This dreadful strain
Of thought and consciousness which never ceases,
Or which some moments' stupor but increases,
This worse than woe, makes wretches there insane.

They leave all hope behind who enter there:
One certitude while sane they cannot leave,
One anodyne for torture and despair,—
The certitude of Death, which no reprieve
Can put off long; and which, divinely tender,
But waits the outstretched hand to promptly render
That draught whose slumber nothing can bereave.

. . . . . .

Of all things human which are strange and wild,
This is perchance the wildest and most strange,
And showeth man most utterly beguiled,
To those who haunt that sunless City's range:
That he bemoans himself for aye, repeating
How Time is deadly swift, how life is fleeting,
How naught is constant on the earth but change.

The hours are heavy on him, and the days;
The burden of the months he scarce can bear:
And often in his secret soul he prays
To sleep through barren periods unaware,
Arousing at some longed-for date of pleasure;
Which having passed and yielded him small treasure,
He would outsleep another term of care.

Yet in his marvelous fancy he must make
Quick wings for Time, and see it fly from us:
This Time which crawleth like a monstrous snake,
Wounded and slow and very venomous;
Which creeps blindworm-like round the earth and ocean,
Distilling poison at each painful motion,
And seems condemned to circle ever thus.

And since he cannot spend and use aright
The little Time here given him in trust,
But wasteth it in weary undelight
Of foolish toil and trouble, strife and lust,
He naturally claimeth to inherit
The everlasting Future, that his merit
May have full scope; as surely is most just.

O length of the intolerable hours,
O nights that are as æons of slow pain,
O Time, too ample for our vital powers,
O Life, whose woeful vanities remain
Immutable for all of all our legions,
Through all the centuries and in all the regions,
Not of your speed and variance *we* complain.

We do not ask a longer term of strife,
Weakness and weariness and nameless woes;
We do not claim renewed and endless life
When this which is our torment here shall close,
An everlasting conscious inanition!
We yearn for speedy death in full fruition,
Dateless oblivion and divine repose.

FROM 'ART'

If you have a carrier-dove
That can fly over land and sea,
And a message for your Love,
"*Lady, I love but thee!*"

And this dove will never stir
But straight from her to you,
And straight from you to her,
As you know and she knows too,

Will you first insure, O sage,
Your dove that never tires
With your message in a cage,
Though a cage of golden wires?

Or will you fling your dove?—
"*Fly, darling, without rest,*
Over land and sea to my Love,
And fold your wings in her breast!"

HENRY D THOREAU.

HENRY D. THOREAU

(1817–1862)

BY JOHN BURROUGHS

IN THE front of the second order of American authors we must place Henry D. Thoreau. He had many qualities which would seem to entitle him to a place in the first order, with Emerson, Longfellow, Bryant, Whitman; but he lacked at least one thing which these men possessed — he lacked breadth: his sympathies were narrow; he did not touch his fellows at many points. It has been complained that Emerson was narrow too; but Emerson looked over a much wider field than Thoreau, had many more interests, was more affirmative, and in every way was a larger, more helpful spiritual force. In his life, Thoreau isolated himself from his fellows as much as possible; he was very scornful of ordinary human ends and ambitions, and seemed to set slight value upon the ordinary human affections.

Thoreau was born in Concord, Massachusetts, July 12th, 1817, and died there in May 1862, of consumption; having seen forty-five years of life, and probably spent more of it in the open air than any other American man of letters. The business of his life was walking,— or sauntering, as he preferred to call it,— and he aimed to spend half of each day the year round in field or wood. He was a new kind of sportsman, who carried a journal instead of a gun or trap, and who brought home only such game as falls to the eye of the poet and seer.

Thoreau was of French extraction on his father's side, and English on his mother's. His intellectual traits were evidently from the former source, his moral traits from the latter. That love of the wild and savage, that crispness and terseness of expression, that playful exaggeration, and that radical revolutionary cry, were French; while his English blood showed itself more in his love of the homely, the austere, and his want of sociability.

His grandfather, John Thoreau, was born in the isle of Guernsey, was a merchant in Boston; and died in Concord of consumption, in 1801. His father, also named John, after an unsuccessful mercantile career became a lead-pencil maker in Concord in 1823; and from that date to the time of his death in 1859, says Henry's biographer, "led a plodding, unambitious, and respectable life." Henry Thoreau

was the third of four children,— John, Helen, Henry, and Sophia,— all persons of character and mark. "To meet one of the Thoreaus," says Mr. Sanborn, "was not the same as to encounter any other person who might cross your path. Life to them was something more than a parade of pretension, a conflict of ambitions, or an incessant scramble for the common objects of life." John and Helen were both teachers, and died comparatively young. John is described as a sunny soul, always serene and loving, and as possessed of a generous flowing spirit; Henry was deeply attached to him, and his death in 1842 was an irreparable loss. He said seven years later that "a man can attend but one funeral in his life,— can behold but one corpse." To him this was the corpse and the funeral of his brother John.

Henry and his brother assisted their father in pencil-making; the former attaining great skill in the art. Emerson in his sketch of him says that he at last succeeded in making as good a pencil as the best English ones.

The way to fortune seemed open to him. But he said he should never make another pencil. "Why should I? I would not do again what I have done once." This saying pleased Emerson: it has an Emersonian ring. But Thoreau did not live up to it. Mr. Sanborn says, "He went on many years, at intervals working at his father's business."

Thoreau entered Harvard College in 1833, and graduated in due course, but without any special distinction. In his Senior year his biographer says, "He lost rank with his instructors by his indifference to the ordinary college motives for study." The real Thoreau was already cropping out: the ambition of most mortals was not his ambition; there was something contrary and scornful in him from the first. His noble sister Helen earned part of the money that paid his way at college.

In 1838 he went to Maine in quest of employment as teacher, carrying recommendations from Mr. Emerson, Dr. Ripley, and from the president of Harvard College; but his journey was not successful. Later in the same year he seems to have been employed as teacher in Concord Academy. About this time he first appeared as a lecturer in the lyceum of his native village; and he continued to lecture as he received calls from various New England towns, till near the close of his life. But it is doubtful if he was in any sense a popular lecturer. He puzzled the people. I have been told, by a man who when a boy heard him read a lecture in some Massachusetts town, that the audience did not know what to make of him. They hardly knew whether to take him seriously or not. His paradoxes, his strange and extreme gospel of nature, and evidently his indifference as to whether he pleased them or not, were not in the style of the usual lyceum lecturer.

There is a tradition that while teaching, he and his brother John both fell in love with the same girl, and that Henry heroically gave way to John. It doubtless cost him less effort than the same act would have cost his more human brother.

It seems to have been about this time that he began his daily walks and studies of nature. In August 1839 he made his voyage down the Concord and Merrimac Rivers, in company with his brother; out of which experience grew his first book, or rather which he made the occasion of his first book,—'A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers,'—published ten years later. The book was not a success commercially, and the author carried home the seven hundred unsold copies on his back; boasting that he now had a very respectable library, all of his own writing. The title of the book is misleading: it is an account of a voyage on far other and larger rivers than the Concord and Merrimac,—the great world currents of philosophy, religion, and literature. The voyage but furnishes the thread with which he ties together his speculations and opinions upon these subjects. It is not, in my opinion, his most valuable or readable book, though it contains some of his best prose and poetry. It offends one's sense of fitness and unity. It is a huge digression. We are promised a narrative of travel and adventure, spiced with observation of nature; and we get a bundle of essays, some of them crude and loosely put together. To some young men I have known, the book proved a great boon; but I imagine that most readers of to-day find the temptation to skip the long ethical and literary discussions, and be off down-stream with the voyagers, a very strong one. When one goes a-fishing or a-boating, he is not in the frame of mind to pause by the way to listen to a lecture, however fine.

In 1845 Thoreau put his philosophy of life to the test by building a hut in the woods on the shore of Walden Pond, a mile or more from Concord village, and spending over two years there. Out of this experiment grew his best-known and most valuable book,—'Walden, or Life in the Woods.' The book is a record of his life in that sylvan solitude, and abounds in felicitous descriptions of the seasons and the scenery, and fresh and penetrating observations upon the wild life about him.

He went to the woods for study and contemplation, and to indulge his taste for the wild and the solitary, as well as to make an experiment in the art of simple living. He proved to his own satisfaction that most of us waste our time on superfluities, and that a man can live on less than $100 per year and have two-thirds of his time to himself. He cultivated beans, gathered wild berries, did a little fishing, and I suspect, went home pretty often for a "square meal." In theory he seems to have been a vegetarian; but it is told of him that when he had a day of surveying on hand, he was wont

to fortify himself with pork as well as beans. At Walden he seems to have written much of the 'Week,' his essay on Carlyle, and others of his papers. Alcott and Emerson were his visitors; and besides these, he reports that he had a good deal of company in the morning when nobody called. He was a born lover of solitude. He says he "never found the companion that was so companionable as solitude." "I am no more lonely than the loon in the pond that laughs so loud, or than Walden Pond itself. What company has that lonely lake, I pray? And yet it has not the blue devils, but the blue angels in it, in the azure tint of its waters."

Thoreau whistled a good deal, and at times very prettily, as in this quotation, to help keep his courage up. Indeed the whole volume is a cheery exultant whistle, at times with a bantering defiant tone in it. It is, on the whole, the most delicious piece of brag in our literature. Who ever got so much out of a bean-field as Thoreau! He makes one want to go forthwith and plant a field with beans, and hoe them barefoot. He makes us feel that the occupation yields a "classic result."

"When my hoe tinkled against the stones, that music echoed to the woods and the sky, and was an accompaniment to my labor which yielded an instant and immeasurable crop. It was no longer beans that I hoed, nor I that hoed beans; and I remembered with as much pity as pride, if I remembered at all, my acquaintances who had gone to the city to attend the oratorios. . . .

"On gala days the town fires its great guns, which echo like popguns to these woods, and some waifs of martial music occasionally penetrate thus far. To me, away there in my bean-field at the other end of the town, the big guns sounded as if a puff-ball had burst; and when there was a military turnout of which I was ignorant, I have sometimes had a vague sense all the day of some sort of itching and disease in the horizon, as if some eruption would break out there soon, either scarlatina or canker-rash,—until at length some more favorable puff of wind, making haste over the fields and up the Wayland road, brought me information of the 'trainers.'"

After the Walden episode, Thoreau supported himself by doing various odd jobs for his neighbors, such as whitewashing, gardening, fence-building, land-surveying. He also lectured occasionally, and wrote now and then for the current magazines. Horace Greeley became his friend, and disposed of some of his papers for him to Graham's Magazine, Putnam's Magazine, and the Democratic Review. He made three trips to the Maine woods, — in 1846, 1853, and 1857,— where he saw and studied the moose and the Indian. The latter interested him greatly. Emerson said the three men in whom Thoreau felt the deepest interest were John Brown, his Indian guide in Maine, and Walt Whitman. The magazine papers which were the outcome of his trips to the Maine woods were published in book form

after his death; and next to 'Walden' I think make his most interesting contribution.

In 1850, in company with his friend Ellery Channing, he made a trip to Canada, and reports that he found traveling dirty work, and that "a man needs a pair of overalls for it." This poetic couple wore very plain clothes, and by way of baggage had a bundle and an umbrella. "We styled ourselves Knights of the Umbrella and the Bundle." The details of this trip may be found in his 'A Yankee in Canada,'—also published after his death.

Thoreau was almost as local as a woodchuck. He never went abroad, probably could not have been hired to go. He thought Concord contained about all that was worth seeing. Nature repeats herself everywhere; only you must be wide awake enough to see her. He penetrated the West as far as Minnesota in 1862 for his health, but the trip did not stay the progress of his disease. He made several trips to New York and Brooklyn to see Walt Whitman, whose poems and whose personality made a profound impression upon him. "The greatest democrat the world has ever seen," was his verdict upon the author of 'Leaves of Grass.'

One of the most characteristic acts of Thoreau's life was his public defense of John Brown on October 30th, 1859, when the sentiment of the whole country—abolitionists and all—set so overwhelmingly the other way. Emerson, and other of Thoreau's friends, tried to dissuade him from any public expression in favor of Brown just then; but he was all on fire with the thought of John Brown's heroic and righteous act, and he was not to be checked. His speech was calm and restrained; but there was molten metal inside it, and metal of the purest kind. It stirs the blood to read it at this time. Thoreau and Brown were kindred souls—fanatics, if you please, but both made of the stuff of heroes. Brown was the Thoreau of action and of politics, and Thoreau was the Brown of the region of the sentiments and moral and social ideals.

It is Thoreau's heroic moral fibre that takes us. It is never relaxed; it is always braced for the heights. He was an unusual mixture of the poet, the naturalist, and the moralist: but the moralist dominated. Yet he was not the moralist as we know him in English literature, without salt or savor, but a moralist escaped to the woods, full of a wild tang and aroma. He preaches a kind of goodness that sounds strange to conventional ears,—the goodness of the natural, the simple. "There is no odor so bad as that which arises from goodness tainted." And goodness is tainted when it takes thought of itself. A man's

"goodness must not be a partial and transitory act, but a constant superfluity, which costs him nothing, and of which he is unconscious." "If I knew for a certainty that a man was coming to my house with the conscious design

of doing me good, I should run for my life,—as from that dry and parching wind of the African desert called the Simoon, which fills the mouth and nose and ears and eyes with dust till you are suffocated,—for fear that I should get some of his good done to me, some of its virus mingled with my blood.»

Thoreau's virtue is a kind of stimulating contrariness; there is no compliance in him: he always says and does the unexpected thing, but always leaves us braced for better work and better living. «Simplicity, simplicity, simplicity,» he reiterates: «I say, let your affairs be as two or three, and not a hundred or a thousand; instead of a million, count half a dozen; and keep your accounts on your thumb-nail.»

He was a poet too, through and through, but lacked the perfect metrical gift. In this respect he had the shortcomings of his master, Emerson, who was a poet keyed to the highest pitch of bardic tension, but yet whose numbers would not always flow. Thoreau printed a few poems; one on 'Smoke' and one on 'Sympathy' have merits of a high order. Thoreau's naturalism is the salt that gives him his savor. He caught something tonic and pungent from his intercourse with wild nature. Sometimes it is biting and smarting like crinkle-root or calamus-root; at others it is sweet and aromatic like birch or wintergreen: but always it is stimulating and wholesome.

As a naturalist Thoreau's aim was ulterior to science: he loved the bird, but he loved more the bird behind the bird,—the idea it suggested, the mood of his mind it interpreted. He would fain see a mythology shine through his ornithology. In all his walks and rambles and excursions to mountains and to marsh, he was the idealist and the mystic, and never the devotee of pure science. His pages abound in many delicious natural-history bits, and in keen observation; but when we sternly ask how much he has added to our store of exact knowledge of this nature to which he devoted his lifetime, we cannot point to much that is new or important. He was in quest of an impalpable knowledge,—waiting, as he says in 'Walden,' «at evening on the hill-tops for the sky to fall, that I might catch something, though I never caught much; and that, manna-wise, would dissolve again in the sun.»

But he caught more than he here gives himself credit for; and it does not dissolve away in the sun. His fame has increased from year to year. Other names in our literature, much more prominent than his in his own day,—as that of Whipple, Tuckerman, Giles, etc.,—have faded; while his own has grown brighter and brighter, and the meridian is not yet.

John Burroughs

INSPIRATION

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WHATE'ER we leave to God, God does,
And blesses us;
The work we choose should be our own,
God leaves alone.

* * *

If with light head erect I sing,
Though all the Muses lend their force,
From my poor love of anything,
The verse is weak and shallow as its source.

But if with bended neck I grope
Listening behind me for my wit,
With faith superior to hope,
More anxious to keep back than forward it;

Making my soul accomplice there
Unto the flame my heart hath lit,—
Then will the verse for ever wear:
Time cannot bend the line which God hath writ.

Always the general show of things
Floats in review before my mind,
And such true love and reverence brings,
That sometimes I forget that I am blind.

But now there comes unsought, unseen,
Some clear divine electuary,
And I, who had but sensual been,
Grow sensible, and as God is, am wary.

I hearing get, who had but ears,
And sight, who had but eyes before;
I moments live, who lived but years,
And truth discern, who knew but learning's lore.

I hear beyond the range of sound,
I see beyond the range of sight,
New earths and skies and seas around,
And in my day the sun doth pale his light.

A clear and ancient harmony
Pierces my soul through all its din,

As through its utmost melody,—
Farther behind than they, farther within.

More swift its bolt than lightning is;
Its voice than thunder is more loud;
It doth expand my privacies
To all, and leave me single in the crowd.

It speaks with such authority,
With so serene and lofty tone,
That idle time runs gadding by,
And leaves me with Eternity alone.

Now chiefly is my natal hour,
And only now my prime of life:
Of manhood's strength it is the flower;
'Tis peace's end and war's beginning strife.

It comes in summer's broadest noon,
By a gray wall or some chance place,
Unseasoning Time, insulting June,
And vexing day with its presuming face.

Such fragrance round my couch it makes,
More rich than are Arabian drugs,
That my soul scents its life and wakes
The body up beneath its perfumed rugs.

Such is the Muse, the heavenly maid,
The star that guides our mortal course,
Which shows where life's true kernel's laid,
Its wheat's fine flour, and its undying force.

She with one breath attunes the spheres,
And also my poor human heart;
With one impulse propels the years
Around, and gives my throbbing pulse its start.

I will not doubt for evermore,
Nor falter from a steadfast faith;
For though the system be turned o'er,
God takes not back the word which once he saith.

I will not doubt the love untold
Which not my worth nor want has bought,
Which wooed me young, and wooes me old,
And to this evening hath me brought.

My memory I'll educate
To know the one historic truth,
Remembering to the latest date
The only true and sole immortal youth.

Be but thy inspiration given,
No matter through what danger sought,
I'll fathom hell or climb to heaven,
And yet esteem that cheap which love has bought.

* * *

Fame cannot tempt the bard
Who's famous with his God,
Nor laurel him reward
Who has his Maker's nod.

THE FISHER'S BOY

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MY LIFE is like a stroll upon the beach,
As near the ocean's edge as I can go;
My tardy steps its waves sometimes o'erreach,
Sometimes I stay to let them overflow.

My sole employment 'tis, and scrupulous care,
To place my gains beyond the reach of tides,—
Each smoother pebble, and each shell more rare,
Which Ocean kindly to my hand confides.

I have but few companions on the shore:
They scorn the strand who sail upon the sea;
Yet oft I think the ocean they've sailed o'er
Is deeper known upon the strand to me.

The middle sea contains no crimson dulse,
Its deeper waves cast up no pearls to view;
Along the shore my hand is on its pulse,
And I converse with many a shipwrecked crew.

SMOKE

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LIGHT-WINGED Smoke, Icarian bird,
Melting thy pinions in thy upward flight;
Lark without song, and messenger of dawn,
Circling above the hamlets as thy nest;
Or else, departing dream and shadowy form
Of midnight vision, gathering up thy skirts;
By night star-veiling, and by day
Darkening the light and blotting out the sun,—
Go thou, my incense, upward from this hearth,
And ask the gods to pardon this clear flame.

WORK AND PAY

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AT THE present day, and in this country, as I find by my own experience, a few implements, a knife, an axe, a spade, a wheelbarrow, etc., and for the studious, lamplight, stationery, and access to a few books, rank next to necessaries, and can all be obtained at a trifling cost. Yet some, not wise, go to the other side of the globe, to barbarous and unhealthy regions, and devote themselves to trade for ten or twenty years, in order that they may live — that is, keep comfortably warm — and die in New England at last. The luxuriously rich are not simply kept comfortably warm, but unnaturally hot; as I implied before, they are cooked, of course *à la mode*.

Most of the luxuries and many of the so-called comforts of life are not only not indispensable, but positive hindrances to the elevation of mankind. With respect to luxuries and comforts, the wisest have ever lived a more simple and meagre life than the poor. The ancient philosophers — Chinese, Hindoo, Persian, and Greek — were a class than which none has been poorer in outward riches, none so rich in inward. We know not much about them. It is remarkable that *we* know so much of them as we do. The same is true of the more modern reformers and benefactors of their race. None can be an impartial or wise observer of human life but from the vantage ground of what *we* should call voluntary poverty. Of a life of luxury the fruit is

luxury, whether in agriculture, or commerce, or literature, or art. There are nowadays professors of philosophy, but not philosophers. Yet it is admirable to profess, because it was once admirable to live. To be a philosopher is not merely to have subtle thoughts, nor even to found a school; but so to love wisdom as to live according to its dictates,—a life of simplicity, independence, magnanimity, and trust. It is to solve some of the problems of life, not only theoretically but practically. The success of great scholars and thinkers is commonly a courtier-like success; not kingly, not manly. They make shift to live merely by conformity, practically as their fathers did, and are in no sense the progenitors of a nobler race of men. But why do men degenerate ever? What makes families run out? What is the nature of the luxury which enervates and destroys nations? Are we sure that there is none of it in our own lives? The philosopher is in advance of his age even in the outward form of his life. He is not fed, sheltered, clothed, warmed, like his contemporaries. How can a man be a philosopher and not maintain his vital heat by better methods than other men?

When a man is warmed by the several modes which I have described, what does he want next? Surely not more warmth of the same kind,—as more and richer food, larger and more splendid houses, finer and more abundant clothing, more numerous incessant and hotter fires, and the like. When he has obtained those things which are necessary to life, there is another alternative than to obtain the superfluities; and that is, to adventure on life now, his vacation from humbler toil having commenced. The soil, it appears, is suited to the seed; for it has sent its radicle downward, and it may now send its shoot upward also with confidence. Why has man rooted himself thus firmly in the earth, but that he may rise in the same proportion into the heavens above?—for the nobler plants are valued for the fruit they bear at last in the air and light, far from the ground, and are not treated like the humbler esculents; which, though they may be biennials, are cultivated only till they have perfected their root, and often cut down at top for this purpose, so that most would not know them in their flowering season.

I do not mean to prescribe rules to strong and valiant natures, who will mind their own affairs whether in heaven or hell, and perchance build more magnificently and spend more lavishly than the richest, without ever impoverishing themselves, not knowing

how they live — if indeed there are any such, as has been dreamed; nor to those who find their encouragement and inspiration in precisely the present condition of things, and cherish it with the fondness and enthusiasm of lovers — and to some extent I reckon myself in this number; I do not speak to those who are well employed, in whatever circumstances — and they know whether they are well employed or not; — but mainly to the mass of men who are discontented, and idly complaining of the hardness of their lot or of the times, when they might improve them. There are some who complain most energetically and inconsolably of any, because they are, as they say, doing their duty. I also have in my mind that seemingly wealthy, but most terribly impoverished class of all, who have accumulated dross but know not how to use it or get rid of it, and thus have forged their own golden or silver fetters.

If I should attempt to tell how I have desired to spend my life in years past, it would probably surprise those of my readers who are somewhat acquainted with its actual history; it would certainly astonish those who know nothing about it. I will only hint at some of the enterprises which I have cherished.

In any weather, at any hour of the day or night, I have been anxious to improve the nick of time, and notch it on my stick too: to stand on the meeting of two eternities, the past and future, which is precisely the present moment; to toe that line. You will pardon some obscurities, for there are more secrets in my trade than in most men's; and yet not voluntarily kept, but inseparable from its very nature. I would gladly tell all that I know about it, and never paint "No Admittance" on my gate.

I long ago lost a hound, a bay horse, and a turtle-dove, and am still on their trail. Many are the travelers I have spoken concerning them, describing their tracks and what calls they answered to. I have met one or two who had heard the hound, and the tramp of the horse, and even seen the dove disappear behind a cloud; and they seemed as anxious to recover them as if they had lost them themselves.

To anticipate, not the sunrise and the dawn merely, but if possible, Nature herself! How many mornings, summer and winter, before yet any neighbor was stirring about his business, have I been about mine! No doubt many of my townsmen have met me returning from this enterprise,— farmers starting for Boston in the twilight, or wood-choppers going to their work. It is

true, I never assisted the sun materially in his rising; but, doubt not, it was of the last importance only to be present at it.

So many autumn, ay, and winter days, spent outside the town, trying to hear what was in the wind, to hear and carry it express! I well-nigh sunk all my capital in it, and lost my own breath into the bargain, running in the face of it. If it had concerned either of the political parties, depend upon it, it would have appeared in the Gazette with the earliest intelligence. At other times watching from the observatory of some cliff or tree, to telegraph any new arrival; or waiting at evening on the hill-tops for the sky to fall, that I might catch something,—though I never caught much, and that, manna-wise, would dissolve again in the sun.

For a long time I was reporter to a journal, of no very wide circulation, whose editor has never yet seen fit to print the bulk of my contributions, and, as is too common with writers, I got only my labor for my pains. However, in this case my pains were their own reward.

For many years I was self-appointed inspector of snow-storms and rain-storms, and did my duty faithfully; surveyor, if not of highways, then of forest paths and all across-lot routes,—keeping them open, and ravines bridged and passable at all seasons, where the public heel had testified to their utility.

I have looked after the wild stock of the town, which give a faithful herdsman a good deal of trouble by leaping fences; and I have had an eye to the unfrequented nooks and corners of the farm: though I did not always know whether Jonas or Solomon worked in a particular field to-day, that was none of my business. I have watered the red huckleberry, the sand-cherry and the nettle-tree, the red pine and the black ash, the white grape and the yellow violet, which might have withered else in dry seasons.

In short, I went on thus for a long time (I may say it without boasting), faithfully minding my business, till it became more and more evident that my townsmen would not after all admit me into the list of town officers, nor make my place a sinecure with a moderate allowance. My accounts, which I can swear to have kept faithfully, I have indeed never got audited, still less accepted, still less paid and settled. However, I have not set my heart on that.

SOLITUDE

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THIS is a delicious evening, when the whole body is one sense, and imbibes delight through every pore. I go and come with a strange liberty in Nature, a part of herself. As I walk along the stony shore of the pond in my shirt-sleeves, though it is cool as well as cloudy and windy, and I see nothing special to attract me, all the elements are unusually congenial to me. The bullfrogs trump to usher in the night, and the note of the whippoorwill is borne on the rippling wind from over the water. Sympathy with the fluttering alder and poplar leaves almost takes away my breath; yet, like the lake, my serenity is rippled but not ruffled. These small waves raised by the evening wind are as remote from storm as the smooth reflecting surface. Though it is now dark, the wind still blows and roars in the wood, the waves still dash, and some creatures lull the rest with their notes. The repose is never complete. The wildest animals do not repose, but seek their prey now; the fox and skunk and rabbit now roam the fields and woods without fear. They are Nature's watchmen,—links which connect the days of animated life.

When I return to my house I find that visitors have been there and left their cards,—either a bunch of flowers, or a wreath of evergreen, or a name in pencil on a yellow walnut leaf or a chip. They who come rarely to the woods take some little piece of the forest into their hands to play with by the way, which they leave, either intentionally or accidentally. One has peeled a willow wand, woven it into a ring, and dropped it on my table. I could always tell if visitors had called in my absence, either by the bended twigs or grass, or the print of their shoes; and generally of what sex or age or quality they were, by some slight trace left,—as a flower dropped, or a bunch of grass plucked and thrown away, even as far off as the railroad half a mile distant,—or by the lingering odor of a cigar or pipe. Nay, I was frequently notified of the passage of a traveler along the highway sixty rods off by the scent of his pipe.

There is commonly sufficient space about us. Our horizon is never quite at our elbows. The thick wood is not just at our door, nor the pond; but somewhat is always clearing, familiar and worn by us, appropriated and fenced in some way, and

reclaimed from Nature. For what reason have I this vast range and circuit, some square miles of unfrequented forest, for my privacy, abandoned to me by men? My nearest neighbor is a mile distant, and no house is visible from any place but the hill-tops within half a mile of my own. I have my horizon bounded by woods all to myself; a distant view of the railroad where it touches the pond on the one hand, and of the fence which skirts the woodland road on the other. But for the most part it is as solitary where I live as on the prairies. It is as much Asia or Africa as New England. I have, as it were, my own sun and moon and stars, and a little world all to myself. At night there was never a traveler passed my house, or knocked at my door, more than if I were the first or last man; unless it were in the spring, when at long intervals some came from the village to fish for pouts,—they plainly fished much more in the Walden Pond of their own natures, and baited their hooks with darkness,—but they soon retreated, usually with light baskets, and left "the world to darkness and to me," and the black kernel of the night was never profaned by any human neighborhood. I believe that men are generally still a little afraid of the dark, though the witches are all hung, and Christianity and candles have been introduced.

Yet I experienced sometimes that the most sweet and tender, the most innocent and encouraging society may be found in any natural object, even for the poor misanthrope and most melancholy man. There can be no very black melancholy to him who lives in the midst of Nature and has his senses still. There was never yet such a storm but it was Æolian music to a healthy and innocent ear. Nothing can rightly compel a simple and brave man to a vulgar sadness. While I enjoy the friendship of the seasons, I trust that nothing can make life a burden to me. The gentle rain which waters my beans and keeps me in the house to-day is not drear and melancholy, but good for me too. Though it prevents my hoeing them, it is of far more worth than my hoeing. If it should continue so long as to cause the seeds to rot in the ground and destroy the potatoes in the low lands, it would still be good for the grass on the uplands; and being good for the grass, it would be good for me. Sometimes, when I compare myself with other men, it seems as if I were more favored by the gods than they, beyond any deserts that I am conscious of; as if I had a warrant and surety at their hands

which my fellows have not, and were especially guided and guarded. I do not flatter myself; but if it be possible, they flatter me. I have never felt lonesome, or in the least oppressed by a sense of solitude, but once; and that was a few weeks after I came to the woods, when for an hour I doubted if the near neighborhood of man was not essential to a serene and healthy life. To be alone was something unpleasant. But I was at the same time conscious of a slight insanity in my mood, and seemed to foresee my recovery. In the midst of a gentle rain, while these thoughts prevailed, I was suddenly sensible of such sweet and beneficent society in Nature, in the very pattering of the drops, and in every sound and sight around my house, an infinite and unaccountable friendliness all at once like an atmosphere sustaining me, as made the fancied advantages of human neighborhood insignificant, and I have never thought of them since. Every little pine needle expanded and swelled with sympathy and befriended me. I was so distinctly made aware of the presence of something kindred to me, even in scenes which we are accustomed to call wild and dreary, and also that the nearest of blood to me and humanest was not a person nor a villager, that I thought no place could ever be strange to me again.—

> "Mourning untimely consumes the sad;
> Few are their days in the land of the living,
> Beautiful daughter of Toscar."

Some of my pleasantest hours were during the long rainstorms in the spring or fall, which confined me to the house for the afternoon as well as the forenoon, soothed by their ceaseless roar and pelting; when an early twilight ushered in a long evening, in which many thoughts had time to take root and unfold themselves. In those driving northeast rains which tried the village houses so, when the maids stood ready with mop and pail in front entries to keep the deluge out, I sat behind my door in my little house, which was all entry, and thoroughly enjoyed its protection. In one heavy thunder-shower the lightning struck a large pitch-pine across the pond, making a very conspicuous and perfectly regular spiral groove from top to bottom, an inch or more deep and four or five inches wide, as you would groove a walking-stick. I passed it again the other day, and was struck with awe on looking up and beholding that mark, now more distinct than ever, where a terrific and resistless bolt came down out

of the harmless sky eight years ago. Men frequently say to me, "I should think you would feel lonesome down there and want to be nearer to folks,—rainy and snowy days and nights especially." I am tempted to reply to such,—This whole earth which we inhabit is but a point in space. How far apart, think you, dwell the two most distant inhabitants of yonder star, the breadth of whose disk cannot be appreciated by our instruments? Why should I feel lonely? is not our planet in the Milky Way? This which you put seems to me not to be the most important question. What sort of space is that which separates a man from his fellows and makes him solitary? I have found that no exertion of the legs can bring two minds much nearer to one another. What do we want most to dwell near to? Not to many men, surely,—the depot, the post-office, the bar-room, the meeting-house, the schoolhouse, the grocery, Beacon Hill, or the Five Points, where men most congregate,—but to the perennial source of our life, whence in all our experience we have found that to issue, as the willow stands near the water and sends out its roots in that direction. This will vary with different natures, but this is the place where a wise man will dig his cellar.—I one evening overtook one of my townsmen, who has accumulated what is called "a handsome property,"—though I never got a *fair* view of it,—on the Walden road, driving a pair of cattle to market, who inquired of me how I could bring my mind to give up so many of the comforts of life. I answered that I was very sure I liked it passably well; I was not joking. And so I went home to my bed, and left him to pick his way through the darkness and the mud to Brighton,—or Bright-town,—which place he would reach some time in the morning.

Any prospect of awakening or coming to life, to a dead man makes indifferent all times and places. The place where that may occur is always the same, and indescribably pleasant to all our senses. For the most part we allow only outlying and transient circumstances to make our occasions. They are in fact the cause of our distraction. Nearest to all things is that power which fashions their being. *Next* to us the grandest laws are continually being executed. *Next* to us is not the workman whom we have hired, with whom we love so well to talk, but the workman whose work we are.

"How vast and profound is the influence of the subtile powers of Heaven and of Earth!

"We seek to perceive them, and we do not see them; we seek to hear them, and we do not hear them; identified with the substance of things, they cannot be separated from them.

"They cause that in all the universe men purify and sanctify their hearts, and clothe themselves in their holiday garments to offer sacrifices and oblations to their ancestors. It is an ocean of subtile intelligences. They are everywhere, above us, on our left, on our right; they environ us on all sides."

We are the subjects of an experiment which is not a little interesting to me. Can we not do without the society of our gossips a little while under these circumstances,—have our own thoughts to cheer us? Confucius says truly, "Virtue does not remain as an abandoned orphan: it must of necessity have neighbors."

With thinking, we may be beside ourselves in a sane sense. By a conscious effort of the mind we can stand aloof from actions and their consequences; and all things, good and bad, go by us like a torrent. We are not wholly involved in Nature. I may be either the driftwood in the stream, or Indra in the sky looking down on it. I *may* be affected by a theatrical exhibition; on the other hand, I *may not* be affected by an actual event which appears to concern me much more. I only know myself as a human entity,—the scene, so to speak, of thoughts and affections; and am sensible of a certain doubleness by which I can stand as remote from myself as from another. However intense my experience, I am conscious of the presence and criticism of a part of me, which as it were is not a part of me, but spectator, sharing no experience but taking note of it; and that is no more I than it is you. When the play—it may be the tragedy—of life is over, the spectator goes his way. It was a kind of fiction, a work of the imagination only, so far as he was concerned. This doubleness may easily make us poor neighbors and friends sometimes.

I find it wholesome to be alone the greater part of the time. To be in company, even with the best, is soon wearisome and dissipating. I love to be alone. I never found the companion that was so companionable as solitude. We are for the most part more lonely when we go abroad among men than when we stay in our chambers. A man thinking or working is always alone, let him be where he will. Solitude is not measured by the miles of space that intervene between a man and his fellows.

The really diligent student in one of the crowded hives of Cambridge College is as solitary as a dervis in the desert. The farmer can work alone in the field or the woods all day, hoeing or chopping, and not feel lonesome, because he is employed; but when he comes home at night he cannot sit down in a room alone, at the mercy of his thoughts, but must be where he can "see the folks," and recreate, and as he thinks remunerate, himself for his day's solitude: and hence he wonders how the student can sit alone in the house all night and most of the day without ennui and "the blues"; but he does not realize that the student, though in the house, is still at work in *his* field, and chopping in *his* woods, as the farmer in his, and in turn seeks the same recreation and society that the latter does, though it may be a more condensed form of it.

Society is commonly too cheap. We meet at very short intervals, not having had time to acquire any new value for each other. We meat at meals three times a day, and give each other a new taste of that old musty cheese that we are. We have had to agree on a certain set of rules, called etiquette and politeness, to make this frequent meeting tolerable and that we need not come to open war. We meet at the post-office, and at the sociable, and about the fireside every night; we live thick and are in each other's way, and stumble over one another: and I think that we thus lose some respect for one another. Certainly less frequency would suffice for all important and hearty communications. Consider the girls in a factory,—never alone, hardly in their dreams. It would be better if there were but one inhabitant to a square mile, as where I live. The value of a man is not in his skin, that we should touch him.

I have heard of a man lost in the woods and dying of famine and exhaustion at the foot of a tree, whose loneliness was relieved by the grotesque visions with which, owing to bodily weakness, his diseased imagination surrounded him, and which he believed to be real. So also, owing to bodily and mental health and strength, we may be continually cheered by a like but more normal and natural society, and come to know that we are never alone.

I have a great deal of company in my house; especially in the morning, when nobody calls. Let me suggest a few comparisons, that some one may convey an idea of my situation. I am no more lonely than the loon in the pond that laughs so loud, or

than Walden Pond itself. What company has that lonely lake, I pray? And yet it has not the blue devils, but the blue angels in it, in the azure tint of its waters. The sun is alone, except in thick weather, when there sometimes appear to be two, but one is a mock sun. God is alone,—but the Devil, he is far from being alone: he sees a great deal of company; he is legion. I am no more lonely than a single mullein or dandelion in a pasture, or a bean leaf, or sorrel, or a horse-fly, or a humble-bee. I am no more lonely than the Mill Brook, or a weathercock, or the North Star, or the south wind, or an April shower, or a January thaw, or the first spider in a new house.

I have occasional visits in the long winter evenings, when the snow falls fast and the wind howls in the wood, from an old settler and original proprietor, who is reported to have dug Walden Pond, and stoned it, and fringed it with pine woods; who tells me stories of old time and of new eternity: and between us we manage to pass a cheerful evening, with social mirth and pleasant views of things, even without apples or cider,—a most wise and humorous friend, whom I love much, who keeps himself more secret than ever did Goffe or Whalley; and though he is thought to be dead, none can show where he is buried. An elderly dame too dwells in my neighborhood, invisible to most persons, in whose odorous herb garden I love to stroll sometimes, gathering simples and listening to her fables;—for she has a genius of unequaled fertility, and her memory runs back farther than mythology, and she can tell me the original of every fable, and on what fact every one is founded—for the incidents occurred when she was young. A ruddy and lusty old dame, who delights in all weathers and seasons, and is likely to outlive all her children yet.

The indescribable innocence and beneficence of Nature,—of sun and wind and rain, of summer and winter,—such health, such cheer, they afford forever! and such sympathy have they ever with our race, that all Nature would be affected, and the sun's brightness fade, and the winds would sigh humanely, and the clouds rain tears, and the woods shed their leaves and put on mourning in midsummer, if any man should ever for a just cause grieve. Shall I not have intelligence with the earth? Am I not partly leaves and vegetable mold myself?

What is the pill which will keep us well, serene, contented? Not my or thy great-grandfather's, but our great-grandmother

Nature's universal, vegetable, botanic medicines, by which she has kept herself young always, outlived so many old Parrs in her day, and fed her health with their decaying fatness. For my panacea, instead of one of those quack vials of a mixture dipped from Acheron and the Dead Sea, which come out of those long shallow black schooner-looking wagons which we sometimes see made to carry bottles, let me have a draught of undiluted morning air. Morning air! If men will not drink of this at the fountain-head of the day, why, then we must even bottle up some and sell it in the shops, for the benefit of those who have lost their subscription ticket to morning-time in this world. But remember, it will not keep quiet till noonday even in the coolest cellar, but drive out the stopples long ere that, and follow westward the steps of Aurora. I am no worshiper of Hygeia, who was the daughter of that old herb-doctor Æsculapius, and who is represented on monuments holding a serpent in one hand, and in the other a cup out of which the serpent sometimes drinks; but rather of Hebe, cupbearer to Jupiter, who was the daughter of Juno and wild lettuce, and who had the power of restoring gods and men to the vigor of youth. She was probably the only thoroughly sound-conditioned, healthy, and robust young lady that ever walked the globe; and wherever she came it was spring.

THE BEAN FIELD

From 'Walden.' Copyright 1854, by Henry D. Thoreau; 1893, by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

MEANWHILE my beans, the length of whose rows, added together, was seven miles already planted, were impatient to be hoed; for the earliest had grown considerably before the latest were in the ground: indeed, they were not easily to be put off. What was the meaning of this so steady and self-respecting, this small Herculean labor, I knew not. I came to love my rows, my beans, though so many more than I wanted. They attached me to the earth, and so I got strength like Antæus. But why should I raise them? Only Heaven knows. This was my curious labor all summer,—to make this portion of the earth's surface, which had yielded only cinquefoil, blackberries, johnswort, and the like, before,—sweet wild fruits and

pleasant flowers,— produce instead this pulse. What shall I learn of beans or beans of me? I cherish them, I hoe them, early and late I have an eye to them; and this is my day's work. It is a fine broad leaf to look on. My auxiliaries are the dews and rains which water this dry soil, and what fertility is in the soil itself, which for the most part is lean and effete. My enemies are worms, cool days, and most of all woodchucks. The last have nibbled for me a quarter of an acre clean. But what right had I to oust johnswort and the rest, and break up their ancient herb garden? Soon, however, the remaining beans will be too tough for them, and go forward to meet new foes.

When I was four years old, as I well remember, I was brought from Boston to this my native town, through these very woods and this field, to the pond. It is one of the oldest scenes stamped on my memory. And now to-night my flute has waked the echoes over that very water. The pines still stand here older than I; or if some have fallen, I have cooked my supper with their stumps, and a new growth is rising all around, preparing another aspect for new infant eyes. Almost the same johnswort springs from the same perennial root in this pasture: and even I have at length helped to clothe that fabulous landscape of my infant dreams; and one of the results of my presence and influence is seen in these bean leaves, corn blades, and potato vines.

I planted about two acres and a half of upland; and as it was only about fifteen years since the land was cleared, and I myself had got out two or three cords of stumps, I did not give it any manure; but in the course of the summer it appeared by the arrow-heads which I turned up in hoeing, that an extinct nation had anciently dwelt here and planted corn and beans ere white men came to clear the land, and so, to some extent, had exhausted the soil for this very crop.

Before yet any woodchuck or squirrel had run across the road, or the sun had got above the shrub-oaks, while all the dew was on, though the farmers warned me against it,— I would advise you to do all your work if possible while the dew is on,— I began to level the ranks of haughty weeds in my bean-field and throw dust upon their heads. Early in the morning I worked barefooted, dabbling like a plastic artist in the dewy and crumbling sand; but later in the day the sun blistered my feet. There the sun lighted me to hoe beans, pacing slowly backward and

forward over that yellow gravelly upland, between the long green rows, fifteen rods; the one end terminating in a shrub-oak copse where I could rest in the shade, the other in a blackberry field where the green berries deepened their tints by the time I had made another bout. Removing the weeds, putting fresh soil about the bean stems, and encouraging this weed which I had sown, making the yellow soil express its summer thought in bean leaves and blossoms rather than in wormwood and piper and millet grass, making the earth say beans instead of grass,—this was my daily work. As I had little aid from horses or cattle, or hired men or boys, or improved implements of husbandry, I was much slower, and became much more intimate with my beans, than usual. But labor of the hands, even when pursued to the verge of drudgery, is perhaps never the worst form of idleness. It has a constant and imperishable moral; and to the scholar it yields a classic result. A very *agricola laboriosus* was I to travelers bound westward through Lincoln and Wayland to nobody knows where: they sitting at their ease in gigs, with elbows on knees, and reins loosely hanging in festoons; I the home-staying, laborious native of the soil. But soon my homestead was out of their sight and thought. It was the only open and cultivated field for a great distance on either side of the road, so they made the most of it; and sometimes the man in the field heard more of travelers' gossip and comment than was meant for his ear: "Beans so late! peas so late!"—for I continued to plant when others had begun to hoe,—the ministerial husbandman had not suspected it.—"Corn, my boy, for fodder; corn for fodder."—"Does he *live* there?" asks the black bonnet of the gray coat: and the hard-featured farmer reins up his grateful dobbin to inquire what you are doing where he sees no manure in the furrow; and recommends a little chip dirt, or any little waste stuff, or it may be ashes or plaster. But here were two acres and a half of furrows, and only a hoe for cart and two hands to draw it,—there being an aversion to other carts and horses,—and chip dirt far away. Fellow-travelers as they rattled by compared it aloud with the fields which they had passed; so that I came to know how I stood in the agricultural world. This was one field not in Mr. Coleman's report. And by the way, who estimates the value of the crop which Nature yields in the still wilder fields unimproved by man? The crop of *English* hay is carefully weighed, the moisture calculated, the silicates and the

potash; but in all dells and pond-holes in the woods and pastures and swamps grows a rich and various crop, only unreaped by man. Mine was, as it were, the connecting link between wild and cultivated fields: as some States are civilized, and others half-civilized, and others savage or barbarous, so my field was, though not in a bad sense, a half-cultivated field. They were beans cheerfully returning to their wild and primitive state that I cultivated, and my hoe played the 'Ranz des Vaches' for them.

Near at hand, upon the topmost spray of a birch, sings the brown thrasher — or red mavis, as some love to call him — all the morning, glad of your society, that would find out another farmer's field if yours were not here. While you are planting the seed, he cries, "Drop it, drop it, — cover it up, cover it up, — pull it up, pull it up, pull it up." But this was not corn, and so it was safe from such enemies as he. You may wonder what his rigmarole, his amateur Paganini performances on one string or on twenty, have to do with your planting, and yet prefer it to leached ashes or plaster. It was a cheap sort of top-dressing, in which I had entire faith.

As I drew a still fresher soil about the rows with my hoe, I disturbed the ashes of unchronicled nations who in primeval years lived under these heavens, and their small implements of war and hunting were brought to the light of this modern day. They lay mingled with other natural stones, some of which bore the marks of having been burned by Indian fires, and some by the sun; and also bits of pottery and glass brought hither by the recent cultivators of the soil. When my hoe tinkled against the stones, that music echoed to the woods and the sky, and was an accompaniment to my labor which yielded an instant and immeasurable crop. It was no longer beans that I hoed, nor I that hoed beans; and I remembered with as much pity as pride, if I remembered at all, my acquaintances who had gone to the city to attend the oratorios. The night-hawk circled overhead in the sunny afternoons — for I sometimes made a day of it — like a mote in the eye, or in Heaven's eye; falling from time to time with a swoop and a sound as if the heavens were rent, torn at last to very rags and tatters, and yet a seamless cope remained: small imps that fill the air, and lay their eggs on the ground on bare sand or rocks on the tops of hills, where few have found them; graceful and slender, like ripples caught up from the pond,

as leaves are raised by the wind to float in the heavens; such kindredship is in Nature. The hawk is aerial brother of the wave which he sails over and surveys, those his perfect air-inflated wings answering to the elemental unfledged pinions of the sea. Or sometimes I watched a pair of hen-hawks circling high in the sky, alternately soaring and descending, approaching and leaving one another, as if they were the embodiment of my own thoughts. Or I was attracted by the passage of wild pigeons from this wood to that, with a slight quivering winnowing sound and carrier haste; or from under a rotten stump my hoe turned up a sluggish, portentous, and outlandish spotted salamander,—a trace of Egypt and the Nile, yet our contemporary. When I paused to lean on my hoe, these sounds and sights I heard and saw anywhere in the row, a part of the inexhaustible entertainment which the country offers.

On gala days the town fires its great guns, which echo like popguns to these woods; and some waifs of martial music occasionally penetrate thus far. To me, away there in my bean-field at the other end of the town, the big guns sounded as if a puff-ball had burst: and when there was a military turnout of which I was ignorant, I have sometimes had a vague sense all the day of some sort of itching and disease in the horizon, as if some eruption would break out there soon, either scarlatina or canker-rash; until at length some more favorable puff of wind, making haste over the fields and up the Wayland road, brought me information of the "trainers." It seemed by the distant hum as if somebody's bees had swarmed; and that the neighbors, according to Virgil's advice, by a faint *tintinnabulum* upon the most sonorous of their domestic utensils, were endeavoring to call them down into the hive again. And when the sound died quite away, and the hum had ceased, and the most favorable breezes told no tale, I knew that they had got the last drone of them all safely into the Middlesex hive, and that now their minds were bent on the honey with which it was smeared.

I felt proud to know that the liberties of Massachusetts and of our fatherland were in such safe keeping; and as I turned to my hoeing again I was filled with an inexpressible confidence, and pursued my labor cheerfully with a calm trust in the future.

When there were several bands of musicians, it sounded as if all the village was a vast bellows, and all the buildings expanded and collapsed alternately with a din. But sometimes it was a

really noble and inspiring strain that reached these woods, and the trumpet that sings of fame; and I felt as if I could spit a Mexican with a good relish,—for why should we always stand for trifles?—and looked round for a woodchuck or a skunk to exercise my chivalry upon. These martial strains seemed as far away as Palestine; and reminded me of a march of crusaders in the horizon, with a slight tantivy and tremulous motion of the elm-tree tops which overhang the village. This was one of the *great* days; though the sky had from my clearing only the same everlastingly great look that it wears daily, and I saw no difference in it.

It was a singular experience, that long acquaintance which I cultivated with beans: what with planting, and hoeing, and harvesting, and threshing, and picking over and selling them—the last was the hardest of all; I might add eating, for I did taste. I was determined to know beans. When they were growing, I used to hoe from five o'clock in the morning till noon, and commonly spent the rest of the day about other affairs. Consider the intimate and curious acquaintance one makes with various kinds of weeds,—it will bear some iteration in the account, for there was no little iteration in the labor: disturbing their delicate organizations so ruthlessly, and making such invidious distinctions with his hoe, leveling whole ranks of one species and sedulously cultivating another. That's Roman wormwood—that's pigweed—that's sorrel—that's piper-grass: have at him, chop him up, turn his roots upward to the sun, don't let him have a fibre in the shade; if you do he'll turn himself t'other side up and be as green as a leek in two days. A long war, not with cranes, but with weeds,—those Trojans who had sun and rain and dews on their side. Daily the beans saw me come to their rescue armed with a hoe, and thin the ranks of their enemies, filling up the trenches with weedy dead. Many a lusty crest-waving Hector, that towered a whole foot above his crowding comrades, fell before my weapon and rolled in the dust.

Those summer days which some of my contemporaries devoted to the fine arts in Boston or Rome, and others to contemplation in India, and others to trade in London or New York, I thus, with the other farmers of New England, devoted to husbandry. Not that I wanted beans to eat, for I am by nature a Pythagorean so far as beans are concerned,—whether they mean porridge or voting,—and exchanged them for rice; but perchance, as some

must work in fields if only for the sake of tropes and expression, to serve a parable-maker one day. It was on the whole a rare amusement, which, continued too long, might have become a dissipation. Though I gave them no manure, and did not hoe them all once, I hoed them unusually well as far as I went, and was paid for it in the end: "there being in truth," as Evelyn says, "no compost or lætation whatsoever comparable to this continual motion, repastination, and turning of the mold with the spade." "The earth," he adds elsewhere, "especially if fresh, has a certain magnetism in it, by which it attracts the salt, power, or virtue (call it either) which gives it life, and is the logic of all the labor and stir we keep about it, to sustain us; all dungings and other sordid temperings being but the vicars succedaneous to this improvement." Moreover, this being one of those "worn-out and exhausted lay fields which enjoy their sabbath," had perchance, as Sir Kenelm Digby thinks likely, attracted "vital spirits" from the air. I harvested twelve bushels of beans.

WALKING

From 'Excursions.' Copyright 1863 and 1866, by Ticknor & Fields; 1893, by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

I WISH to speak a word for Nature, for absolute freedom and wildness, as contrasted with a freedom and culture merely civil,—to regard man as an inhabitant, or a part and parcel of Nature, rather than a member of society. I wish to make an extreme statement, if so I may make an emphatic one: for there are enough champions of civilization; the minister and the school committee and every one of you will take care of that.

I have met with but one or two persons in the course of my life who understood the art of Walking,—that is, of taking walks,—who had a genius, so to speak, for *sauntering:* which word is beautifully derived "from idle people who roved about the country, in the Middle Ages, and asked charity, under pretense of going *à la Sainte Terre,*"—to the Holy Land,—till the children exclaimed, "There goes a *Sainte-Terrer,*"—a Saunterer, a Holy-Lander. They who never go to the Holy Land in their walks, as they pretend, are indeed mere idlers and vagabonds; but they who do go there are saunterers in the good sense, such as I mean. Some, however, would derive the word from *sans terre,*

without land or a home; which therefore, in the good sense, will mean having no particular home, but equally at home everywhere. For this is the secret of successful sauntering. He who sits still in a house all the time may be the greatest vagrant of all; but the saunterer, in the good sense, is no more vagrant than the meandering river, which is all the while sedulously seeking the shortest course to the sea. But I prefer the first, which indeed is the most probable derivation. For every walk is a sort of crusade, preached by some Peter the Hermit in us, to go forth and reconquer this Holy Land from the hands of the Infidels.

It is true, we are but faint-hearted crusaders; even the walkers nowadays, who undertake no persevering, never-ending enterprises. Our expeditions are but tours, and come round again at evening to the old hearth-side from which we set out. Half the walk is but retracing our steps. We should go forth on the shortest walk, perchance, in the spirit of undying adventure, never to return,— prepared to send back our embalmed hearts only as relics to our desolate kingdoms. If you are ready to leave father and mother, and brother and sister, and wife and child and friends, and never see them again,— if you have paid your debts, and made your will, and settled all your affairs, and are a free man,— then you are ready for a walk.

To come down to my own experience, my companion and I— for I sometimes have a companion — take pleasure in fancying ourselves knights of a new, or rather an old, order; not Equestrians or Chevaliers, not Ritters or Riders, but Walkers,— a still more ancient and honorable class, I trust. The chivalric and heroic spirit which once belonged to the Rider seems now to reside in, or perchance to have subsided into, the Walker,— not the Knight, but Walker, Errant. He is a sort of fourth estate, outside of Church and State and People.

We have felt that we almost alone hereabouts practiced this noble art; though, to tell the truth,— at least if their own assertions are to be received,— most of my townsmen would fain walk sometimes, as I do, but they cannot. No wealth can buy the requisite leisure, freedom, and independence which are the capital in this profession. It comes only by the grace of God. It requires a direct dispensation from Heaven to become a Walker. You must be born into the family of the Walkers. *Ambulator nascitur, non fit.* Some of my townsmen, it is true, can remember and have described to me some walks which they took ten

years ago, in which they were so blessed as to lose themselves for half an hour in the woods; but I know very well that they have confined themselves to the highway ever since, whatever pretensions they may make to belong to this select class. No doubt they were elevated for a moment as by the reminiscence of a previous state of existence, when even they were foresters and outlaws.

"When he came to grene wode,
In a mery mornynge,
There he herde the notes small
Of byrdes mery syngyng.

"It is ferre gone, sayd Robyn,
That I was last here:
Me lyste a lytell for to shote
At the donne dere."

I think that I cannot preserve my health and spirits, unless I spend four hours a day at least — and it is commonly more than that — sauntering through the woods and over the hills and fields, absolutely free from all worldly engagements. You may safely say, A penny for your thoughts, or a thousand pounds. When sometimes I am reminded that the mechanics and shopkeepers stay in their shops not only all the forenoon, but all the afternoon too, sitting with crossed legs, so many of them, — as if the legs were made to sit upon, and not to stand or walk upon, — I think that they deserve some credit for not having all committed suicide long ago.

I, who cannot stay in my chamber for a single day without acquiring some rust, and when sometimes I have stolen forth for a walk at the eleventh hour, or four o'clock in the afternoon, too late to redeem the day, when the shades of night were already beginning to be mingled with the daylight, have felt as if I had committed some sin to be atoned for, — I confess that I am astonished at the power of endurance, to say nothing of the moral insensibility, of my neighbors who confine themselves to shops and offices the whole day for weeks and months — aye, and years almost — together. I know not what manner of stuff they are of, — sitting there now at three o'clock in the afternoon, as if it were three o'clock in the morning. Bonaparte may talk of the three-o'clock-in-the-morning courage, but it is nothing to the courage which can sit down cheerfully at this hour in the

afternoon, over against one's self whom you have known all the morning, to starve out a garrison to whom you are bound by such strong ties of sympathy. I wonder that about this time — or say between four and five o'clock in the afternoon, too late for the morning papers and too early for the evening ones — there is not a general explosion heard up and down the street, scattering a legion of antiquated and house-bred notions and whims to the four winds for an airing — and so the evil cure itself.

How womankind, who are confined to the house still more than men, stand it, I do not know; but I have ground to suspect that most of them do not *stand* it at all. When, early in a summer afternoon, we have been shaking the dust of the village from the skirts of our garments, making haste past those houses with purely Doric or Gothic fronts, which have such an air of repose about them, my companion whispers that probably about these times their occupants are all gone to bed. Then it is that I appreciate the beauty and the glory of architecture, which itself never turns in, but forever stands out and erect, keeping watch over the slumberers.

No doubt temperament, and above all, age, have a good deal to do with it. As a man grows older, his ability to sit still and follow indoor occupations increases. He grows vespertinal in his habits as the evening of life approaches; till at last he comes forth only just before sundown, and gets all the walk that he requires in half an hour.

But the walking of which I speak has nothing in it akin to taking exercise, as it is called, as the sick take medicine at stated hours, — as the swinging of dumb-bells or chairs; but is itself the enterprise and adventure of the day. If you would get exercise, go in search of the springs of life. Think of a man's swinging dumb-bells for his health, when those springs are bubbling up in far-off pastures unsought by him!

Moreover, you must walk like a camel, which is said to be the only beast which ruminates when walking. When a traveler asked Wordsworth's servant to show him her master's study, she answered, "Here is his library, but his study is out of doors."

Living much out of doors, in the sun and wind, will no doubt produce a certain roughness of character, — will cause a thicker cuticle to grow over some of the finer qualities of our nature, as on the face and hands, or as severe manual labor robs the hands of some of their delicacy of touch. So staying in the house, on

the other hand, may produce a softness and smoothness, not to say thinness, of skin, accompanied by an increased sensibility to certain impressions. Perhaps we should be more susceptible to some influences important to our intellectual and moral growth, if the sun had shone and the wind blown on us a little less; and no doubt it is a nice matter to proportion rightly the thick and thin skin. But methinks that is a scurf that will fall off fast enough; that the natural remedy is to be found in the proportion which the night bears to the day, the winter to the summer, thought to experience. There will be so much the more air and sunshine in our thoughts. The callous palms of the laborer are more conversant with the finer tissues of self-respect and heroism, whose touch thrills the heart, than the languid fingers of idleness. That is mere sentimentality that lies abed by day and thinks itself white, far from the tan and callus of experience.

When we walk, we naturally go to the fields and woods: what would become of us if we walked only in a garden or a mall? Even some sects of philosophers have felt the necessity of importing the woods to themselves, since they did not go to the woods. "They planted groves and walks of platanes," where they took *subdiales ambulationes* in porticos open to the air. Of course it is of no use to direct our steps to the woods, if they do not carry us thither. I am alarmed when it happens that I have walked a mile into the woods bodily, without getting there in spirit. In my afternoon walk I would fain forget all my morning occupations and my obligations to society. But it sometimes happens that I cannot easily shake off the village. The thought of some work will run in my head, and I am not where my body is,—I am out of my senses. In my walks I would fain return to my senses. What business have I in the woods, if I am thinking of something out of the woods? I suspect myself and cannot help a shudder, when I find myself so implicated even in what are called good works,—for this may sometimes happen.

My vicinity affords many good walks; and though for so many years I have walked almost every day, and sometimes for several days together, I have not yet exhausted them. An absolutely new prospect is a great happiness, and I can still get this any afternoon. Two or three hours' walking will carry me to as strange a country as I expect ever to see. A single farmhouse which I had not seen before is sometimes as good as the

dominions of the King of Dahomey. There is in fact a sort of harmony discoverable between the capabilities of the landscape within a circle of ten miles' radius, or the limits of an afternoon walk, and the threescore years and ten of human life. It will never become quite familiar to you.

Nowadays almost all man's improvements, so called,— as the building of houses, and the cutting down of the forest and of all large trees,— simply deform the landscape, and make it more and more tame and cheap. A people who would begin by burning the fences and let the forest stand! I saw the fences half consumed, their ends lost in the middle of the prairie, and some worldly miser with a surveyor looking after his bounds, while heaven had taken place around him, and he did not see the angels going to and fro, but was looking for an old post-hole in the midst of Paradise. I looked again, and saw him standing in the middle of a boggy Stygian fen, surrounded by devils; and he had found his bounds without a doubt,— three little stones, where a stake had been driven: and looking nearer, I saw that the Prince of Darkness was his surveyor.

I can easily walk ten, fifteen, twenty, any number of miles, commencing at my own door, without going by any house, without crossing a road except where the fox and the mink do: first along by the river, and then the brook, and then the meadow and the woodside. There are square miles in my vicinity which have no inhabitant. From many a hill I can see civilization and the abodes of man afar. The farmers and their works are scarcely more obvious than woodchucks and their burrows. Man and his affairs, Church and State and school, trade and commerce, and manufactures and agriculture,— even politics, the most alarming of them all,— I am pleased to see how little space they occupy in the landscape. Politics is but a narrow field, and that still narrower highway yonder leads to it. I sometimes direct the traveler thither. If you would go to the political world, follow the great road,— follow that market-man, keep his dust in your eyes,— and it will lead you straight to it; for it too has its place merely, and does not occupy all space. I pass from it as from a bean-field into the forest, and it is forgotten. In one half-hour I can walk off to some portion of the earth's surface where a man does not stand from one year's end to another; and there, consequently, politics are not, for they are but as the cigar-smoke of a man.

The village is the place to which the roads tend; a sort of expansion of the highway, as a lake of a river. It is the body, of which roads are the arms and legs,—a trivial or quadrivial place, the thoroughfare and ordinary of travelers. The word is from the Latin *villa*, which together with *via*, a way, or more anciently *ved* and *vella*, Varro derives from *veho*, to carry, because the villa is the place to and from which things are carried. They who got their living by teaming were said *vellaturam facere*. Hence too the Latin word *vilis* and our vile; also *villain*. This suggests what kind of degeneracy villagers are liable to. They are wayworn by the travel that goes by and over them, without traveling themselves.

Some do not walk at all; others walk in the highways; a few walk across-lots. Roads are made for horses and men of business. I do not travel in them much, comparatively, because I am not in a hurry to get to any tavern or grocery or livery-stable or depot to which they lead. I am a good horse to travel, but not from choice a roadster. The landscape-painter uses the figures of men to mark a road. He would not make that use of my figure. I walk out into a Nature such as the old prophets and poets, Menu, Moses, Homer, Chaucer, walked in. You may name it America, but it is not America: neither Americus Vespucius, nor Columbus, nor the rest were the discoverers of it. There is a truer account of it in mythology than in any history of America, so called, that I have seen. . . .

What is it that makes it so hard sometimes to determine whither we will walk? I believe that there is a subtle magnetism in Nature, which, if we unconsciously yield to it, will direct us aright. It is not indifferent to us which way we walk. There is a right way; but we are very liable from heedlessness and stupidity to take the wrong one. We would fain take that walk, never yet taken by us through this actual world, which is perfectly symbolical of the path which we love to travel in the interior and ideal world; and sometimes, no doubt, we find it difficult to choose our direction, because it does not yet exist distinctly in our idea.

When I go out of the house for a walk, uncertain as yet whither I will bend my steps, and submit myself to my instinct to decide for me, I find, strange and whimsical as it may seem, that I finally and inevitably settle southwest, toward some particular wood or meadow or deserted pasture or hill in that

direction. My needle is slow to settle,—varies a few degrees, and does not always point due southwest, it is true, and it has good authority for this variation,—but it always settles between west and south-southwest. The future lies that way to me, and the earth seems more unexhausted and richer on that side. The outline which would bound my walks would be, not a circle, but a parabola, or rather like one of those cometary orbits which have been thought to be non-returning curves, in this case opening westward, in which my house occupies the place of the sun. I turn round and round irresolute sometimes for a quarter of an hour, until I decide, for a thousandth time, that I will walk into the southwest or west. Eastward I go only by force; but westward I go free. Thither no business leads me. It is hard for me to believe that I shall find fair landscapes or sufficient wildness and freedom behind the eastern horizon. I am not excited by the prospect of a walk thither; but I believe that the forest which I see in the western horizon stretches uninterruptedly toward the setting sun, and there are no towns nor cities in it of enough consequence to disturb me. Let me live where I will, on this side is the city, on that the wilderness; and ever I am leaving the city more and more, and withdrawing into the wilderness. I should not lay so much stress on this fact, if I did not believe that something like this is the prevailing tendency of my countrymen. I must walk toward Oregon and not toward Europe. And that way the nation is moving, and I may say that mankind progress from east to west. Within a few years we have witnessed the phenomenon of a southeastward migration, in the settlement of Australia; but this affects us as a retrograde movement, and judging from the moral and physical character of the first generation of Australians, has not yet proved a successful experiment. The eastern Tartars think that there is nothing west beyond Thibet. "The world ends there," say they; "beyond there is nothing but a shoreless sea." It is unmitigated East where they live.

We go eastward to realize history and study the works of art and literature, retracing the steps of the race; we go westward as into the future, with a spirit of enterprise and adventure. The Atlantic is a Lethean stream, in our passage over which we have had an opportunity to forget the Old World and its institutions. If we do not succeed this time, there is perhaps one more chance for the race left before it arrives on the banks of

the Styx; and that is in the Lethe of the Pacific, which is three times as wide.

I know not how significant it is, or how far it is an evidence of singularity, that an individual should thus consent in his pettiest walk with the general movement of the race; but I know that something akin to the migratory instinct in birds and quadrupeds — which in some instances is known to have affected the squirrel tribe, impelling them to a general and mysterious movement, in which they were seen, say some, crossing the broadest rivers, each on its particular chip, with its tail raised for a sail, and bridging narrower streams with their dead — that something like the *furor* which affects the domestic cattle in the spring, and which is referred to a worm in their tails, affects both nations and individuals, either perennially or from time to time. Not a flock of wild geese cackles over our town, but it to some extent unsettles the value of real estate here; and if I were a broker, I should probably take that disturbance into account.

> «Than longen folk to gon on pilgrimages,
> And palmeres for to seken strange strondes.»

Every sunset which I witness inspires me with the desire to go to a West as distant and as fair as that into which the sun goes down. He appears to migrate westward daily, and tempt us to follow him. He is the Great Western Pioneer whom the nations follow. We dream all night of those mountain-ridges in the horizon, though they may be of vapor only, which were last gilded by his rays. The island of Atlantis, and the islands and gardens of the Hesperides, a sort of terrestrial paradise, appear to have been the Great West of the ancients, enveloped in mystery and poetry. Who has not seen in imagination, when looking into the sunset sky, the gardens of the Hesperides, and the foundation of all those fables?

Columbus felt the westward tendency more strongly than any before. He obeyed it, and found a New World for Castile and Leon. The herd of men in those days scented fresh pastures from afar.

> «And now the sun had stretched out all the hills,
> And now was dropt into the western bay;
> At last *he* rose, and twitched his mantle blue:
> To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new.»

. . . . . .

I would not have every man nor every part of a man cultivated, any more than I would have every acre of earth cultivated: part will be tillage, but the greater part will be meadow and forest; not only serving an immediate use, but preparing a mold against a distant future, by the annual decay of the vegetation which it supports.

There are other letters for the child to learn than those which Cadmus invented. The Spaniards have a good term to express this wild and dusky knowledge: *Gramática parda*, tawny grammar,—a kind of mother-wit derived from that same leopard to which I have referred.

We have heard of a Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. It is said that knowledge is power; and the like. Methinks there is equal need of a Society for the Diffusion of Useful Ignorance,—what we will call Beautiful Knowledge, a knowledge useful in a higher sense;—for what is most of our boasted so-called knowledge but a conceit that we know something, which robs us of the advantage of our actual ignorance? What we call knowledge is often our positive ignorance; ignorance our negative knowledge. By long years of patient industry and reading of the newspapers—for what are the libraries of science but files of newspapers?—a man accumulates a myriad facts, lays them up in his memory, and then when in some spring of his life he saunters abroad into the Great Fields of thought, he as it were goes to grass like a horse, and leaves all his harness behind in the stable. I would say to the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, sometimes, Go to grass. You have eaten hay long enough. The spring has come with its green crop. The very cows are driven to their country pastures before the end of May; though I have heard of one unnatural farmer who kept his cow in the barn and fed her on hay all the year round. So, frequently, the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge treats its cattle.

A man's ignorance sometimes is not only useful, but beautiful; while his knowledge, so called, is oftentimes worse than useless, besides being ugly. Which is the best man to deal with: he who knows nothing about a subject, and—what is extremely rare—knows that he knows nothing, or he who really knows something about it, but thinks that he knows all?

My desire for knowledge is intermittent; but my desire to bathe my head in atmospheres unknown to my feet is perennial

and constant. The highest that we can attain to is not Knowledge, but Sympathy with Intelligence. I do not know that this higher knowledge amounts to anything more definite than a novel and grand surprise on a sudden revelation of the insufficiency of all that we called Knowledge before,— a discovery that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy. It is the lighting-up of the mist by the sun. Man cannot *know* in any higher sense than this, any more than he can look serenely and with impunity in the face of the sun: Ὡς τὶ νοῶν, οὐ κεῖνον νοήσεις,— "You will not perceive that, as perceiving a particular thing," — say the Chaldean Oracles.

There is something servile in the habit of seeking after a law which we may obey. We may study the laws of matter at and for our convenience, but a successful life knows no law. It is an unfortunate discovery certainly, that of a law which binds us where we did not know before that we were bound. Live free, child of the mist,— and with respect to knowledge we are all children of the mist. The man who takes the liberty to live is superior to all the laws, by virtue of his relation to the lawmaker. "That is active duty," says the 'Vishnu Purana,' "which is not for our bondage; that is knowledge which is for our liberation: all other duty is good only unto weariness; all other knowledge is only the cleverness of an artist." . . .

Above all, we cannot afford not to live in the present. He is blessed over all mortals who loses no moment of the passing life in remembering the past. Unless our philosophy hears the cock crow in every barn-yard within our horizon, it is belated. That sound commonly reminds us that we are growing rusty and antique in our employments and habits of thought. His philosophy comes down to a more recent time than ours. There is something suggested by it that is a newer testament,— the gospel according to this moment. He has not fallen astern; he has got up early and kept up early; and to be where he is, is to be in season, in the foremost rank of time. It is an expression of the health and soundness of Nature, a brag for all the world, — healthiness as of a spring burst forth, a new fountain of the Muses, to celebrate this last instant of time. Where he lives, no fugitive-slave laws are passed. Who has not betrayed his master many times since last he heard that note?

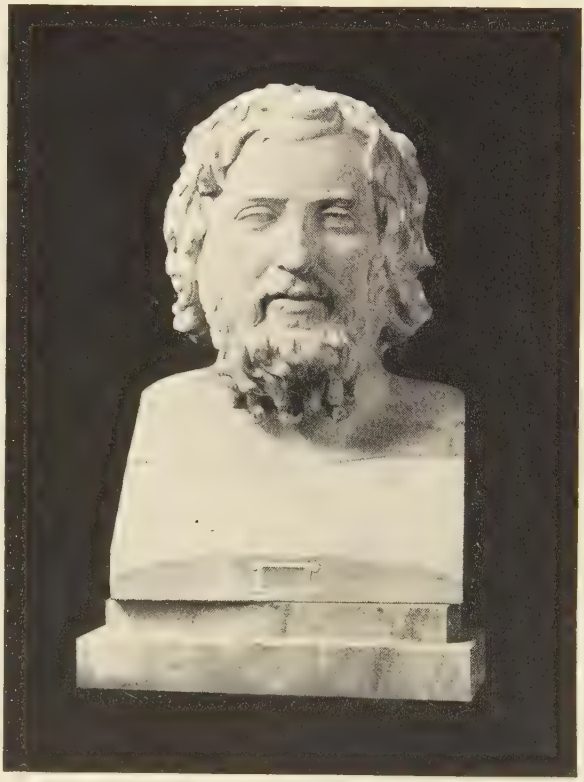
The merit of this bird's strain is in its freedom from all plaintiveness. The singer can easily move us to tears or to

laughter, but where is he who can excite in us a pure morning joy? When, in doleful dumps, breaking the awful stillness of our wooden sidewalk on a Sunday, or perchance a watcher in the house of mourning, I hear a cockerel crow far or near, I think to myself, "There is one of us well, at any rate,"—and with a sudden gush return to my senses.

We had a remarkable sunset one day last November. I was walking in a meadow, the source of a small brook, when the sun at last, just before setting after a cold gray day, reached a clear stratum in the horizon; and the softest, brightest morning sunlight fell on the dry grass, and on the stems of the trees in the opposite horizon, and on the leaves of the shrub-oaks on the hillside, while our shadows stretched long over the meadow eastward, as if we were the only motes in its beams. It was such a light as we could not have imagined a moment before, and the air also was so warm and serene that nothing was wanting to make a paradise of that meadow. When we reflected that this was not a solitary phenomenon, never to happen again, but that it would happen forever and ever an infinite number of evenings, and cheer and reassure the latest child that walked there, it was more glorious still.

The sun sets on some retired meadow, where no house is visible, with all the glory and splendor that it lavishes on cities, and perchance as it has never set before; where there is but a solitary marsh-hawk to have his wings gilded by it, or only a musquash looks out from his cabin, and there is some little black-veined brook in the midst of the marsh, just beginning to meander, winding slowly round a decaying stump. We walked in so pure and bright a light, gilding the withered grass and leaves, so softly and serenely bright, I thought I had never bathed in such a golden flood, without a ripple or a murmur to it. The west side of every wood and rising ground gleamed like the boundary of Elysium, and the sun on our backs seemed like a gentle herdsman driving us home at evening.

So we saunter toward the Holy Land, till one day the sun shall shine more brightly than ever he has done; shall perchance shine into our minds and hearts, and light up our whole lives with a great awakening light, as warm and serene and golden as on a bank-side in autumn.



THUCYDIDES.

THUCYDIDES

(471 ?–400 ? B. C.)

BY HERBERT WEIR SMYTH

GOETHE'S aphorism that the ancients are children is less true of Thucydides than of any other Greek historian. Herodotus looked on the world with the open-eyed wonder of the child; Thucydides subjects it to the critical scrutiny of the man. After the age of story-telling, which finds as much delight in its art as in the truth, comes the age of sober investigation. The first step in Greek history was to record the past, the second was to narrate the events of the writer's own time. Thucydides is the first writer of contemporaneous history, as he is the first critical historian in the literature of Europe.

The author of the 'History of the Peloponnesian War' is our only authority for the few facts that are known concerning his life. He tells us that his father's name was Olorus; that he was a person of local importance from his ownership of mines in Thrace; that he was attacked by the plague which ravaged Athens; and that in 424 his ill success in his military command was the cause of his exile from Athens for twenty years. As one of the generals of the Athenian forces, he was summoned from Thasus by his colleague Eucles to assist him in holding Amphipolis against Brasidas. Though he made all speed, he failed to reach that city in time to prevent its surrender; while his successful defense of Eion failed to mitigate the anger of his countrymen at the loss of their chief stronghold in the north.

It was not till long after Thucydides's death that interest was awakened in the lives of the great literary artists. In order to satisfy the craving for anecdote and novelty, students of literature had to piece out the facts of tradition by fanciful inferences, by confusing persons of the same name, and by downright fabrications in the interest of picturesqueness. This process is illustrated in the story that when Herodotus was giving a public recital of his history at Athens, the youthful Thucydides, as if to presage his future distinction as a historian, burst into tears. "Olorus," said the Father of History, "thy son has a natural impulse toward knowledge." A sifting of the material in the 'Life' by Marcellinus, and in other late writers, yields little that is trustworthy.

Thucydides was born in the deme Halimus, on the coast of Attica, near Phalerum. The date of his birth is uncertain. It was roughly referred to 471 by Apollodorus, who calculated that in 431 the historian would have reached the age of forty,—the period of intellectual prime. By others the date was brought down as low as 454. We must rest content with the historian's statement that at the outbreak of the war in 431 he had attained an age that permitted maturity of judgment. His death probably took place before 399; certainly before 396, since he fails to take account of an eruption of Ætna in that year.

Like Demosthenes and Aristotle, Thucydides had northern non-Hellenic blood in his veins. His father Olorus was no doubt an Athenian citizen; but he was a descendant, probably the grandson, of the Thracian prince of that name, whose daughter Hegesipyle became the mother of Cimon by Miltiades, the victor at Marathon. It may not be a fanciful suggestion that a severe love of truth was a part of Thucydides's intellectual inheritance; for he is the only Greek historian who prefers that truth shall be unrefracted by the medium of poetry through which the naïve Hellene loved to view the history of his race. By birth Thucydides was, as we have seen, connected with Cimon, the leader of the aristocracy, whose policy guided Athens until the rise of Pericles. His youth and early manhood may have been spent partly in Athens, and at a time when the city which had taken the lead in rolling back the tide of Persian invasion was filled with the dreams of an external empire and the vision of a new culture in which reason and beauty were to make life richer than it had ever been before; when Sophocles was exhibiting his 'Antigone,' and Pheidias working at the Parthenon; when Pericles was fashioning those ideals which were to make his city renowned as the home of the highest possibilities of his race. The Sophists were grappling with the problem of the relation between words and things; Anaxagoras was opening new vistas to thought, in proclaiming the doctrine that it was mind which created the order and harmony of the universe. Who the actual teachers of Thucydides were, we do not know; nor did the ancients busy themselves with the question until the 'History' had been canonized in the first century B. C. But we may safely conjecture that the youth felt himself under the spell of the time, and animated by that free intellectual life on which the Athenian State rested its claims to superiority.

When the war broke out in 431, believing that it was to exceed in importance any other known in history, Thucydides set himself to collect the materials for his work,—a determination that shows him to have been rather a man of letters than a man of affairs.

We do not hear of his holding office before 424, the year of his generalship and of his banishment. The fatal tendency of the fierce democracy of Athens to punish their generals whose only fault was ill success, afforded the historian the opportunity to acquaint himself with the policy and operations of both sides; and by withdrawing him from further share in the conflict, made possible in a man of his judicial mood an unprejudiced inquiry into the events of the time. Whether Thucydides was indeed culpable at Amphipolis we cannot discover, because of his customary reticence in personal matters. But it is hazardous to assume that his dislike for Cleon is due to the agency of that demagogue in bringing about the sentence of condemnation.

During his exile, the historian made excursions to the Peloponnese,—perhaps even to Sicily and Italy,—in order to gather trustworthy accounts of the war. He is thought to have been present at the battle of Mantinea in 418. The vividness of his narrative, the detailed picture of intricate military operations, are evidence that he depended on the testimony of his own eyes or on the words of credible witnesses. He himself tells us that the search for truth was attended by labor; and that he did not rely on hearsay from any chance informant, nor presume to set down the facts of the war on his own assumption as to their probability. The hand of death overtook him before he had brought the narrative of the war beyond the oligarchical revolution and the battle of Cynossema, in 411, the twenty-first year of the contest that lasted twenty-seven years. Whether he died peaceably, or was killed by robbers in Thrace or in Athens (the biographers are ready with their conjectures), we do not know. Polemon saw his grave about 200 B. C., in the family vault of Cimon at Athens.

The current division of the 'History' into eight books is not that of the author, but the work of Alexandrine scholars. We hear of two other arrangements, into nine and thirteen books respectively. As it stands, the work falls into three parts. First, the 'Archæology,' or masterly survey of ancient history; the causes of the final rupture between Athens and Sparta; and the history of the ten years to the Peace of Nicias in 421 (i.–v. 25). Secondly, the doubtful truce, the struggle for allies in the Peloponnese, the battle of Mantinea (v. 26–116), and the Sicilian Expedition (vi., vii.), where the historian attains his highest excellence in sustained, brilliant, and vigorous composition. Thirdly, the Decelean War down to 411 (viii.), where the story breaks off abruptly. That the work is a torso is evident. A final revision would have smoothed out the inequalities and given greater unity to the whole. The treaties inserted in the text as it now stands do not square in all particulars with the narrative, or the

narrative with the treaties. Repetitions occur; and the eighth book, which alone contains no speeches, bears numerous marks of incompleteness.

The genesis of the 'History' has caused scholars almost as much difficulty as the evolution of Plato's philosophy. Some conclude that Thucydides thought the war had come to an end in 421; and that his narrative down to that point constituted the original deposit, to which were added the later accretions due to the unexpected renewal of the war. Others with more probability maintain that he began to compose the 'History' after the war was over, though certain portions — such as the Ten Years' War and the Sicilian Expedition — had before this received comparatively final treatment.

Thucydides's 'History' is pre-eminently a military history, a chronicle by summers and winters of the events of the war. Everything is subordinate to the main theme. Sophocles, Euripides, Aristophanes, may be holding Athens captive by their dramas, Socrates may be shaking the foundations of the old philosophy,— to Thucydides discussions on literature, philosophy, and art are of less immediate importance than some petty foray in Acarnania. Nor will he touch on social conditions, or State policy, unless they have to deal with the course and conduct of the war. To this method he surrenders himself with rigid severity, except in a few instances; such as the early history of Sicily, and the corrective account of the assassination of Hipparchus in Book vi.,— which seems to represent a separate investigation that has there found an inorganic resting-place.

But under the hand of an artist to whom motives mean more than things, his story rises above the level of a vivid recital of campaigns. It becomes a tragic drama of incomparable interest, in which the Athenian ideal is matched against the Spartan ideal,— expansive intellect against vigorous self-restraint,— a drama which is to close with the eclipse of the supremacy of his native city. The events of these years, so pregnant with change to the national life of Greece, are passed in review before a cold and penetrating intellect. The drama becomes a philosophy of life. Unlike Herodotus, Thucydides sees in human affairs, not the immanence of Providence, but the calculation of man unsustained of God. It is the intellect, not the gods, that holds the master-keys of life. Oracles and prophecies are to this ancient skeptic the lure of the foolish, not the support of the reverent. Whatever statesmen may say, Thucydides scarcely ever substitutes chance for the logic of events. He compels complex motives to the sincerity of the elemental law of selfishness,— let him get and keep who can. He strips off the cloak of pretense, and makes men disclose their real purposes. Man is misled by fatal passion, and unexpected success breeds wanton hope. In this world of

calculating logic it is the emotive forces that disturb the judgment. The Athenian boasts of his superior acuteness, and his wisdom turns to folly. Thucydides is no moralist, and moral conventions play no part in the struggle he depicts. Virtue may vaunt itself, but it may often be resolved into mere generous shame. The nobility of simple-minded sincerity is the butt of unscrupulous cleverness; justice and self-interest have not acknowledged the identity to be set forth by philosophy; suspicion, born of a suicidal over-acuteness, inaugurates a reign of distrust. No doubt the picture of society in Thucydides is that of an organism tainted by the moral poison of war-times. Man tramples under foot his creation, law. But between abstinence from moral judgment, and cynicism, there is a gulf; nor must we look, with some, for the sardonic smile of the cynic when the historian relates some new sad reversal of fortune. It did not lie in Thucydides's purpose to let fly the shafts of a *sæva indignatio*, when in the very pity of all these atrocities, these treasons, these travesties of justice, lay their tragic pathos, needing no word of his to interpret them. To be the apostle of an evangel of a higher ethical code while narrating the miseries of a war fruitful in miseries, is more than we can demand of any Greek historian.

Thucydides gives us the impression of a man of noble character, and of a powerful intellect ripened by converse with enlightened men. He possessed a soul capable of rising to the greatness of his theme. The most authentic bust (belonging to the Earl of Leicester) displays, according to Professor Mahaffy, those qualities of sternness, strength, and modernness which stamp the character of the history. He is distinguished by dignity, elevation, and calm. He disdains trivialities, the accidental sides of personality. Gossip and scandal he puts aside, as he finds no place for those kindly familiarities which awaken interest at the expense of elevation. He looks at men and things with a large vision. Raised above a traditional prejudice for aristocracy, while he recognizes the wisdom of Pericles, whose policy his work may be said to vindicate, he confesses that Athens was never better governed than under the oligarchy of 411 B. C. He is a master in the art of suppressing his emotions. "Under the marble exterior of Greek literature," says Jowett — and the remark is true of Thucydides — "was concealed a soul thrilling with spiritual emotion." Probably no other writer possesses the tremendous reserve force of Thucydides, in recounting disasters that must have been heart-breaking to a patriot. Rarely indeed do we find such an expression as "sufferings too great for tears," used when he is describing the disasters of the Athenians before Syracuse. He may even affect us with the hostility of impatience, as in the bald narration of the utter brutality of the Athenian policy toward the Melians. But as

his inquiry must not be liable to assault on the ground of bias, he withdraws his personality to a safe distance from the scene. From personal judgment he abstains, except when his readers might be tempted to form false conclusions.

If in the narration of contemporary events Thucydides is the most objective of the ancient historians, from the point of view of style he is, with the possible exception of Tacitus, the most subjective of all. When he began to write, Attic prose was in its infancy. His predecessors were the Ionic chroniclers, whose easy-flowing, unperiodic style was ill suited to a theme demanding a powerful and compressed idiom. The problem before Thucydides was to chisel out of the rough marble of Attic speech a form of expression that would comport with the gravity of his subject and the philosophic character of his mind. Tragedy could be called upon to augment his vocabulary; the formal rhetoric of the Sophists could supply him with devices for varying his native power of plain but vigorous description. The chief difficulty was to find adequate expression for the new and pregnant political and philosophical ideas of the time. Here he had to create a style from the stubborn material of an unsettled speech; and here it is that we find the chief examples of his austerity. When Thucydides was exiled, men had only just been awakened to the power that lies in the artistic arrangement of words in prose. The result was a conventional and high-strung rhetoric, which Thucydides in his exile could not unbend by contact with the newer teachers. When he returned to Athens, his style, like his ideals, had become irrevocably fixed. Meantime, at Athens, the process of adjusting expression to the spirit of the age had resulted in the plain and ungarnished style of Lysias. While much of Thucydides's harshness may be ascribed to the unformed condition of nascent Attic speech, and some part of his irregularities may be charged to the account of the copyists, enough remains to show that the peculiarities of his diction are largely individual. When he wishes, he can write simply and nervously ("The lion laughs," says an ancient commentator), as in the description of the siege of Platæa. When we come from the reading of Plato or Demosthenes, we feel that it is from his very striving after clearness that Thucydides becomes obscure. His particularity is too minute. He uses high where we should use low relief. Naturally terse, his brevity leads him to pack a paragraph into a sentence, a sentence into a single word. The very words seem to pant for air. He hurries us on to a new thought before we have grasped the one that preceded ("semper instans sibi,*" says Quintilian). He is especially fond of antithesis,—a mark of the

"* Ever pressing close upon his own heels."

time. He differentiates synonyms as if Prodicus were at his elbow. Formal grammar he rarely violates, and verbal association will generally explain the apparent irregularities. If the style is rugged it is never mean; it often attains a noble beauty and grandeur; and throughout, it mirrors the deep moral earnestness of the man. Irony he possesses, but no humor.

The peculiarities of this style are most marked in the speeches; which are either deliberative (including the hortatory addresses to the soldiers), panegyrical as in the famous oration of Pericles, or judicial. They are usually arranged in pairs, so as to set forth the interest and policy of the conflicting parties. It is interesting to note, however, that no speaker voices the opposition to Pericles. In one case, instead of two speeches, we have a dialogue between the Athenians and the Melians; placed with fine dramatic irony at that point where the recital of Athenian insolence is to be succeeded by the story of Athens's downfall. The speeches serve not only to relieve the monotony of annalistic narration: they illuminate the character of the great personages; they personify a national cause; and they enable us to realize with intense vividness the policy of the leading statesmen of the time. Not that they are authentic. Thucydides says that he has merely put into the mouth of each speaker the sentiments proper to the occasion, expressed as he thought the speaker would be likely to express them, while at the same time he has endeavored to embody the substance of what was actually said. The idealized and majestic form is undoubtedly Thucydidean, though some attention has been given to differentiating the styles of the speakers. The speech of the ephor Sthenelaïdas has a laconic brevity; that of Alcibiades is as full of metaphors as it is of egotism. All the speeches, even that of Cleon the tanner, show an elevated style. The longer orations display a subtle acquaintance with the character of the speakers, and are truly Thucydidean in keeping our intellectual faculties on the stretch. In inserting these public harangues, Thucydides set the type which becomes merely artificial in imitators like Sallust and others. In him they are a natural product of that period in the growth of Attic prose when prose writing was almost entirely confined to oratory.

The Greek standard in matters of literary indebtedness was not the modern standard. Failure to acknowledge one's debt in ancient times is generally to be regarded as merely evidence of agreement; and Thucydides passes over the name of Stesimbrotus who wrote on Themistocles, and of Antiochus of Syracuse to whose work he was largely indebted. Allusion to a predecessor serves only as an opportunity to bring him to penance. Herodotus castigates Hecatæus, Thucydides castigates Herodotus and Hellanicus. How far is Thucydides himself invulnerable?

If we consider the difficulties of composing contemporaneous history in ancient times, when inscriptions were the only written records, we shall not wonder if Thucydides may have blundered here and there. One inscription shows that he (or was it the defenseless copyist?) misstated the name of a general. There are a few variations of minor importance between a treaty inserted in the text and the actual document discovered on the Acropolis. It has been reserved for our generation to produce an *advocatus diaboli*, who, in the person of Müller-Strübing, endeavors to shake our belief in the general accuracy of the historian. He charges him with suppressing frequently facts of prime importance. When the last word on this score has been said, we may still believe that if Thucydides, a writer of contemporaneous history, had been inaccurate, he would have raised up a cloud of witnesses ready to impeach him. The ancients regarded him as fair-minded, and he makes upon us the impression of a truthfulness and a candor that are free from all simulation. In the third century B. C., Thucydides was the ideal truthful historian, who, as Praxiphanes the pupil of Theophrastus says, "though mostly unknown in his lifetime, was valued beyond price by posterity." Conscious of the single purpose to narrate events as they really were, Thucydides says with lofty confidence that he "will be satisfied if his work shall prove useful to those who wish to see the truth, both of what has happened and will happen again, according to the order of human things." Dionysius, his chief student in antiquity, learned from him that history is philosophy teaching by examples. Only a profound conviction of the truth could have led Thucydides to the belief that by the past we can foresee the future; and emboldened him to the statement that "unlike the narratives of those who intermingle fables with history to delight the hearer for the moment, his work is a possession to keep forever."

Herbert Weir Smyth

Bibliographical Note.— The first edition of the text is that of Aldus (1502). The elaborate edition in eleven volumes by Poppo (1821–40) is still a storehouse of information. Stahl has re-edited 1886 ff.) the abbreviated Poppo (four vols.) in a convenient and serviceable edition with Latin notes. The edition by Arnold (1831–35) is interesting for its historical comments. Grammatical interpretation is the strong feature of the German edition by Classen, several of whose volumes have appeared in an English dress. Hobbes, the author of the 'Leviathan,' translated Thucydides in 1628. The most recent translation is that of Jowett (1881), from whom the following extracts are taken. H. W. S.

THE NIGHT ATTACK ON PLATÆA

AND now the war between the Athenians and Peloponnesians and the allies of both actually began. Henceforward the struggle was uninterrupted, and they communicated with one another only by heralds. The narrative is arranged according to summers and winters, and follows the order of events.

For fourteen years the thirty years' peace . . . remained unbroken. But in the fifteenth year, when Chrysis the high-priestess of Argos was in the forty-eighth year of her priesthood, Ænesias being ephor at Sparta, and at Athens Pythodorus having two months of his archonship to run, . . . and at the beginning of spring, about the first watch of the night, an armed force of somewhat more than three hundred Thebans entered Platæa, a city of Bœotia which was an ally of Athens. . . . They were invited by Naucleides, a Platæan, and his partisans, who opened the gates to them. These men wanted to kill certain citizens of the opposite faction, and to make over the city to the Thebans, in the hope of getting the power into their own hands. . . . There was an old quarrel between the two cities; and the Thebans, seeing that war was inevitable, were anxious to surprise the place while the peace lasted, and before hostilities had actually broken out. No watch had been set; and so they were enabled to enter the city unperceived. They grounded their arms in the agora; but instead of going to work at once, and making their way into the houses of their enemies, as those who invited them suggested, they resolved to issue a conciliatory proclamation, and try to make friends with the citizens. The herald announced that if any one wished to become their ally, and return to the ancient constitution of Bœotia, he should join their ranks. In this way they thought that the inhabitants would easily be induced to come over to them.

The Platæans, when they found that the city had been surprised and taken, and that the Thebans were within their walls, were panic-stricken. In the darkness they were unable to see them, and greatly overestimated their numbers. So they came to terms, and accepting the proposals which were made to them, remained quiet,—the more readily since the Thebans offered violence to no one. But in the course of the negotiations they somehow discovered that their enemies were not so numerous as

they had supposed, and concluded that they could easily attack and master them. They determined to make the attempt; for the Platæan people were strongly attached to the Athenian alliance. They began to collect inside the houses, breaking through the party-walls that they might not be seen going along the streets; they likewise raised barricades of wagons, unyoking the beasts which drew them, and took other measures suitable to the emergency. When they had done all which could be done under the circumstances, they sallied forth from their houses; choosing the time of night just before daybreak, lest, if they put off the attack until dawn, the enemy might be more confident and more a match for them. While darkness lasted they would be timid, and at a disadvantage, not knowing the streets so well as themselves. So they fell upon them at once hand to hand.

When the Thebans found that they had been deceived, they closed their ranks and resisted their assailants on every side. Two or three times they drove them back. But when at last the Platæans charged them with a great shout, and the women and slaves on the housetops screamed and yelled and pelted them with stones and tiles, the confusion being aggravated by the rain which had been falling heavily during the night, they turned and fled in terror through the city. Hardly any of them knew the way out, and the streets were dark as well as muddy, for the affair happened at the end of the month when there was no moon; whereas their pursuers knew well enough how to prevent their escape: and thus many of them perished. The gates by which they entered were the only ones open; and these a Platæan fastened with the spike of a javelin, which he thrust into the bar instead of the pin. So this exit too was closed, and they were chased up and down the city. Some of them mounted upon the wall, and cast themselves down into the open. Most of these were killed. Others got out by a deserted gate, cutting through the bar unperceived, with an axe which a woman gave them; but only a few, for they were soon found out. Others lost themselves in different parts of the city, and were put to death. But the greater number kept together, and took refuge in a large building abutting upon the wall, of which the doors on the near side chanced to be open; they thinking them to be the gates of the city, and expecting to find a way through them into the country. The Platæans, seeing that they were in a trap, began to consider whether they should not set the building on

fire, and burn them where they were. At last they, and the other Thebans who were still alive and were wandering about the city, agreed to surrender themselves and their arms unconditionally. Thus fared the Thebans in Platæa.

The main body of the Theban army, which should have come during the night to the support of the party entering the city in case of a reverse, having on their march heard of the disaster, were now hastening to the rescue. Platæa is about eight miles distant from Thebes, and the heavy rain which had fallen in the night delayed their arrival; for the river Asopus had swollen, and was not easily fordable. Marching in the rain, and with difficulty crossing the river, they came up too late; some of their friends being already slain and others captives. When the Thebans became aware of the state of affairs, they resolved to lay hands on the Platæans who were outside the walls; for there were men and property left in the fields, as would naturally happen when a sudden blow was struck in time of peace. And they meant to keep any one whom they caught as a hostage, and exchange him for one of their own men if any of them were still alive. But before they had executed their plan, the Platæans, suspecting their intentions, and fearing for their friends outside, sent a herald to the Thebans protesting against the crime of which they had been guilty in seizing their city during peace, and warning them not to touch anything which was outside the walls. If they persisted, they threatened in return to kill the prisoners; but if they retired, they would give them up. This is the Theban account; and they add that the Platæans took an oath. The Platæans do not admit that they ever promised to restore the captives at once, but only if they could agree after negotiations; and they deny that they took an oath. However this may have been, the Thebans withdrew, leaving the Platæan territory unhurt; but the Platæans had no sooner got in their property from the country than they put the prisoners to death. Those who were taken were a hundred and eighty in number; and Eurymachus, with whom the betrayers of the city had negotiated, was one of them.

When they had killed their prisoners, they sent a messenger to Athens and gave back the dead to the Thebans under a flag of truce; they then took the necessary measures for the security of the city. The news had already reached Athens; and the Athenians had instantly seized any Bœotians who were in Attica

and sent a herald to Platæa bidding them do no violence to the Theban prisoners, but wait for instructions from Athens. The news of their death had not arrived. For the first messenger had gone out when the Thebans entered, and the second when they were just defeated and captured: but of what followed, the Athenians knew nothing; they sent the message in ignorance, and the herald, when he arrived, found the prisoners dead. The Athenians next dispatched an army to Platæa, and brought in corn. Then, leaving a small force in the place, they conveyed away the least serviceable of the citizens, together with the women and children. The affair of Platæa was a glaring violation of the thirty years' truce; and the Athenians now made preparations for war.

PERICLES'S MEMORIAL ORATION OVER THE ATHENIAN DEAD OF THE FIRST CAMPAIGN

Most of those who have spoken here before me have commended the lawgiver who added this oration to our other funeral customs: it seemed to them a worthy thing that such an honor should be given at their burial to the dead who have fallen on the field of battle. But I should have preferred that when men's deeds have been brave, they should be honored in deed only, and with such an honor as this public funeral which you are now witnessing. Then the reputation of many would not have been imperiled on the eloquence or want of eloquence of one, and their virtues believed or not as he spoke well or ill. For it is difficult to say neither too little nor too much; and even moderation is apt not to give the impression of truthfulness. The friend of the dead who knows the facts is likely to think that the words of the speaker fall short of his knowledge and of his wishes; another who is not so well informed, when he hears of anything which surpasses his own powers, will be envious and will suspect exaggeration. Mankind are tolerant of the praises of others so long as each hearer thinks that he can do as well or nearly as well himself; but when the speaker rises above him, jealousy is aroused and he begins to be incredulous. However, since our ancestors have set the seal of their approval upon the practice, I must obey, and to the utmost of my power

shall endeavor to satisfy the wishes and beliefs of all who hear me.

I will speak first of our ancestors; for it is right and becoming that now, when we are lamenting the dead, a tribute should be paid to their memory. There has never been a time when they did not inhabit this land, which by their valor they have handed down from generation to generation, and we have received from them a free State. But if they were worthy of praise, still more were our fathers, who added to their inheritance, and after many a struggle transmitted to us their sons this great empire. And we ourselves assembled here to-day, who are still most of us in the vigor of life, have chiefly done the work of improvement, and have richly endowed our city with all things, so that she is sufficient for herself both in peace and war. Of the military exploits by which our various possessions were acquired, or of the energy with which we or our fathers drove back the tide of war, Hellenic or Barbarian, I will not speak; for the tale would be long, and is familiar to you. But before I praise the dead, I should like to point out by what principles of action we rose to power, and under what institutions and through what manner of life our empire became great. For I conceive that such thoughts are not unsuited to the occasion, and that this numerous assembly of citizens and strangers may profitably listen to them.

Our form of government does not enter into rivalry with the institutions of others. We do not copy our neighbors, but are an example to them. It is true that we are called a democracy; for the administration is in the hands of the many and not of the few. But while the law secures equal justice to all alike in their private disputes, the claim of excellence is also recognized; and when a citizen is in any way distinguished, he is preferred to the public service, not as a matter of privilege, but as the reward of merit. Neither is poverty a bar, but a man may benefit his country whatever be the obscurity of his condition. There is no exclusiveness in our public life, and in our private intercourse we are not suspicious of one another, nor angry with our neighbor if he does what he likes; we do not put on sour looks at him, which though harmless are not pleasant. While we are thus unconstrained in our private intercourse, a spirit of reverence pervades our public acts: we are prevented from doing wrong by respect for authority and for the laws; having an especial regard

to those which are ordained for the protection of the injured, as well as to those unwritten laws which bring upon the transgressor of them the reprobation of the general sentiment.

And we have not forgotten to provide for our weary spirits many relaxations from toil: we have regular games and sacrifices throughout the year; at home the style of our life is refined; and the delight which we daily feel in all these things helps to banish melancholy. Because of the greatness of our city the fruits of the whole earth flow in upon us; so that we enjoy the goods of other countries as freely as of our own.

Then again, our military training is in many respects superior to that of our adversaries. Our city is thrown open to the world; and we never expel a foreigner, or prevent him from seeing or learning anything of which the secret if revealed to an enemy might profit him. We rely not upon management or trickery, but upon our own hearts and hands. And in the matter of education, whereas they from early youth are always undergoing laborious exercises which are to make them brave, we live at ease, and yet are equally ready to face the perils which they face. And here is the proof. The Lacedæmonians come into Attica not by themselves, but with their whole confederacy following: we go alone into a neighbor's country; and although our opponents are fighting for their homes and we on a foreign soil, we have seldom any difficulty in overcoming them. Our enemies have never yet felt our united strength; the care of a navy divides our attention, and on land we are obliged to send our own citizens everywhere. But they, if they meet and defeat a part of our army, are as proud as if they had routed us all; and when defeated they pretend to have been vanquished by us all.

If then we prefer to meet danger with a light heart but without laborious training, and with a courage which is gained by habit and not enforced by law, are we not greatly the gainers? Since we do not anticipate the pain, although, when the hour comes, we can be as brave as those who never allow themselves to rest; and thus too our city is equally admirable in peace and in war. For we are lovers of the beautiful, yet simple in our tastes, and we cultivate the mind without loss of manliness. Wealth we employ, not for talk and ostentation, but when there is a real use for it. To avow poverty with us is no disgrace: the true disgrace is in doing nothing to avoid it. An Athenian citizen does not neglect the State because he takes care of his own

household; and even those of us who are engaged in business have a very fair idea of politics. We alone regard a man who takes no interest in public affairs, not as a harmless but as a useless character; and if few of us are originators, we are all sound judges, of a policy. The great impediment to action is, in our opinion, not discussion, but the want of that knowledge which is gained by discussion preparatory to action. For we have a peculiar power of thinking before we act, and of acting too; whereas other men are courageous from ignorance but hesitate upon reflection. And they are surely to be esteemed the bravest spirits, who, having the clearest sense both of the pains and pleasures of life, do not on that account shrink from anger. In doing good, again, we are unlike others: we make our friends by conferring, not by receiving favors. Now he who confers a favor is the firmer friend, because he would fain by kindness keep alive the memory of an obligation; but the recipient is colder in his feelings, because he knows that in requiting another's generosity he will not be winning gratitude, but only paying a debt. We alone do good to our neighbors not upon a calculation of interest, but in the confidence of freedom and in a frank and fearless spirit.

To sum up: I say that Athens is the school of Hellas, and that the individual Athenian in his own person seems to have the power of adapting himself to the most varied forms of action with the utmost versatility and grace. This is no passing and idle word, but truth and fact; and the assertion is verified by the position to which these qualities have raised the State. For in the hour of trial, Athens alone among her contemporaries is superior to the report of her. No enemy who comes against her is indignant at the reverses which he sustains at the hands of such a city; no subject complains that his masters are unworthy of him. And we shall assuredly not be without witnesses: there are mighty monuments of our power, which will make us the wonder of this and of succeeding ages; we shall not need the praises of Homer or of any other panegyrist, whose poetry may please for the moment although his representation of the facts will not bear the light of day. For we have compelled every land and every sea to open a path for our valor, and have everywhere planted eternal memorials of our friendship and of our enmity. Such is the city for whose sake these men nobly fought and died: they could not bear the thought that she might

be taken from them; and every one of us who survive should gladly toil on her behalf.

I have dwelt upon the greatness of Athens because I want to show you that we are contending for a higher prize than those who enjoy none of these privileges, and to establish by manifest proof the merit of these men whom I am now commemorating. Their loftiest praise has been already spoken. For in magnifying the city I have magnified them, and men like them whose virtues made her glorious. And of how few Hellenes can it be said as of them, that their deeds when weighed in the balance have been found equal to their fame! Methinks that a death such as theirs has been, gives the true measure of a man's worth; it may be the first revelation of his virtues, but is at any rate their final seal. For even those who come short in other ways may justly plead the valor with which they have fought for their country; they have blotted out the evil with the good, and have benefited the State more by their public services than they have injured her by their private actions. None of these men were enervated by wealth, or hesitated to resign the pleasures of life; none of them put off the evil day in the hope, natural to poverty, that a man though poor may one day become rich. But deeming that the punishment of their enemies was sweeter than any of these things, and that they could fall in no nobler cause, they determined at the hazard of their lives to be honorably avenged, and to leave the rest. They resigned to hope their unknown chance of happiness; but in the face of death they resolved to rely upon themselves alone. And when the moment came, they were minded to resist and suffer rather than to fly and save their lives; they ran away from the word of dishonor, but on the battle-field their feet stood fast: and in an instant, at the height of their fortune, they passed away from the scene, not of their fear, but of their glory.

Such was the end of these men; they were worthy of Athens, and the living need not desire to have a more heroic spirit, although they may pray for a less fatal issue. The value of such a spirit is not to be expressed in words. Any one can discourse to you for ever about the advantages of a brave defense, which you know already. But instead of listening to him, I would have you day by day fix your eyes upon the greatness of Athens, until you become filled with the love of her: and when you are impressed by the spectacle of her glory, reflect that this empire

has been acquired by men who knew their duty and had the courage to do it; who in the hour of conflict had the fear of dishonor always present to them; and who, if ever they failed in an enterprise, would not allow their virtues to be lost to their country, but freely gave their lives to her as the fairest offering which they could present at her feast. The sacrifice which they collectively made was individually repaid to them; for they received again each one for himself a praise which grows not old, and the noblest of all sepulchres,— I speak not of that in which their remains are laid, but of that in which their glory survives, and is proclaimed always and on every fitting occasion both in word and deed. For the whole earth is the sepulchre of famous men; not only are they commemorated by columns and inscriptions in their own country, but in foreign lands there dwells also an unwritten memorial of them, graven not on stone, but in the hearts of men. Make them your examples; and esteeming courrage to be freedom and freedom to be happiness, do not weigh too nicely the perils of war. The unfortunate who has no hope of a change for the better has less reason to throw away his life than the prosperous; who, if he survive, is always liable to a change for the worse, and to whom any accidental fall makes the most serious difference. To a man of spirit, cowardice and disaster coming together are far more bitter than death striking him unperceived, at a time when he is full of courage and animated by the general hope.

Wherefore I do not now commiserate the parents of the dead who stand here; I would rather comfort them. You know that your life has been passed amid manifold vicissitudes; and that they may be deemed fortunate who have gained most honor, — whether an honorable death like theirs, or an honorable sorrow like yours,— and whose days have been so ordered that the term of their happiness is likewise the term of their life. I know how hard it is to make you feel this, when the good fortune of others will too often remind you of the gladness which once lightened your hearts. And sorrow is felt at the want of those blessings, not which a man never knew, but which were a part of his life before they were taken from him. Some of you are of an age at which they may hope to have other children; and they ought to bear their sorrow better: not only will the children who may hereafter be born make them forget their own lost ones, but the city will be doubly a gainer,— she will not be left

desolate, and she will be safer. For a man's counsel cannot have equal weight or worth when he alone has no children to risk in the general danger. To those of you who have passed their prime, I say: "Congratulate yourselves that you have been happy during the greater part of your days; remember that your life of sorrow will not last long, and be comforted by the glory of those who are gone. For the love of honor alone is ever young; and not riches, as some say, but honor is the delight of men when they are old and useless."

To you who are the sons and brothers of the departed, I see that the struggle to emulate them will be an arduous one. For all men praise the dead; and however pre-eminent your virtue may be, hardly will you be thought, I do not say to equal, but even to approach them. The living have their rivals and detractors; but when a man is out of the way, the honor and good-will which he receives is unalloyed. And if I am to speak of womanly virtues to those of you who will henceforth be widows, let me sum them up in one short admonition: To a woman, not to show more weakness than is natural to her sex is a great glory, and not to be talked about for good or for evil among men.

I have paid the required tribute in obedience to the law, making use of such fitting words as I had. The tribute of deeds has been paid in part: for the dead have been honorably interred, and it remains only that their children should be maintained at the public charge until they are grown up; this is the solid prize with which, as with a garland, Athens crowns her sons living and dead, after a struggle like theirs. For where the rewards of virtue are greatest, there the noblest citizens are enlisted in the service of the State. And now, when you have duly lamented every one his own dead, you may depart.

REFLECTIONS ON REVOLUTION

When troubles had once begun in the cities, those who followed carried the revolutionary spirit further and further, and determined to outdo the report of all who had preceded them by the ingenuity of their enterprises and the atrocity of their revenges. The meaning of words had no longer the same relation to things, but was changed by them as they

thought proper. Reckless daring was held to be loyal courage; prudent delay was the excuse of a coward; moderation was the disguise of unmanly weakness; to know everything was to do nothing. Frantic energy was the true quality of man. A conspirator who wanted to be safe was a recreant in disguise. The lover of violence was always trusted, and his opponent suspected. He who succeeded in a plot was deemed knowing, but a still greater master in craft was he who detected one. On the other hand, he who plotted from the first to have nothing to do with plots was a breaker-up of parties, and a poltroon who was afraid of the enemy. In a word, he who could outstrip another in a bad action was applauded, and so was he who encouraged to evil one who had no idea of it. The tie of party was stronger than the tie of blood, because a partisan was more ready to dare without asking why. (For party associations are not based upon any established law, nor do they seek the public good: they are formed in defiance of the laws and from self-interest.) The seal of good faith was not Divine law, but fellowship in crime. If an enemy when he was in the ascendant offered fair words, the opposite party received them, not in a generous spirit, but by a jealous watchfulness of his actions. Revenge was dearer than self-preservation. Any agreements sworn to by either party, when they could do nothing else, were binding as long as both were powerless. But he who on a favorable opportunity first took courage, and struck at his enemy when he saw him off his guard, had greater pleasure in a perfidious, than he would have had in an open, act of revenge: he congratulated himself that he had taken the safer course, and also that he had overreached his enemy and gained the prize of superior ability. In general, the dishonest more easily gain credit for cleverness than the simple for goodness: men take a pride in the one, but are ashamed of the other.

The cause of all these evils was the love of power originating in avarice and ambition, and the party spirit which is engendered by them when men are fairly embarked in a contest. For the leaders on either side used specious names: the one party professing to uphold the constitutional equality of the many, the other the wisdom of an aristocracy; while they made the public interests, to which in name they were devoted, in reality their prize. Striving in every way to overcome each other, they committed the most monstrous crimes, yet even these were surpassed by

the magnitude of their revenges, which they pursued to the very utmost,—neither party observing any definite limits either of justice or public expediency, but both alike making the caprice of the moment their law. Either by the help of an unrighteous sentence, or grasping power with the strong hand, they were eager to satiate the impatience of party spirit. Neither faction cared for religion; but any fair pretense which succeeded in effecting some odious purpose was greatly lauded. And the citizens who were of neither party fell a prey to both: either they were disliked because they held aloof, or men were jealous of their surviving.

Thus revolution gave birth to every form of wickedness in Hellas. The simplicity which is so large an element in a noble nature was laughed to scorn and disappeared. An attitude of perfidious antagonism everywhere prevailed; for there was no word binding enough, nor oath terrible enough, to reconcile enemies. Each man was strong only in the conviction that nothing was secure: he must look to his own safety, and could not afford to trust others. Inferior intellects generally succeeded best. For, aware of their own deficiencies, and fearing the capacity of their opponents, for whom they were no match in powers of speech, and whose subtle wits were likely to anticipate them in contriving evil, they struck boldly and at once. But the cleverer sort, presuming in their arrogance that they would be aware in time, and disdaining to act when they could think, were taken off their guard and easily destroyed.

Now, in Corcyra most of these deeds were perpetrated, and for the first time. There was every crime which men might be supposed to perpetrate in revenge who had been governed not wisely, but tyrannically, and now had the oppressor at their mercy. They were the dishonest designs of others who were longing to be relieved from their habitual poverty, and were naturally animated by a passionate desire for their neighbors' goods; and there were crimes of another class, which men commit not from covetousness, but from the enmity which equals foster towards one another until they are carried away by their blind rage into the extremes of pitiless cruelty. At such a time the life of the city was all in disorder; and human nature, which is always ready to transgress the laws, having now trampled them under foot, delighted to show that her passions were ungovernable,—that she was stronger than justice, and the enemy of everything

above her. If malignity had not exercised a fatal power, how could any one have preferred revenge to piety, and gain to innocence? But when men are retaliating upon others, they are reckless of the future, and do not hesitate to annul those common laws of humanity to which every individual trusts for his own hope of deliverance should he ever be overtaken by calamity; they forget that in their own hour of need they will look for them in vain.

THE FINAL STRUGGLE IN THE HARBOR OF SYRACUSE

The Syracusans and their allies had already put out with nearly the same number of ships as before. A detachment of them guarded the entrance of the harbor; the remainder were disposed all round it in such a manner that they might fall on the Athenians from every side at once, and that their land forces might at the same time be able to co-operate wherever the ships retreated to the shore. Sicanus and Agatharchus commanded the Syracusan fleet, each of them a wing; Pythen and the Corinthians occupied the centre. When the Athenians approached the closed mouth of the harbor, the violence of their onset overpowered the ships which were stationed there; they then attempted to loosen the fastenings. Whereupon from all sides the Syracusans and their allies came bearing down upon them; and the conflict was no longer confined to the entrance, but extended throughout the harbor. No previous engagement had been so fierce and obstinate. Great was the eagerness with which the rowers on both sides rushed upon their enemies whenever the word of command was given; and keen was the contest between the pilots as they manœuvred one against another. The marines too were full of anxiety that when ship struck ship, the service on deck should not fall short of the rest; every one in the place assigned to him was eager to be foremost among his fellows. Many vessels meeting — and never did so many fight in so small a space, for the two fleets together amounted to nearly two hundred — they were seldom able to strike in the regular manner, because they had no opportunity of first retiring or breaking the line; they generally fouled one another, as ship dashed against ship in the hurry of flight or pursuit. All the time that another vessel was bearing down, the men on deck poured showers of javelins and

arrows and stones upon the enemy; and when the two closed, the marines fought hand to hand, and endeavored to board. In many places, owing to the want of room, they who had struck another found that they were struck themselves; often two or even more vessels were unavoidably entangled about one, and the pilots had to make plans of attack and defense, not against one adversary only, but against several coming from different sides. The crash of so many ships dashing against one another took away the wits of the sailors, and made it impossible to hear the boatswains, whose voices in both fleets rose high, as they gave directions to the rowers, or cheered them on in the excitement of the struggle. On the Athenian side they were shouting to their men that they must force a passage, and seize the opportunity now or never of returning in safety to their native land. To the Syracusans and their allies was represented the glory of preventing the escape of their enemies, and of a victory by which every man would exalt the honor of his own city. The commanders too, when they saw any ship backing water without necessity, would call the captain by his name, and ask of the Athenians whether they were retreating because they expected to be more at home upon the land of their bitterest foes than upon that sea which had been their own so long; on the Syracusan side, whether, when they knew perfectly well that the Athenians were only eager to find some means of flight, they would themselves fly from the fugitives.

While the naval engagement hung in the balance, the two armies on shore had great trial and conflict of soul. The Sicilian soldier was animated by the hope of increasing the glory which he had already won, while the invader was tormented by the fear that his fortunes might sink lower still. The last chance of the Athenians lay in their ships, and their anxiety was dreadful. The fortune of the battle varied; and it was not possible that the spectators on the shore should all receive the same impression of it. Being quite close, and having different points of view, they would some of them see their own ships victorious; their courage would then revive, and they would earnestly call upon the gods not to take from them their hope of deliverance. But others, who saw their ships worsted, cried and shrieked aloud, and were by the sight alone more utterly unnerved than the defeated combatants themselves. Others again, who had fixed their gaze on some part of the struggle which was undecided, were in a state

of excitement still more terrible: they kept swaying their bodies to and fro in an agony of hope and fear, as the stubborn conflict went on and on; for at every instant they were all-but saved or all-but lost. And while the strife hung in the balance, you might hear in the Athenian army at once lamentation, shouting cries of victory or defeat, and all the various sounds which are wrung from a great host in extremity of danger. Not less agonizing were the feelings of those on board. At length the Syracusans and their allies, after a protracted struggle, put the Athenians to flight; and triumphantly bearing down upon them, and encouraging one another with loud cries and exhortations, drove them to land. Then that part of the navy which had not been taken in the deep water fell back in confusion to the shore, and the crews rushed out of the ships into the camp. And the land forces, no longer now divided in feeling, but uttering one universal groan of intolerable anguish, ran, some of them to save the ships, others to defend what remained of the wall; but the greater number began to look to themselves and to their own safety. Never had there been a greater panic in an Athenian army than at that moment. Thus, after a fierce battle and a great destruction of ships and men on both sides, the Syracusans and their allies gained the victory.

ALBIUS TIBULLUS

(54?–19? B. C.)

BY G. M. WHICHER

THE elegiac couplet, which Horace pronounced suitable for laments and votive inscriptions, had been used by the early Greek poets for a wide range of subjects. The political reflections of Solon, the warlike strains of Tyrtæus, the gnomic wisdom of Theognis, had all seemed to them as appropriately written in this metre, as the famous dirges of Simonides, or Mimnermus's complaints over the swift passing of life and love. More personal in tone than the epic, while less strenuous than lyric measures, elegy was used apparently to embody all slighter themes and emotions less exalted than were demanded by the grander styles.

ALBIUS TIBULLUS

Naturally, therefore, the age which saw the final decay of the literature that began with Homer and Sappho found this form of verse congenial to its taste. In the hands of Alexandrian writers,— Callimachus, Philetas, Hermesianax, and their imitators,— it was a favorite form of erudite versifying. They identified the elegy chiefly with erotic themes; and it was with traditions due to them that it passed to the younger poets of the Augustan age,— Tibullus, Propertius, and Ovid. These writers, if less learned than their teachers, had a more ardent temperament, fresher and more vivid sensibilities. Accordingly, this last form of literature which the Romans appropriated from the Greeks was one of the very few in which they could flatter themselves that they had surpassed their models.

If not the greatest genius among Roman elegiac poets,— as many ancient critics were inclined to rate him,— Tibullus was at least the most typical. His art was the most consistent and symmetrically developed, quite in keeping with his amiable and yet singularly independent character. It was his aim to be an elegiast pure and simple. His love, or rather its reflection in his poetry, was to him all in all; and no other subject could long divert his attention. Even Propertius sometimes forgets his Cynthia, and repeats a legend of early Rome,

or recounts the exploits of Augustus. And Ovid could neglect the art of love to narrate the adventures of gods and heroes. But to the end Tibullus is found, as Horace pictures him in the well-known ode, chanting his «miserabiles elegos» and bewailing the harshness of his mistress.*

This entire devotion to his one chosen theme not only distinguishes him from these his immediate rivals, but is in marked contrast with the attitude of the greater poets of the Augustan age. Horace and Virgil, though provincials of low birth, possibly of alien race, and writing in the very shadow of the imperial power, are yet impressed by a sense of Rome's greatness. Though freedom had perished, they believe that there is still a mission for the noble qualities that had made the nation great: to conserve, to stimulate, to direct these loftier impulses, are the aims which lend dignity to their art. But Tibullus, who was by birth and breeding a Roman of the Romans, seemingly cares for none of these things. His family was of equestrian rank, and he still owned part of the ancestral estate at Pedum, almost within sight of the Capitol. His patron and intimate friend was Messala,—one of the noblest figures of the age, and not less conspicuous for his services to the State than for the dauntless independence which even Augustus acknowledged and respected. Yet nothing can be more un-Roman than the manner in which Tibullus shrinks from public life, and sings the supreme blessings of peace and retirement. He celebrates his patron's Aquitanian campaign, in which the poet himself was present, B. C. 30; but it is his friend, and not the commonwealth, that is uppermost in his thoughts. Messala bore a gallant part at Actium; but Tibullus, alone of the poets of the day, has nothing to say of the significance of that struggle. Once he does indeed speak of the glorious destiny of Rome, the «name fatal to nations»; but his interest even here is roused by the induction of Messalinus, his friend's son, into a priesthood!

This apparent incivism may be explained in part by the fact that Messala and his entire circle held themselves aloof from the policy of the empire. And in part it may be only the artist's pose, not the attitude of the man. We know little of him save the narrow range of feelings which he considered appropriate to his poetry. Horace in his epistles has sketched another picture of his friend, living upon his small estate, with riches, health, fame, and beauty to make him happy,—a picture which many find it difficult to reconcile with the melancholy and pensive Tibullus of the elegies. Yet there is no

* The sixteen poems which are undoubtedly his workmanship tell us little save the vicissitudes of his passion for Delia, Nemesis, and even less worthy objects of affection.

good reason to doubt their identity. Tibullus has chosen to limit himself to a narrow range, and his art gains by the restrictions imposed upon it. His loves, his friendships, his longing for the serene and peaceful life of the country, his regard for the simple deities and religious rites of his forefathers,—these are the materials of which with fine skill he constructs his poems. The tasteless learning of his Alexandrian predecessors he never imitates; nor does he degenerate into that sensuality which is the reproach of ancient erotic poetry. If he never startles, as Propertius occasionally does, by some powerful line, some striking image, he lacks too the frequent obscurity and the harshness of phrase which mar that poet's work. Ovid's more fluent style and more romantic themes have won for him a wider circle of readers; he has wit and brilliancy, and the charm of his work is apparent on the surface. But Tibullus, while equally smooth and polished in his versification, possesses a grace and a refinement of sentiment that are his alone.

As his art is the most harmonious, so his personality is by far the most attractive of the three. Especially does he reveal a delicacy of feeling which is all too rare among ancient writers when dealing with the sentiment of love. Delia and Nemesis may have found their portraits shadowy beside the vivid figures of Clodia, Cynthia, and the other charmers who rejoiced to "flourish more illustrious than Roman Ilia"; but there was at least a unique generosity, an unwonted self-abnegation, in the artist whom they inspired. It is easy to believe that there were many traits in his gentle and winning character which recalled the greatest and purest of his contemporaries; and it was more than the chance coincidence of their death in the same year which led a later poet to associate Tibullus, in the Elysian fields, with the mightier shade of Virgil.

Under the name of Tibullus, four books of elegies are extant; but the greater number of scholars now believe that the last two are the work of Lygdamus, Sulpicia, and perhaps other writers of Messala's coterie. Their characteristics are not essentially different from those ascribed to the undoubted work of Tibullus.

Among the complete editions with critical notes are those of Lachman (Berlin, 1829), Hiller (Leipzig, 1885), and Dissen (Göttingen, 1835). There are in English only selections readily accessible: the most recent in Ramsay's 'Selections from Propertius and Tibullus.' Sellar's 'Roman Poets of the Augustan Age' contains an admirable survey of the Latin elegiac school, though the chapter on Ovid is but a fragment. The best verse translation is by Cranstoun (London, 1872).

G. M. Whicher.

ON THE PLEASURES OF A COUNTRY LIFE

THEIR piles of golden ore let others heap,
And hold their countless roods of cultured soil,
Whom neighboring foes in constant terror keep,—
The weary victims of unceasing toil.

Let clang of drums and trumpet's blast dispel
The balmy sleep their hearts in vain desire:
At home in poverty and ease I'd dwell,
My hearth aye gleaming with a cheerful fire.

In season due I'd plant the pliant vine,
With skillful hand my swelling apples rear;
Nor fail, blest Hope! but still to me consign
Rich fruits, and vats abrim with rosy cheer.

For the lone stump afield I still revere,
Or ancient stone, whence flowery garlands nod,
In cross-roads set: the first-fruits of the year
I duly offer to the peasant's god.

O fair-haired Ceres! let the spiky crown,
Culled from my field, adorn thy shrine-door aye;
Amid my orchards red Priapus frown,
And with his threatening bill the birds dismay.

Guards of a wealthy once, now poor domain,
Ye Lares! still my gift your wardship cheers:
A fatted calf did then your altars stain,
To purify innumerable steers.

A lambkin now,—a meagre* offering,—
From the few fields that still I reckon mine,
Shall fall for you, while rustic voices sing,
"Oh, grant the harvests, grant the generous wine!"

Now I can live content on scanty fare,
Nor for long travels do I bear the will:
'Neath some tree's shade I'd shun the Dog's fierce glare,
Beside the waters of a running rill.

Nor let me blush the while to wield the rake,
Or with the lash the laggard oxen ply;
The struggling lamb within my bosom take,
Or kid, by heedless dam left lone to die.

* *Parva;* other texts *magna.*

Spare my small flock, ye thieves and wolves! Away
Where wealthier cotes an ampler beauty hold:
I for my swain lustrations yearly pay,
And soothe with milk the goddess of the fold.

Then smile, ye gods! nor view with high disdain
The frugal gifts clean earthen bowls convey:
Such earthen vessels erst the ancient swain
Molded and fashioned from the plastic clay.

The wealth and harvest stores my sires possessed
I covet not: few sheaves will yield me bread;
Enough, reclining on my couch to rest,
And stretch my limbs upon the wonted bed.

How sweet to lie and hear the wild winds roar,
While to our breast the lovèd one we strain;
Or when the cold South's sleety torrents pour,
To sleep secure, lulled by the plashing rain!

This lot be mine: let him be rich, 'tis fair,
Who braves the wrathful sea and tempests drear;
Oh, rather perish gold and gems than e'er
One fair one for my absence shed a tear.

Dauntless, Messala, scour the earth and main,
To deck thy home with warfare's spoils; 'tis well:
Me here a lovely maiden's bonds enchain,
At her hard door a sleepless sentinel.

Delia, I court not praise, if mine thou be;
Let men cry lout and clown, I'll bear the brand;
In my last moments let me gaze on thee,
And dying, clasp thee with my faltering hand.

Thou'lt weep to see me laid upon the bier,
That will too soon the flames' mad fury feel;
Thou'lt mingle kisses with the bitter tear,
For thine no heart of stone, no breast of steel.

Nor only thou wilt weep; no youth, no maid,
With tearless eye will from my tomb repair:
But, Delia, vex not thou thy lover's shade;
Thy tender cheeks, thy streaming tresses spare!

Love's joys be ours while still the Fates allow:
Soon death will come with darkly mantled head;

Dull age creeps on, and love-cup or love-vow
Becomes no forehead when its snows are shed.

Then let us worship Venus while we may;
With brow unblushing, burst the bolted door
And join with rapture in the midnight fray,
Your leader I — Love's soldier proved of yore.

Hence, flags and trumpets! Me ye'll never lure;
Bear wounds and wealth to warriors bent on gain:
I, in my humble competence secure,
Shall wealth and poverty alike disdain.

WRITTEN IN SICKNESS AT CORCYRA

Thou'lt cross the Ægean waves, but not with me,
Messala; yet by thee and all thy band
I pray that I may still remembered be,
Lingering on lone Phæacia's foreign strand.

Spare me, fell Death! no mother have I here
My charrèd bones in sorrow's lap to lay:
Oh, spare! for here I have no sister dear
To shower Assyrian odors o'er my clay,

Or to my tomb with locks disheveled come,
And pour the tear of tender piety;
Nor Delia, who, ere yet I quitted Rome,
'Tis said consulted all the gods on high.

Thrice from the boy the sacred lots she drew,
Thrice from the streets he brought her omens sure.
All smiled: but tears would still her cheeks bedew;
Naught could her thoughts from that sad journey lure.

I blent sweet comfort with my parting words,
Yet anxiously I yearned for more delay.
Dire omens now, now inauspicious birds,
Detained me, now old Saturn's baleful day.

How oft I said, ere yet I left the town,
My awkward feet had stumbled at the door!
Enough: if lover heed not Cupid's frown,
His headstrong ways he'll bitterly deplore.

Where is thine Isis? What avail thee now
Her brazen sistra clashed so oft by thee?
What, while thou didst before her altars bow,
Thy pure lavations and thy chastity?

Great Isis, help! for in thy fanes displayed
Full many a tablet proves thy power to heal;
So Delia shall, in linen robes arrayed,
Her vows before thy holy threshold seal.

And morn and eve, loose-tressed, thy praise to pour,
'Mid Pharian crowds conspicuous she'll return;
But let me still my father's gods adore,
And to the old Lar his monthly incense burn.

How blest men lived when good old Saturn reigned,
Ere roads had intersected hill and dale!
No pine had then the azure wave disdained,
Or spread the swelling canvas to the gale.

No roving mariner, on wealth intent,
From foreign climes a cargo homeward bore;
No sturdy steer beneath the yoke had bent,
No galling bit the conquered courser wore.

No house had doors, no pillar on the wold
Was reared to mark the limits of the plain;
The oaks ran honey, and all uncontrolled
The fleecy ewes brought milk to glad the swain.

Rage, broils, the curse of war, were all unknown;
The cruel smith had never forged the spear:
Now Jove is King,—the seeds of bale are sown,
Scars, wounds, and shipwrecks, thousand deaths loom near.

Spare me, great Jove! No perjuries, I ween,
Distract my heart with agonizing woe;
No impious words by me have uttered been,
Against the gods above or gods below.

But if my thread of life be wholly run,
Upon my stone these lines engraven be:—
"Here by fell fate Tibullus lies undone,
Whom dear Messala-led o'er land and sea."

But me, the facile child of tender Love,
Will Venus waft to blest Elysium's plains,

Where dance and song resound, and every grove
Rings with clear-throated warblers' dulcet strains.

Here lands untilled their richest treasures yield;
Here sweetest cassia all untended grows;
With lavish lap the earth, in every field,
Outpours the blossom of the fragrant rose.

Here bands of youths and tender maidens chime
In love's sweet lures, and pay the untiring vow;
Here reigns the lover, slain in youthhood's prime,
With myrtle garland round his honored brow.

But wrapt in ebon gloom, the torture-hell
Low lies, and pitchy rivers round it roar;
There serpent-haired Tisiphone doth yell,
And lash the damnéd crew from shore to shore.

Mark in the gate the snake-tongued sable hound,
Whose hideous howls the brazen portals close;
There lewd Ixion, Juno's tempter, bound,
Spins round his wheel in endless unrepose.

O'er nine broad acres stretched base Tityos lies,
On whose black entrails vultures ever prey;
And Tantalus is there, 'mid waves that rise
To mock his misery, and rush away.

The Danaïds, who soiled Love's lovely shrine,
Fill on, and bear their piercèd pails in vain—
There writhe the wretch who's wronged a love of mine,
And wished me absent on a long campaign!

Be chaste, my love: and let thine old nurse e'er,
To shield thy maiden fame, around thee tread,
Tell thee sweet tales, and by the lamp's bright glare
From the full distaff draw the lengthening thread.

And when thy maidens, spinning round thy knee,
Sleep-worn, by slow degrees their work lay by,
Oh, let me speed unheralded to thee,
Like an immortal rushing down the sky!

Then all undrest, with ruffled locks astream,
And feet unsandaled, meet me on my way!
Aurora, goddess of the morning beam,
Bear, on thy rosy steeds, that happy day!

THE RURAL DEITIES

THE fields and rural gods are now my theme,
Who made our sires for acorns cease to roam,
Taught them to build their log-huts beam by beam,
And thatch with leafy boughs their humble home.

They trained the steer the bended yoke to bear,
Placed wheels beneath the cart, and by degrees
Weaned man primeval from his savage fare,
And bade the orchards smile with fruitful trees.

Then fertile gardens drank the watering wave;
Then first the purple fruitage of the vine,
Pressed by fair feet, immortal nectar gave;
Then water first was blent with generous wine.

The fields bear harvests, when the Dog-star's heat
Bids earth each year her golden honors shed;
And in spring's lap bees gather honey sweet,
And fill their combs from many a floral bed.

Returning from the plow, the weary swain
First sang his rustic lays in measured tread,
And supper o'er, tried on oat-pipe some strain
To play before his gods brow-chapleted.

He, vermil-stained, great Bacchus! first made bold
To lead the untutored chorus on the floor,
And (valued prize!) from forth a numerous fold
Received a goat to swell his household store.

Young hands first strung spring flow'rets in the fields,
And with a wreath the ancient gods arrayed;
Here its soft fleece the tender lambkin yields,
To form a task for many a tender maid.

Hence wool and distaffs fill the housewife's room,
And nimble thumbs deft spindles keep in play;
Hence maidens sing and ply the busy loom,
Hence rings the web beneath the driven lay.

LOVE IN THE COUNTRY

A cot, Cerinthus, now my love detains:
Iron were he who'd bear the city now;
For Venus's self has sought the happy plains,
And Love is taking lessons at the plow.

Could I but see my darling once so kind,
How stoutly would I turn the fertile soil
With heavy rake — yea, like the poorest hind,
I'd drive the crooked plow and bless the toil,

What time the sterile oxen till the ground;
Nor would I ever of my lot complain,
Though scorching suns my slender limbs should wound,
And o'er my soft hands rise the bursting blain.

The fair Apollo fed Admetus's steers,
Nor aught availed his lyre and locks unshorn;
No herbs could soothe his soul or dry his tears,—
The powers of medicine were all outworn.

He drove the cattle forth at morn and even,
Curdled the milk, and when his task was done,
Of pliant osiers wove the wicker sieve,
Leaving chance holes through which the whey might run.

How oft pale Dian blushed and felt a pang,
To see him bear a calf across the plain!
How oft as in the deepening dell he sang,
The lowing oxen broke the hallowed strain!

Oft princes sought responses in despair;
Crowds thronged his fanes,—unanswered all retired;
Oft Leto mourned his wild disordered hair,
Which once his jealous stepdame had admired.

Loose were thy locks, O Phœbus! wan thy brow:
Who would have dreamt those tresses e'er were thine?
Where's Delos? Where is Delphic Pytho now?
Love dooms thee in a lowly cot to pine.

Blest time when Venus might untrammeled rove,
And gods all unashamed obeyed her nod!
Now love's a jest, but he who's thrall to love
Would be a jest before a loveless god.

TO CERINTHUS, ON HIS BIRTHDAY

COME, speak fair words before the natal fane:
Or man or woman come, let silence reign,
Let incense burn, and odors fill the air
Such as the rich Arabian pastures bear;
Oh, let thy Genius view his honors now,
With flowing garlands round his holy brow;
On every tress let purest spikenard shine;
Haste, bring the cake, and crown the bowl with wine!

Beloved Cerinthus! may he hear thy vow!
Breathe it; why linger? pray, he beckons now!
Methinks thou'lt ask a wife's unchanging love;
Ah, yes! thy thoughts have reached the gods above!
To thee, compared with this, were sorry cheer
The wide world's plains upturned by brawny steer,
Or costliest gems from wealthy India drawn,
Where Ocean colors at the kiss of dawn.

Thy vows are ratified. On quivering wing,
Dear Love! the golden bonds of wedlock bring,—
Bonds that will last till age with laggard pace
Silvers thy locks and wrinkles all thy face;
And may thy natal god send children sweet,
To sport with happy gambols round thy feet!

JOHANN LUDWIG TIECK

(1773–1853)

AMONG the poets of the romantic movement in German literature,—idealists who sought the blue flower, and reviving the native literary past, found their inspiration in mediæval mysticism or Catholicism, or in the airy fields of pure imagination,—Ludwig Tieck occupies an honorable place. Indeed, he is often referred to as the father of the older romanticism in Germany,—that of the first quarter of our century. Certainly he was foremost in developing and applying principles earlier laid down by Goethe and Schiller. His many-sided literary and intellectual activity was remarkable. As poet, story-teller, translator, critic, essayist, and editor, he did work all of which was able and interesting, and some of it of rare and high merit. Tieck was a scholar with a touch of genius; a poet, as Carlyle said of him long ago, "born as well as made." He belonged in the circle of which Novalis, Brentano, and the brothers Schlegel were other members, and his position in it is not far from the centre.

JOHANN LUDWIG TIECK

Johann Ludwig Tieck was the son of a rope-maker, and was born at Berlin, May 31st, 1773. He attended a good gymnasium, and prosecuted his studies further in Halle, Göttingen, and Erlangen; giving special attention to history, philology, and literature, ancient and modern. He then returned to Berlin, and began his career as a writer, first publishing tales and romances which showed the influence of the Storm and Stress atmosphere: 'Peter Lebrecht' (1795) and 'William Lovell' (1795–6) are novels typical of this phase, which does not stand for Tieck's most representative work. This found its expression in his use of the mediæval legends and fairy tales. In this *genre* he was pre-eminently successful: however light and fantastic, the conception is poetical; and delicate fancy mingles with playful irony to make his prose stories delightful reading. A wonder-tale like 'The Fair-haired Eckbert' is a little masterpiece. The unfinished 'Sternbald's Travels,' the 'Blue Beard,' and the 'Puss in Boots,' are

further well-known examples of his adaptation or rehabilitation of popular traditions. The old *märchen* becomes another but a very beautiful thing in his hands. In the 'Phantasus' (1812–17) are gathered tales, sketches, and plays, mostly of this sort, but with less of mysticism and more of satiric intent. Tieck's revival of folk traditions pleased the public, while it revealed his own romantic tendencies; he was hailed as a leader of that movement, and with over-generous laudation, compared favorably with Goethe himself.

Tieck resided in Jena from 1799 to 1800, on terms of friendship with the brothers Schlegel, Novalis, Brentano, Fichte, and Schelling, making the acquaintance too of the literary gods, Goethe and Schiller. In 1801, in company with Frederick von Schlegel, he moved to Dresden; but the next year settled on a friend's estate near Frankfort-on-the-Oder. He made many journeys to Italy, as he did to various German cities, in order to consult the libraries. Poetry, translation, fiction, criticism, and drama, came from him rapidly. His services as a translator were conspicuous. He made a masterly rendering of 'Don Quixote' in 1799–1801, translated the 'Minnesongs' in 1803, and in his 'Old English Theatre' in 1811 gave a German version of the plays doubtfully ascribed to Shakespeare, who was a lifelong object of Tieck's devoted study. In the same year appeared the Schlegel-Tieck translation of the dramas of the greatest of English poets, Tieck editing and completing the mighty work done by August von Schlegel; the version remains the standard one in that tongue, and puts all German lovers of Shakespeare under a lasting obligation to the collaborating authors. It is now known, however, that much of the actual translating of the dramas not done by Schlegel was the work of Tieck's gifted daughter, Dorothea. But his name will always be associated with this great Shakespeare version.

Tieck left his country residence in 1819, settling in Dresden; where he became a director of the court theatre, and drew around him a group of admirers who swore by his views, and were antagonized by a counter party. His literary activity during the Dresden sojourn was constant and fruitful, many of his strongest novels and most alluring tales being composed between the date of his arrival and his removal to Berlin in 1841, on the invitation of King William IV. Such productions as 'The Pictures,' 'The Betrothal,' 'The Travelers,' 'Luck Brings Brains,' 'The Old Book,' 'The Scarecrow,' 'The Revolt in the Cevennes,' 'Witch's Sabbath,' and 'Vittoria Accorombona,' are prominent among them; and several volumes of critical studies and a sort of biography of Shakespeare swell the list. Tieck's collected poems appeared in 1821: they contain many charming lyrics, but as a rule they are reflective and cultivated rather than creative. He was in his prose fairy tales in the broad sense a poet; that is, a

writer of imaginative literature (what the Germans call *dichter*), and found in those tales his truest medium. The faults of Tieck's idyls and fantasies are those of construction: he lacked condensation and the sense of plastic form. His work as editor, in rehabilitating the literary past, or in introducing comparatively unknown figures, continued to be vigorous,—one of his main services being the editing of the complete works of the great dramatist Heinrich von Kleist. Tieck was one of the most fecund and polydextrous writers of his time.

He lost his wife (who was the child of a clergyman) in 1837, his daughter Dorothea in 1840; and for the remaining dozen years lived in dignified retirement, confined much through illness but surrounded with comforts and honors. It was during his residence in Dresden that Tieck's fine dramatic powers as a reader were revealed to select circles: when he went on a visit to Weimar, Goethe listened enchanted to his recitations. Tieck's death occurred at Berlin on April 28th, 1853. A twenty-volume edition of his works was published there, 1828–46: a valuable and reliable biography is that by Köpke (1855).

Thomas Carlyle in 1827 made Tieck and other German literary leaders known to the English public by publishing his 'German Romance.' The poet's sister, Sophie von Knorring, was a literary woman of repute; and his brother, Christian Frederic, a distinguished sculptor.

Ludwig Tieck's was a complex nature, that felt keenly, and in turn affected, the thought tendencies of his time. Owing to this sensitiveness to the varied culture to which he subjected himself, he differed much at different points in his development: now he is rationalistic and skeptical, now sentimental and rhapsodical. He played a considerable rôle in that most interesting romantic revival in German, which was only a part of the larger European return to romanticism in reaction from the classicism, narrow formality, and prosing, of the eighteenth century. His most lasting contribution to the literature of the fatherland will be found in his noble translations, and the fantasies he wove out of the raw stuff of the old traditions and folk legends.

THE FAIR-HAIRED ECKBERT

In a district of the Harz dwelt a knight, whose common designation in that quarter was the Fair-haired Eckbert. He was about forty years of age, scarcely of middle stature; and short, light-colored locks lay close and sleek round his pale and

sunken countenance. He led a retired life, had never interfered in the feuds of his neighbors; indeed, beyond the outer wall of his castle he was seldom to be seen. His wife loved solitude as much as he; both seemed heartily attached to one another; only now and then they would lament that Heaven had not blessed their marriage with children.

Few came to visit Eckbert; and when guests did happen to be with him, their presence made but little alteration in his customary way of life: Temperance abode in his household, and Frugality herself appeared to be the mistress of the entertainment. On these occasions, Eckbert was always cheerful and lively; but when he was alone, you might observe in him a certain mild reserve — a still, retiring melancholy.

His most frequent guest was Philip Walther; a man to whom he had attached himself, from having found in him a way of thinking like his own. Walther's residence was in Franconia; but he would often stay for half a year in Eckbert's neighborhood, gathering plants and minerals and then sorting and arranging them. He lived on a small independency, and was connected with no one. Eckbert frequently attended him in his sequestered walks; year after year, a closer friendship grew betwixt them. . . .

It was late in the autumn, when Eckbert, one cloudy evening, was sitting with his friend and his wife Bertha, by the parlor fire. The flame cast a red glimmer through the room, and sported on the ceiling; the night looked sullenly in through the windows, and the trees without rustled in wet coldness. Walther complained of the long road he had to travel; and Eckbert proposed to him to stay where he was, to while away half of the night in friendly talk, and then to take a bed in the house till morning. Walther agreed, and the whole was speedily arranged; by-and-by wine and supper were brought in; fresh wood was laid upon the fire; the talk grew livelier and more confidential.

The cloth being removed, and the servants gone, Eckbert took his friend's hand, and said to him: "Now you must let my wife tell you the history of her youth; it is curious enough, and you should know it." — "With all my heart," said Walther; and the party again drew round the hearth.

It was now midnight; the moon looked fitfully through the breaks of the driving clouds. "You must not reckon me a

babbler,» began the lady. «My husband says you have so generous a mind that it is not right in us to hide aught from you. Only do not take my narrative for a fable, however strangely it may sound.

«I was born in a little village; my father was a poor herdsman. Our circumstances were not of the best: often we knew not where to find our daily bread. But what grieved me more than this were the quarrels which my father and mother often had about their poverty, and the bitter reproaches they cast on one another. Of myself too I heard nothing said but ill: they were forever telling me I was a silly, stupid child, that I could not do the simplest turn of work; and in truth I was extremely inexpert and helpless: I let things fall, I neither learned to sew nor spin, I could be of no use to my parents; only their straits I understood too well. Often I would sit in a corner and fill my little heart with dreams how I would help them if I should all at once grow rich; how I would overflow them with silver and gold, and feast myself on their amazement; and then spirits came hovering up, and showed me buried treasures, or gave me little pebbles which changed into precious stones. In short, the strangest fancies occupied me; and when I had to rise and help with anything, my inexpertness was still greater, as my head was giddy with these motley visions.

«My father in particular was always very cross to me: he scolded me for being such a burden to the house; indeed he often used me rather cruelly, and it was very seldom that I got a friendly word from him. In this way I had struggled on to near the end of my eighth year; and now it was seriously fixed that I should begin to do or learn something. My father still maintained that it was nothing but caprice in me, or a lazy wish to pass my days in idleness; accordingly he set upon me with furious threats, and as these made no improvement, he one day gave me a most cruel chastisement, and added that the same should be repeated day after day, since I was nothing but a useless sluggard.

«That whole night I wept abundantly: I felt myself so utterly forsaken; I had such a sympathy with myself that I even longed to die. I dreaded the break of day; I knew not on earth what I was to do or try. I wished from my very heart to be clever, and could not understand how I should be worse than the other children of the place. I was on the border of despair.

"At the dawn of day I rose, and scarcely knowing what I did, unfastened the door of our little hut. I stept upon the open field; next minute I was in a wood, where the light of the morning had yet hardly penetrated. I ran along, not looking round; for I felt no fatigue, and I still thought my father would catch me, and in his anger at my flight, would beat me worse than ever.

"I had reached the other side of the forest, and the sun was risen a considerable way; I saw something dim lying before me, and a thick fog resting over it. Ere long my path began to mount, as one time I was climbing hills, at another wending among rocks; and I now guessed that I must be among the neighboring mountains,—a thought that made me shudder in my loneliness. For, living in the plain country, I had never seen a hill; and the very word mountains, when I heard talk of them, had been a sound of terror to my young ear. I had not the heart to go back,—my fear itself drove me on; often I looked round affrighted when the breezes rustled over me among the trees, or the stroke of some distant woodman sounded far through the still morning. And when I began to meet with charcoal-men and miners, and heard their foreign way of speech, I had nearly fainted for terror.

"I passed through several villages: begging now and then, for I felt hungry and thirsty; and fashioning my answers as I best could when questions were put to me. In this manner I had wandered on some four days, when I came upon a little footpath, which led me farther and farther from the highway. The rocks about me now assumed a different and far stranger form. They were cliffs so piled on one another that it looked as if the first gust of wind would hurl them all this way and that. I knew not whether to go on or stop. Till now I had slept by night in the woods,—for it was the finest season of the year,—or in some remote shepherd's hut; but here I saw no human dwelling at all, and could not hope to find one in this wilderness. The crags grew more and more frightful; I had many a time to glide along by the very edge of dreadful abysses; by degrees my foot-path became fainter, and at last all traces of it vanished from beneath me. I was utterly comfortless: I wept and screamed; and my voice came echoing back from the rocky valleys with a sound that terrified me. The night now came on, and I sought out a mossy nook to lie down in. I could not

sleep: in the darkness I heard the strangest noises; sometimes I took them to proceed from wild beasts, sometimes from wind moaning through the rocks, sometimes from unknown birds. I prayed; and did not sleep till towards morning.

"When the light came upon my face I awoke. Before me was a steep rock; I clomb up, in the hope of discovering some outlet from the waste, perhaps of seeing houses or men. But when I reached the top there was nothing still, as far as my eye could reach, but a wilderness of crags and precipices: all was covered with a dim haze; the day was gray and troubled, and no tree, no meadow, not even a bush could I find,—only a few shrubs shooting up stunted and solitary in the narrow clefts of the rocks. I cannot utter what a longing I felt but to see one human creature, any living mortal, even though I had been afraid of hurt from him. At the same time I was tortured by a gnawing hunger; I sat down, and made up my mind to die. After a while, however, the desire of living gained the mastery; I roused myself, and wandered forward amid tears and broken sobs all day: in the end I hardly knew what I was doing; I was tired and spent, I scarcely wished to live, and yet I feared to die.

"Towards night the country seemed to grow a little kindlier; my thoughts, my desires revived, the wish for life awoke in all my veins. I thought I heard the rushing of a mill afar off; I redoubled my steps; and how glad, how light of heart was I, when at last I actually gained the limits of the barren rocks, and saw woods and meadows lying before me, with soft green hills in the distance! I felt as if I had stept out of a hell into a paradise; my loneliness and helplessness no longer frightened me.

"Instead of the hoped-for mill, I came upon a waterfall, which in truth considerably damped my joy. I was lifting a drink from it in the hollow of my hand, when all at once I thought I heard a slight cough some little way from me. Never in my life was I so joyfully surprised as at this moment; I went near, and at the border of the wood I saw an old woman sitting resting on the ground. She was dressed almost wholly in black; a black hood covered her head, and the greater part of her face; and in her hand she held a crutch.

"I came up to her and begged for help; she made me sit by her, and gave me bread and a little wine. While I ate, she sang

in a screeching tone some kind of spiritual song. When she had done, she told me I might follow her.

"The offer charmed me, strange as the old woman's voice and look appeared. With her crutch she limped away pretty fast, and at every step she twisted her face so oddly that at first I was like to laugh. The wild rocks retired behind us more and more; I never shall forget the aspect and the feeling of that evening. All things were as molten into the softest golden red; the trees were standing with their tops in the glow of the sunset; on the fields lay a mild brightness; the woods and the leaves of the trees were standing motionless; the pure sky looked out like an opened paradise; and the gushing of the brooks, and from time to time the rustling of the trees, resounded through the serene stillness as in pensive joy. My young soul was here first taken with a forethought of the world and its vicissitudes. I forgot myself and my conductress: my spirit and my eyes were wandering among the shining clouds.

"We now mounted an eminence planted with birch-trees: from the top we looked into a green valley, likewise full of birches; and down below, in the middle of them, was a little hut. A glad barking reached us, and immediately a little nimble dog came springing round the old woman, fawned on her, and wagged its tail; it next came to me, viewed me on all sides, and then turned back with a friendly look to its old mistress.

"On reaching the bottom of the hill, I heard the strangest song, as if coming from the hut, and sung by some bird. It ran thus:—

'Alone in wood so gay
'Tis good to stay,
Morrow like to-day,
For ever and aye;
Oh, I do love to stay,
Alone in wood so gay.'

"These few words were continually repeated; and to describe the sound, it was as if you heard forest horns and shalms sounded together from a far distance.

"My curiosity was wonderfully on the stretch; without waiting for the old woman's orders, I stept into the hut. It was already dusk: here all was neatly swept and trimmed; some bowls were

standing in a cupboard, some strange-looking casks or pots on a table; in a glittering cage, hanging by the window, was a bird, and this in fact proved to be the singer. The old woman coughed and panted; it seemed as if she never would get over her fatigue: she patted the little dog, she talked with the bird, which only answered her with its accustomed song; and for me, she did not seem to recollect that I was there at all. Looking at her so, many qualms and fears came over me, for her face was in perpetual motion; and besides, her head shook from old age, so that for my life I could not understand what sort of countenance she had.

"Having gathered strength again she lit a candle, covered a small table, and brought out supper. She now looked round for me, and bade me take a little cane chair. I was thus sitting close fronting her, with the light between us. She folded her bony hands, and prayed aloud, still twisting her countenance, so that I was once more on the point of laughing; but I took strict care that I might not make her angry.

"After supper she again prayed, then showed me a bed in a low, narrow closet; she herself slept in the room. I did not watch long, for I was half stupefied; but in the night I now and then awoke, and heard the old woman coughing, and between whiles talking with her dog and her bird,—which last seemed dreaming, and replied with only one or two words of its rhyme. This with the birches rustling before the window, and the song of a distant nightingale, made such a wondrous combination that I never fairly thought I was awake, but only falling out of one dream into another still stranger.

"The old woman awoke me in the morning, and soon after gave me work. I was put to spin, which I now learned very easily; I had likewise to take charge of the dog and the bird. I soon learned my business in the house: I now felt as if it all must be so; I never once remembered that the old woman had so many singularities, that her dwelling was mysterious and lay apart from all men, and that the bird must be a very strange creature. His beauty, indeed, always struck me: for his feathers glittered with all possible colors, the fairest deep blue and the most burning red alternated about his neck and body; and when singing, he blew himself proudly out, so that his feathers looked still finer.

"My old mistress often went abroad, and did not come again till night; on these occasions I went out to meet her with the dog, and she used to call me child, and daughter. In the end I grew to like her heartily; as our mind, especially in childhood, will become accustomed and attached to anything. In the evenings she taught me to read; and this was afterwards a source of boundless satisfaction to me in my solitude, for she had several ancient-written books, that contained the strangest stories.

"The recollection of the life I then led is still singular to me: visited by no human creature, secluded in the circle of so small a family; for the dog and the bird made the same impression on me which in other cases long-known friends produce. I am surprised that I have never since been able to recall the dog's name,—a very odd one,—often as I then pronounced it.

"Four years I had passed in this way (I must now have been nearly twelve), when my old dame began to put more trust in me, and at length told me a secret. The bird, I found, laid every day an egg, in which there was a pearl or a jewel. I had already noticed that she often went to fettle privately about the cage, but I had never troubled myself farther on the subject. She now gave me charge of gathering these eggs in her absence, and carefully storing them up in the strange-looking pots. She would leave me food, and sometimes stay away longer,—for weeks, for months. My little wheel kept humming round, the dog barked, the bird sang; and withal there was such a stillness in the neighborhood that I do not recollect of any storm or foul weather all the time I staid there. No one wandered thither; no wild beast came near our dwelling: I was satisfied, and worked along in peace from day to day. One would perhaps be very happy could he pass his life so undisturbedly to the end.

"From the little that I read, I formed quite marvelous notions of the world and its people; all taken from myself and my society. When I read of witty persons, I could not figure them but like the little shock; great ladies, I conceived, were like the bird; all old women, like my mistress. I had read somewhat of love too; and often in fancy I would play strange stories with myself. I figured out the fairest knight on earth; adorned him with all perfections, without knowing rightly, after all my labor, how he looked: but I could feel a hearty pity for myself when he ceased to love me; I would then, in thought, make long

melting speeches, or perhaps aloud, to try if I could win him back. You smile! These young days are in truth far away from us all.

"I now liked better to be left alone, for I was then sole mistress of the house. The dog loved me, and did all I wanted; the bird replied to all my questions with his rhyme; my wheel kept briskly turning, and at bottom I had never any wish for change. When my dame returned from her long wanderings, she would praise my diligence; she said her house, since I belonged to it, was managed far more perfectly; she took a pleasure in my growth and healthy looks: in short, she treated me in all points like her daughter.

"'Thou art a good girl, child,' said she once to me, in her creaking tone; 'if thou continuest so, it will be well with thee: but none ever prospers when he leaves the straight path; punishment will overtake him, though it may be late.' I gave little heed to this remark of hers at the time, for in all my temper and movements I was very lively; but by night it occurred to me again, and I could not understand what she meant by it. I considered all the words attentively; I had read of riches, and at last it struck me that her pearls and jewels might perhaps be something precious. Ere long this thought grew clearer to me. But the straight path, and leaving it? What could she mean by this?

"I was now fourteen: it is the misery of man that he arrives at understanding through the loss of innocence. I now saw well enough that it lay with me to take the jewels and the bird in the old woman's absence, and go forth with them and see the world I had read of. Perhaps too it would then be possible that I might meet the fairest of all knights, who forever dwelt in my memory.

"At first this thought was nothing more than any other thought: but when I used to be sitting at my wheel, it still returned to me against my will; and I sometimes followed it so far, that I already saw myself adorned in splendid attire, with princes and knights around me. On awakening from these dreams, I would feel a sadness when I looked up and found myself still in the little cottage. For the rest, if I went through my duties, the old woman troubled herself little about what I thought or felt.

"One day she went out again, telling me that she should be away on this occasion longer than usual; that I must take strict charge of everything, and not let the time hang heavy on my hands. I had a sort of fear on taking leave of her, for I felt as if I should not see her any more. I looked long after her, and knew not why I felt so sad: it was almost as if my purpose had already stood before me, without myself being conscious of it.

"Never did I tend the dog and the bird with such diligence as now: they were nearer to my heart than formerly. The old woman had been gone some days, when I rose one morning in the firm mind to leave the cottage, and set out with the bird to see this world they talked so much of. I felt pressed and hampered in my heart: I wished to stay where I was, and yet the thought of that afflicted me; there was a strange contention in my soul, as if between two discordant spirits. One moment my peaceful solitude would seem to me most beautiful; the next the image of a new world, with its many wonders, would again enchant me.

"I knew not what to make of it: the dog leaped up continually about me; the sunshine spread abroad over the fields; the green birch-trees glittered: I kept feeling as if I had something I must do in haste; so I caught the little dog, tied him up in the room, and took the cage with the bird under my arm. The dog writhed and whined at this unusual treatment; he looked at me with begging eyes, but I feared to have him with me. I also took one pot of jewels, and concealed it by me; the rest I left.

"The bird turned its head very strangely when I crossed the threshold; the dog tugged at his cord to follow me, but he was forced to stay.

"I did not take the road to the wild rocks, but went in the opposite direction. The dog still whined and barked, and it touched me to the heart to hear him: the bird tried once or twice to sing; but as I was carrying him, the shaking put him out.

"The farther I went, the fainter grew the barking, and at last it altogether ceased. I wept, and had almost turned back; but the longing to see something new still hindered me.

"I had got across the hills, and through some forests, when the night came on, and I was forced to turn aside into a village. I blushed exceedingly on entering the inn: they showed me to a

room and bed; I slept pretty quietly, only that I dreamed of the old woman, and her threatening me.

"My journey had not much variety. The further I went, the more I was afflicted by the recollection of my old mistress and the little dog; I considered that in all likelihood the poor shock would die of hunger, and often in the woods I thought my dame would suddenly meet me. Thus amid tears and sobs I went along; when I stopped to rest, and put the cage on the ground, the bird struck up his song, and brought but too keenly to my mind the fair habitation I had left. As human nature is forgetful, I imagined that my former journey, in my childhood, had not been so sad and woeful as the present; I wished to be as I was then.

"I had some jewels; and now, after wandering on for several days, I reached a village. At the very entrance I was struck with something strange: I felt terrified, and knew not why; but I soon bethought myself, for it was the village where I was born! How amazed was I! How the tears ran down my cheeks for gladness, for a thousand singular remembrances! Many things were changed: new houses had been built; some, just raised when I went away, were now fallen, and had marks of fire on them; everything was far smaller and more confined than I had fancied. It rejoiced my very heart that I should see my parents once more after such an absence: I found their little cottage, the well-known threshold; the door-latch was standing as of old — it seemed to me as if I had shut it only yesternight. My heart beat violently, I hastily lifted the latch; but faces I had never seen before looked up and gazed at me. I asked for the shepherd Martin: they told me that his wife and he were dead three years ago. I drew back quickly, and left the village weeping aloud.

"I had figured out so beautifully how I would surprise them with my riches: by the strangest chance, what I had only dreamed in childhood was become reality; and now it was all in vain, — they could not rejoice with me, and that which had been my first hope in life was lost forever.

"In a pleasant town I hired a small house and garden, and took myself a maid. The world, in truth, proved not so wonderful as I had painted it; but I forgot the old woman and my former way of life more and more, and on the whole I was contented.

"For a long while the bird ceased to sing; I was therefore not a little frightened when one night he suddenly began again, with a different rhyme. He sang: —

'Alone in wood so gay,
Ah, far away!
But thou wilt say
Some other day,
'Twere best to stay
Alone in wood so gay.'

"Throughout the night I could not close an eye: all things again occurred to my remembrance; and I felt more than ever that I had not acted rightly. When I rose, the aspect of the bird distressed me greatly; he looked at me continually, and his presence did me ill. There was now no end to his song; he sang it louder and more shrilly than he had been wont. The more I looked at him, the more he pained and frightened me: at last I opened the cage, put in my hand, and grasped his neck; I squeezed my fingers hard together; he looked at me: I slackened them; but he was dead. I buried him in the garden.

"After this there came a fear over me for my maid: I looked back upon myself, and fancied she might rob or murder me. For a long while I had been acquainted with a young knight, whom I altogether liked. I bestowed on him my hand. — And with this, Sir Walther, ends my story."

"Ay, you should have seen her then," said Eckbert warmly; "seen her youth, her loveliness, and what a charm her lonely way of life had given her. I had no fortune; it was through her love these riches came to me: we moved hither, and our marriage has at no time brought us anything but good."

"But with our tattling," added Bertha, "it is growing very late; we must go to sleep."

She rose, and proceeded to her chamber; Walther, with a kiss of her hand, wished her good night, saying: "Many thanks, noble lady; I can well figure you beside your singing bird, and how you fed poor little *Strohmian*."

Walther likewise went to sleep; Eckbert alone still walked in a restless humor up and down the room. "Are not men fools?" said he at last. "I myself occasioned this recital of my wife's history, and now such confidence appears to me improper! Will he not abuse it? Will he not communicate the secret to others?

Will he not — for such is human nature — cast unblessed thoughts on our jewels, and form pretext and lay plans to get possession of them?"

It now occurred to his mind that Walther had not taken leave of him so cordially as might have been expected after such a mark of trust. The soul once set upon suspicion finds in every trifle something to confirm it. Eckbert, on the other hand, reproached himself for such ignoble feelings to his worthy friend; yet still he could not cast them out. All night he plagued himself with such uneasy thoughts, and got very little sleep.

Bertha was unwell next day, and could not come to breakfast; Walther did not seem to trouble himself much about her illness, but left her husband also rather coolly. Eckbert could not comprehend such conduct. He went to see his wife, and found her in a feverish state; she said her last night's story must have agitated her.

From that day Walther visited the castle of his friend but seldom; and when he did appear, it was but to say a few unmeaning words and then depart. Eckbert was exceedingly distressed by this demeanor: to Bertha or Walther he indeed said nothing of it; but to any person his internal disquietude was visible enough.

Bertha's sickness wore an aspect more and more serious; the doctor grew alarmed: the red had vanished from his patient's cheeks, and her eyes were becoming more and more inflamed. One morning she sent for her husband to her bedside; the nurses were ordered to withdraw.

"Dear Eckbert," she began, "I must disclose a secret to thee, which has almost taken away my senses, which is ruining my health, unimportant trifle as it may appear. Thou mayest remember, often as I talked of my childhood, I could never call to mind the name of the dog that was so long beside me; now, that night on taking leave, Walther all at once said to me: 'I can well figure you, and how you fed poor little *Strohmian*.' Is it chance? Did he guess the name? Did he know it, and speak it on purpose? If so, how stands this man connected with my destiny? At times I struggled with myself, as if I but imagined this mysterious business; but alas! it is certain, too certain. I felt a shudder that a stranger should help me to recall the memory of my secrets. What sayest thou, Eckbert?"

Eckbert looked at his sick and agitated wife with deep emotion; he stood silent and thoughtful; then spoke some words of comfort to her, and went out. In a distant chamber he walked to and fro in indescribable disquiet. Walther for many years had been his sole companion; and now this person was the only mortal in the world whose existence pained and oppressed him. It seemed as if he should be gay and light of heart, were that one thing but removed. He took his bow, to dispel these thoughts; and went to hunt.

It was a rough, stormy, winter day; the snow was lying deep on the hills, and bending down the branches of the trees. He roved about; the sweat was standing on his brow; he found no game, and this embittered his ill-humor. All at once he saw an object moving in the distance: it was Walther gathering moss from the trunks of trees. Scarce knowing what he did, he bent his bow: Walther looked round, and gave a threatening gesture; but the arrow was already flying, and he sank transfixed by it. . . .

For a great while after this occurrence, Eckbert lived in the deepest solitude; he had all along been melancholy, for the strange history of his wife disturbed him, and he dreaded some unlucky incident or other; but at present he was utterly at variance with himself. The murder of his friend arose incessantly before his mind; he lived in the anguish of continual remorse. . . .

A young knight, named Hugo, made advances to the silent, melancholy Eckbert, and appeared to have a true affection for him. Eckbert felt himself exceedingly surprised; he met the knight's friendship with the greater readiness, the less he had anticipated it. The two were now frequently together; Hugo showed his friend all possible attentions: one scarcely ever went to ride without the other; in all companies they got together. In a word, they seemed inseparable.

Eckbert was never happy longer than a few transitory moments: for he felt too clearly that Hugo loved him only by mistake; that he knew him not, was unacquainted with his history; and he was seized again with the same old longing to unbosom himself wholly, that he might be sure whether Hugo was his friend or not. But again his apprehensions, and the fear of being hated and abhorred, withheld him. There were many hours in which he felt so much impressed with his entire

worthlessness, that he believed no mortal, not a stranger to his history, could entertain regard for him. Yet still he was unable to withstand himself: on a solitary ride he disclosed his whole history to Hugo, and asked if he could love a murderer. Hugo seemed touched, and tried to comfort him. Eckbert returned to town with a lighter heart.

But it seemed to be his doom that in the very hour of confidence he should always find materials for suspicion. Scarcely had they entered the public hall, when, in the glitter of the many lights, Hugo's looks had ceased to satisfy him. He thought he noticed a malicious smile: he remarked that Hugo did not speak to him as usual; that he talked with the rest, and seemed to pay no heed to him. In the party was an old knight, who had always shown himself the enemy of Eckbert, had often asked about his riches and his wife in a peculiar style. With this man Hugo was conversing; they were speaking privately, and casting looks at Eckbert. The suspicions of the latter seemed confirmed; he thought himself betrayed, and a tremendous rage took hold of him. As he continued gazing, on a sudden he discerned the countenance of Walther,— all his features, all the form so well known to him; he gazed, and looked, and felt convinced that it was none but Walther who was talking to the knight. His horror cannot be described; in a state of frenzy he rushed out of the hall, left the town over-night, and after many wanderings returned to his castle. . . .

He resolved to take a journey, that he might reduce his thoughts to order; the hope of friendship, the desire of social intercourse, he had now forever given up.

He set out without prescribing to himself any certain route; indeed he took small heed of the country he passed through. Having hastened on for some days at the quickest pace of his horse, on a sudden he found himself entangled in a labyrinth of rocks, from which he could discover no outlet. At length he met an old peasant, who guided him by a path leading past a waterfall; he offered him some coins for his guidance, but the peasant would not take them.

"What use is it?" said Eckbert. "I could believe that this man too was none but Walther." He looked round once more, and it was none but Walther. Eckbert spurred his horse as fast as it could gallop over meads and forests, till it sank exhausted to the earth. Regardless of this, he hastened forward on foot.

In a dreamy mood he mounted a hill: he fancied he caught the sound of a lively barking at a little distance; the birch-trees whispered in the intervals, and in the strangest notes he heard this song: —

«Alone in the wood so gay,
Once more I stay;
None dare me slay,
The evil far away:
Ah, here I stay,
Alone in wood so gay.»

The sense, the consciousness, of Eckbert had departed; it was a riddle which he could not solve, whether he was dreaming now, or had before dreamed of a wife and friend. The marvelous was mingled with the common; the world around him seemed enchanted, and he himself was incapable of thought or recollection.

A crooked, bent old woman crawled coughing up the hill with a crutch. «Art thou bringing me my bird, my pearls, my dog?» cried she to him. «See how injustice punishes itself! No one but I was Walther, was Hugo.»

«God of heaven!» said Eckbert, muttering to himself: «in what frightful solitude have I passed my life?»

«And Bertha was thy sister.»

Eckbert sank to the ground.

«Why did she leave me deceitfully? All would have been fair and well: her time of trial was already finished. She was the daughter of a knight, who had her nursed in a shepherd's house; the daughter of thy father.»

«Why have I always had a forecast of this dreadful thought?» cried Eckbert.

«Because in early youth thy father told thee: he could not keep this daughter by him on account of his second wife, her stepmother.»

Eckbert lay distracted and dying on the ground. Faint and bewildered, he heard the old woman speaking, the dog barking, and the bird repeating its song.

HENRY TIMROD

(1829–1867)

HENRY TIMROD was one of the pioneer American poets of the South. Singing in an untoward day, hounded by misfortune, dying young, he yet breathed into his song the fervid beauty of his land. His personal record makes a brief, pathetic story. He was the son of William Henry Timrod, who was of German extraction and a man of remarkable mental power, himself something of a poet. Henry was born in Charleston, South Carolina, on December 8th, 1829, and got his schooling in that city. He then entered the University of Georgia, but owing to his slender purse was unable to finish his course; however, he read avidly and grounded himself in good literature while in college. In those days he was always inditing love verses to pretty girls, real or imagined. Next, the dreamy, imaginative fellow tried to study law, only to find it uncongenial,—the common lot of those called to literature. So he supported himself until the war-time by private tutoring in the family of a Carolina planter. When the Rebellion broke out, he became war correspondent of the Charleston Mercury; but the horrors of war acting on his sensitive nature made the task distasteful. His appointment as assistant editor on the Columbia South-Carolinian in 1864 gave a promise of more congenial work and brighter fortune. He had married the woman of his choice, he was able to set up a modest home, and children were born to him. But the respite of home and happiness was all too short. He lost a darling child. Sherman's March to the Sea, with its devastation of the city, ruined his business and left him a broken man. He lived thereafter from hand to mouth, often in literal want of bread, getting temporary government employment to tide over a crisis, and steadily lapsing into ill-health. Finally, after the forewarning of several severe hemorrhages, he died on the anniversary of the death of Poe, October 7th, 1867, under forty years of age,—a melancholy life-struggle and seeming life-failure. The biographies of Southern poets like Timrod and Lanier make grim reading.

Timrod received so little encouragement in his literary work as to sadden and embitter him. A small volume of his verse was published in 1860, but with scanty recognition. Here and there a critic saw merit in it, but it never came into general popularity. The

Northern magazines would not take his contributions: he was out of the current of literary activity. He was regarded with some local pride, and at one time a movement was set on foot to publish and present him with a handsome illustrated edition of his poems for circulation in England; but to his great disappointment the project fell through,—not unnaturally, since the national situation drew men's minds from thoughts of literature. The definite edition of the poems is posthumous,—that issued in 1873, with a memoir by his dear friend and fellow-poet, Paul Hamilton Hayne. A perusal of this book reveals the fine quality of Timrod's work. Done under every disadvantage, incomplete and inadequate as it seems in comparison with what, under favoring conditions, he might have achieved, it is nevertheless very true, sweet, and heartfelt singing. Timrod had a deep, reverent love of nature, and was a disciple of Wordsworth without imitating that high priest of nature-worship. 'Spring,' perhaps his finest short lyric, reflects this influence and predilection. He was also a broad-minded patriot, who, while in a chant like his 'Carolina' he could voice sectional feeling, could in that noble piece 'The Cotton Boll,' and in other lyrics, look prophetically into the future, and hail the dawn of a beneficent peace, a wonderful national prosperity. Timrod's style has nothing of the erratic about it: his diction is simple, chaste, felicitous; his images and similes unforced and pleasing. If he is to be called a poet of promise rather than performance, it is only in view of the poor opportunity he had, and in the conviction that had fortune been more kindly, he would have richly repaid her in what he gave the world.

SPRING

SPRING, with that nameless pathos in the air
Which dwells with all things fair,
Spring, with her golden suns and silver rain,
Is with us once again.

Out in the lonely woods the jasmine burns
Its fragrant lamps, and turns
Into a royal court with green festoons
The banks of dark lagoons.

In the deep heart of every forest tree
The blood is all aglee,
And there's a look about the leafless bowers
As if they dreamed of flowers.

Yet still on every side we trace the hand
Of Winter in the land,
Save where the maple reddens on the lawn,
Flushed by the season's dawn.

Or where, like those strange semblances we find
That age to childhood bind,
The elm puts on, as if in Nature's scorn,
The brown of Autumn corn.

As yet the turf is dark, although you know
That not a span below,
A thousand germs are groping through the gloom,
And soon will burst their tomb.

Already, here and there, on frailest stems
Appear some azure gems,
Small as might deck, upon a gala day,
The forehead of a fay.

In gardens you may note amid the dearth
The crocus breaking earth;
And near the snowdrop's tender white and green,
The violet in its screen.

But many gleams and shadows need must pass
Along the budding grass,
And weeks go by, before the enamored South
Shall kiss the rose's mouth.

Still there's a sense of blossoms yet unborn
In the sweet airs of morn;
One almost looks to see the very street
Grow purple at his feet.

At times a fragrant breeze comes floating by,
And brings, you know not why,
A feeling as when eager crowds await
Before a palace gate

Some wondrous pageant; and you scarce would start,
If from a beech's heart,
A blue-eyed Dryad, stepping forth, should say,
"Behold me! I am May!"

Ah! who would couple thoughts of war and crime
With such a blessed time!

Who in the west wind's aromatic breath
Could hear the call of Death!

Yet not more surely shall the Spring awake
The voice of wood and brake,
Than she shall rouse, for all her tranquil charms,
A million men to arms.

There shall be deeper hues upon her plains
Than all her sunlit rains,
And every gladdening influence around,
Can summon from the ground.

Oh! standing on this desecrated mold,
Methinks that I behold,
Lifting her bloody daisies up to God,
Spring kneeling on the sod,

And calling, with the voice of all her rills,
Upon the ancient hills
To fall and crush the tyrants and the slaves
Who turn her meads to graves.

SONNET

Most men know love but as a part of life:
They hide it in some corner of the breast,
Even from themselves; and only when they rest
In the brief pauses of that daily strife,—
Wherewith the world might else be not so rife,—
They draw it forth (as one draws forth a toy
To soothe some ardent, kiss-exacting boy),
And hold it up to sister, child, or wife.
Ah me! why may not love and life be one?
Why walk we thus alone, when by our side,
Love, like a visible God, might be our guide?
How would the marts grow noble! and the street,
Worn like a dungeon floor by weary feet,
Seem then a golden court-way of the Sun!

ALEXIS DE TOCQUEVILLE

(1805–1859)

To Alexis de Tocqueville belongs the honor of the discovery of political America,—a discovery all the more significant because the logical result of a close observation of national affairs in Europe, and of the main current directing them. Tocqueville was the first European politician of the nineteenth century to comprehend fully that the trend of modern civilization is in the direction of democracy; that democratic ideals, whether acceptable or not, must be taken into account, for a complete understanding of certain phenomena of European history not only in the last century, but in the last eight centuries. He was also the first to appreciate that the forces of democracy should be turned to the best advantage whatever the form of government; and the first to look to America as the one country where democracy, having had a logical and consistent growth, could be studied with the greatest edification.

Alexis de Tocqueville

To understand Tocqueville's intense interest in democratic institutions, it is necessary to consider his immediate ancestry, and the environment in which he was reared. His father was of the old and honorable family the Clérels, proprietors of Tocqueville on the coast of Normandy,—a family linked more prominently with the magistracy than with the nobility. His mother was the granddaughter of Malesherbes, the learned magistrate who undertook the defense of Louis XVI. before the Convention, and for his loyalty was subsequently put to death, together with many of his family. Madame de Tocqueville and her husband were imprisoned, but escaped the guillotine by the opportune death of Robespierre. On the Restoration in 1815, the elder Tocqueville, father of Alexis, reassumed the title of count. His famous son was born at Verneuil, Department of Seine-et-Oise, July 29th, 1805, and was educated at the College of Metz; passing from there to Paris, where, after a course of legal studies, he was called to the bar in 1825. Louis XVIII. had died in 1824, and the inadequate Charles X. occupied the French throne.

After a tour in Italy and Sicily, where with characteristic interest he observed chiefly the political and social condition of the inhabitants, Tocqueville returned to France, entering upon magisterial duties as *juge auditeur* at Versailles. His wonderful sensitiveness to the currents of political life made him aware of the revolutionary forces continually at work under the surface of the monarchical government, and drew him to the consideration of the causes of these disturbances. In 1830 the Revolution of July brought Louis Philippe to the throne. From the July government Tocqueville and his colleague, Gustave de Beaumont, accepted a commission to inquire into the working of the penitentiary system in America.

This visit to the United States was to be of momentous importance. To Tocqueville, alive to the full import of the political phenomena of his own generation, and of that preceding, it was nothing less than a pilgrimage to the temple of the strange new god Democracy. The abnormal manifestations of this spirit had spurred him on to a study of its normal development. He returned to publish in 1833 a treatise on the penitentiary system in the United States, and in 1835 his great work, 'Democracy in America.' The book is one of the most noteworthy of all books on political subjects, not only because it was the first European consideration and exposition of the principles of the United States government, but because it was the first comprehensive treatment of democracy itself, of the spirit underlying the letter. "Democracy is the picture, America the frame," Tocqueville wrote of the book. In the Introduction he says:—

"It is not then merely to satisfy a legitimate curiosity that I have examined America: my wish has been to find there instruction by which we may ourselves profit. Whoever should imagine that I have intended to write a panegyric would be strangely mistaken. . . . Nor has it been my object to advocate any form of government in particular; for I am of opinion that absolute excellence is rarely to be found in any system of laws. I have not even pretended to judge whether the social revolution, which I believe to be irresistible, is advantageous or prejudicial to mankind. I have acknowledged this revolution as a fact already accomplished or on the eve of its accomplishment; and I have selected that nation from amongst those which have undergone it, in which its development has been the most peaceful and the most complete, in order to discern its natural consequences, and to find out if possible the means of rendering it profitable to mankind. I confess that in America I saw more than America: I sought there the image of democracy itself, with its inclinations, its character, its prejudices, and its passions, in order to learn what we have to fear or to hope from its progress."

It is this detachment from his subject that gives to Tocqueville's work much of its value. He has the disinterestedness of the ideal

statesman, who notes the pulse of the times with extreme care only that he and others may know how to deal wisely with the body politic. Personally, Tocqueville might be an absolute monarchist for aught that the book betrays of his preferences. He merges himself in his curiosity concerning this powerful spirit of the age.

Aside from its value as a dispassionate inquiry into the merits of democracy, 'Democracy in America' is remarkable as a sharply drawn picture of political and social institutions in the United States, excluding nothing that could be a source of enlightenment. The first volume is taken up mainly with a consideration of government and organization, of American townships, of the State, of judicial power, of political jurisdiction, of the Federal Constitution, of political parties, of the liberty of the press, and of the government of the democracy; then follow some highly significant chapters on the advantages and disadvantages accruing from democratic government. These show a political subtlety which at times reaches the degree of prophecy. Especially is this true in the discussion of parties in the United States; in the recognition of the tyranny which may lurk in the power of the majority, and from which Tocqueville believes the greatest dangers to the State are to be feared. The second volume is concerned with the influence of democracy upon the intellect of the United States; upon the feelings of the Americans; upon manners; upon political society. Reading the entire work in the light of over fifty years of national development, this generation can realize, as Tocqueville's contemporaries could not, how deeply he had penetrated to the essence of America's democracy, how few of his observations concerned what was merely superficial or transitory.

Yet this exhaustive study of democracy in the United States was by no means intended as a preliminary to the advocacy of its institutions for European governments, but to demonstrate that the democratic spirit may be linked with social and religious order. Tocqueville perceived that in France this spirit was well-nigh synonymous with anarchy; finding its home among the illiterate and the disordered, and so inducing in the minds of the conservative and law-abiding the belief that it could be productive of nothing but evil. This belief he wished to dispel. In concluding his great work he writes:—

«For myself, who now look back from this extreme limit of my task and discover from afar, but at once, the various objects which have attracted my more attentive investigation upon my way, I am full of apprehensions and hopes. I perceive mighty dangers which may be avoided or alleviated; and I cling with a firmer hold to the belief that for democratic nations to be virtuous and prosperous, they require but to will it. . . . The nations of our time cannot prevent the conditions of men from becoming equal; but it

depends upon themselves whether the principle of equality is to lead them to servitude or freedom, to knowledge or barbarism, to prosperity or wretchedness.»

'Democracy in America' at once achieved a signal success: it was read throughout Europe, being translated into nearly all European languages. In 1836 Tocqueville received the Montyon prize of several thousand francs, which is bestowed each year by the French Institute upon the work of the greatest moral utility produced during the year. In 1837 he was made a member of the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences, and in 1841 of the French Academy. About this time he visited England, receiving there an enthusiastic reception from the Liberal party. In England he married a Miss Motley. Upon his return to France, he became, by a family arrangement, possessor of the estate of Tocqueville.

In 1837 he was a candidate for the representation of Valoques in the Chamber of Deputies, but was defeated. His political career began in 1839; when, his character and principles being better known and appreciated, he was elected by the same district, with a large majority. As a practical politician, Tocqueville was not entirely successful, although his influence in the legislature was always penetrative and lasting. He was of too exalted a character, of too lofty an idealism, to ride triumphantly upon the surface current of events. He was lacking in diplomacy and in calculation. His opposition to Guizot and to Louis Napoleon was founded strictly upon principle. Predicting the Revolution of 1848, he conformed to the new condition of affairs only so long as Louis Napoleon represented a moderate and reasonable Republicanism. In 1849 he was vice-president of the Assembly, and Minister of Foreign Affairs from June to October of the same year. The Coup d'État of 1851, by which Louis Napoleon became Napoleon III., forced Tocqueville into private life, from which he did not again emerge.

In 1856 he published the first part of 'L'Ancien Régime et la Révolution,' a work which he was not destined to complete. His health, which had been impaired since his visit to America, began to fail. In 1858 he was obliged to seek the south of France for the relief of a pulmonary trouble. He died on the 16th of April, 1859. His 'Memoirs and Correspondence' were published in the following year. In 1896 appeared an English translation of his 'Recollections' —of the period between the Revolution of 1848 and the 30th of October, 1849. These 'Recollections' have a great personal as well as political interest; throwing light as they do upon a character of unusual charm and beauty, in whom devotion to an ideal was blended with a certain rare acquiescence in the march of events,—a patience only possible to the seer. While the absolute element of unqualified

admiration must be present always in estimates of Tocqueville, appreciation of his life and work increases with the increasing years, since that life and work were intimate with the future, rather than with his own time and place.

EDUCATION OF YOUNG WOMEN IN THE UNITED STATES

From 'Democracy in America,' by permission of the Century Company, publishers

No FREE communities ever existed without morals; and as I observed in the former part of this work, morals are the work of woman. Consequently, whatever affects the condition of women, their habits and their opinions, has great political importance in my eyes.

Amongst almost all Protestant nations, young women are far more the mistresses of their own actions than they are in Catholic countries. This independence is still greater in Protestant countries like England, which have retained or acquired the right of self-government: freedom is then infused into the domestic circle by political habits and religious opinions. In the United States, the doctrines of Protestantism are combined with great political liberty and a most democratic state of society; and nowhere are young women surrendered so early or so completely to their own guidance.

Long before an American girl arrives at the marriageable age, her emancipation from paternal control begins: she has scarcely ceased to be a child when she already thinks for herself, speaks with freedom, and acts on her own impulse. The great scene of the world is constantly open to her view: far from seeking to conceal it from her, it is every day disclosed more completely; and she is taught to survey it with a firm and calm gaze. Thus the vices and dangers of society are early revealed to her; as she sees them clearly, she views them without illusion, and braves them without fear; for she is full of reliance on her own strength, and her confidence seems to be shared by all around her.

An American girl scarcely ever displays that virginal softness in the midst of young desires, or that innocent and ingenuous grace, which usually attend the European woman in the transition

from girlhood to youth. It is rare that an American woman, at any age, displays childish timidity or ignorance. Like the young women of Europe, she seeks to please, but she knows precisely the cost of pleasing. If she does not abandon herself to evil, at least she knows that it exists; and she is remarkable rather for purity of manners than for chastity of mind.

I have been frequently surprised, and almost frightened, at the singular address and happy boldness with which young women in America contrive to manage their thoughts and their language, amidst all the difficulties of free conversation: a philosopher would have stumbled at every step along the narrow path which they trod without accident and without effort. It is easy indeed to perceive that even amidst the independence of early youth, an American woman is always mistress of herself: she indulges in all permitted pleasures without yielding herself up to any of them; and her reason never allows the reins of self-guidance to drop, though it often seems to hold them loosely.

In France, where traditions of every age are still so strangely mingled in the opinions and tastes of the people, women commonly receive a reserved, retired, and almost conventual education, as they did in aristocratic times; and then they are suddenly abandoned, without a guide and without assistance, in the midst of all the irregularities inseparable from democratic society.

The Americans are more consistent. They have found out that in a democracy the independence of individuals cannot fail to be very great, youth premature, tastes ill restrained, customs fleeting, public opinion often unsettled and powerless, paternal authority weak, and marital authority contested. Under these circumstances, believing that they had little chance of repressing in woman the most vehement passions of the human heart, they held that the surer way was to teach her the art of combating those passions for herself. As they could not prevent her virtue from being exposed to frequent danger, they determined that she should know how best to defend it; and more reliance was placed on the free vigor of her will than on safeguards which have been shaken or overthrown. Instead, then, of inculcating mistrust of herself, they constantly seek to enhance her confidence in her own strength of character. As it is neither possible nor desirable to keep a young woman in perpetual and complete ignorance, they hasten to give her a precocious knowledge on all subjects. Far from hiding the corruptions of the

world from her, they prefer that she should see them at once, and train herself to shun them; and they hold it of more importance to protect her conduct than to be over-scrupulous of the innocence of her thoughts.

Although the Americans are a very religious people, they do not rely on religion alone to defend the virtue of woman: they seek to arm her reason also. In this respect they have followed the same method as in several others: they first make vigorous efforts to cause individual independence to control itself, and they do not call in the aid of religion until they have reached the utmost limits of human strength.

I am aware that an education of this kind is not without danger; I am sensible that it tends to invigorate the judgment at the expense of the imagination, and to make cold and virtuous women instead of affectionate wives and agreeable companions to man. Society may be more tranquil and better regulated, but domestic life has often fewer charms. These however are secondary evils, which may be braved for the sake of higher interests. At the stage at which we are now arrived, the choice is no longer left to us: a democratic education is indispensable to protect women from the dangers with which democratic institutions and manners surround them.

POLITICAL ASSOCIATION

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IT MUST be acknowledged that the unrestrained liberty of political association has not hitherto produced, in the United States, the fatal results which might perhaps be expected from it elsewhere. The right of association was imported from England, and it has always existed in America; the exercise of this privilege is now incorporated with the manners and customs of the people. At the present time, the liberty of association has become a necessary guaranty against the tyranny of the majority. In the United States, as soon as a party has become dominant, all public authority passes into its hands; its private supporters occupy all the offices, and have all the force of the

administration at their disposal. As the most distinguished members of the opposite party cannot surmount the barrier which excludes them from power, they must establish themselves outside of it; and oppose the whole moral authority of the minority to the physical power which domineers over it. Thus a dangerous expedient is used to obviate a still more formidable danger.

The omnipotence of the majority appears to me to be so full of peril to the American republics, that the dangerous means used to bridle it seem to be more advantageous than prejudicial. And here I will express an opinion which may remind the reader of what I said when speaking of the freedom of townships. There are no countries in which associations are more needed to prevent the despotism of faction or the arbitrary power of a prince, than those which are democratically constituted. In aristocratic nations, the body of the nobles and the wealthy are in themselves natural associations, which check the abuses of power. In countries where such associations do not exist, if private individuals cannot create an artificial and temporary substitute for them, I can see no permanent protection against the most galling tyranny; and a great people may be oppressed with impunity by a small faction, or by a single individual.

The meeting of a great political convention (for there are conventions of all kinds), which may frequently become a necessary measure, is always a serious occurrence, even in America, and one which judicious patriots cannot regard without alarm. This was very perceptible in the convention of 1831, at which all the most distinguished members strove to moderate its language, and to restrain its objects within certain limits. It is probable that this convention exercised a great influence on the minds of the malcontents, and prepared them for the open revolt against the commercial laws of the Union which took place in 1832.

It cannot be denied that the unrestrained liberty of association for political purposes is the privilege which a people is longest in learning how to exercise. If it does not throw the nation into anarchy, it perpetually augments the chances of that calamity. On one point, however, this perilous liberty offers a security against dangers of another kind: in countries where associations are free, secret associations are unknown. In America there are factions, but no conspiracies.

CAUSE OF LEGISLATIVE INSTABILITY IN AMERICA

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I HAVE already spoken of the natural defects of democratic institutions: each one of them increases in the same ratio as the power of the majority. To begin with the most evident of them all, the mutability of the laws is an evil inherent in a democratic government, because it is natural to democracies to raise new men to power. But this evil is more or less sensible in proportion to the authority and the means of action which the legislature possesses.

In America, the authority exercised by the legislatures is supreme; nothing prevents them from accomplishing their wishes with celerity and with irresistible power, and they are supplied with new representatives every year. That is to say, the circumstances which contribute most powerfully to democratic instability, and which admit of the free application of caprice to the most important objects, are here in full operation. Hence America is, at the present day, the country of all where laws last the shortest time. Almost all the American constitutions have been amended within thirty years: there is therefore not one American State which has not modified the principles of its legislation in that time. As for the laws themselves, a single glance at the archives of the different States of the Union suffices to convince one that in America the activity of the legislator never slackens. Not that the American democracy is naturally less stable than any other; but it is allowed to follow, in the formation of the laws, the natural instability of its desires.

The omnipotence of the majority, and the rapid as well as absolute manner in which its decisions are executed in the United States, not only render the law unstable, but exercise the same influence upon the execution of the law and the conduct of the administration. As the majority is the only power which it is important to court, all its projects are taken up with the greatest ardor; but no sooner is its attention distracted than all its ardor ceases: whilst in the free States of Europe, where the administration is at once independent and secure, the projects of the legislature continue to be executed, even when its attention is directed to other objects.

TYRANNY OF THE MAJORITY

From 'Democracy in America,' by permission of the Century Company, publishers

I HOLD it to be an impious and detestable maxim, that politically speaking the people have a right to do anything; and yet I have asserted that all authority originates in the will of the majority. Am I then in contradiction with myself?

A general law, which bears the name of justice, has been made and sanctioned, not only by a majority of this or that people, but by a majority of mankind. The rights of every people are therefore confined within the limits of what is just. A nation may be considered as a jury which is empowered to represent society at large, and to apply justice, which is its law. Ought such a jury, which represents society, to have more power than the society itself whose laws it executes?

When I refuse to obey an unjust law, I do not contest the right of the majority to command, but I simply appeal from the sovereignty of the people to the sovereignty of mankind. Some have not feared to assert that a people can never outstep the boundaries of justice and reason in those affairs which are peculiarly its own; and that consequently, full power may be given to the majority by which they are represented. But this is the language of a slave.

A majority taken collectively is only an individual, whose opinions, and frequently whose interests, are opposed to those of another individual, who is styled a minority. If it be admitted that a man possessing absolute power may misuse that power by wronging his adversaries, why should not a majority be liable to the same reproach? Men do not change their characters by uniting with each other; nor does their patience in the presence of obstacles increase with their strength. For my own part I cannot believe it: the power to do everything, which I should refuse to one of my equals, I will never grant to any number of them.

I do not think that for the sake of preserving liberty, it is possible to combine several principles in the same government so as really to oppose them to one another. The form of government which is usually termed *mixed* has always appeared to me a mere chimera. Accurately speaking, there is no such thing as a *mixed government*, in the same sense usually given to that

word; because in all communities some one principle of action may be discovered which preponderates over the others. England in the last century — which has been especially cited as an example of this sort of government — was essentially an aristocratic State, although it comprised some great elements of democracy; for the laws and customs of the country were such that the aristocracy could not but preponderate in the long run, and direct public affairs according to its own will. The error arose from seeing the interests of the nobles perpetually contending with those of the people, without considering the issue of the contest, which was really the important point. When a community actually has a mixed government,— that is to say, when it is equally divided between adverse principles,— it must either experience a revolution or fall into anarchy.

I am therefore of opinion that social power superior to all others must always be placed somewhere; but I think that liberty is endangered when this power finds no obstacle which can retard its course, and give it time to moderate its own vehemence.

Unlimited power is in itself a bad and dangerous thing. Human beings are not competent to exercise it with discretion. God alone can be omnipotent, because his wisdom and his justice are always equal to his power. There is no power on earth so worthy of honor in itself, or clothed with rights so sacred, that I would admit its uncontrolled and all-predominant authority. When I see that the right and the means of absolute command are conferred on any power whatever, be it called a people or a king, an aristocracy or a democracy, a monarchy or a republic, I say there is a germ of tyranny; and I seek to live elsewhere, under other laws.

In my opinion, the main evil of the present democratic institutions of the United States does not arise, as is often asserted in Europe, from their weakness, but from their irresistible strength. I am not so much alarmed at the excessive liberty which reigns in that country, as at the inadequate securities which one finds there against tyranny.

When an individual or a party is wronged in the United States, to whom can he apply for redress? If to public opinion, public opinion constitutes the majority; if to the legislature, it represents the majority, and implicitly obeys it; if to the executive power, it is appointed by the majority, and serves as a passive tool in its hands. The public force consists of the majority

under arms; the jury is the majority invested with the right of hearing judicial cases; and in certain States, even the judges are elected by the majority. However iniquitous or absurd the measure of which you complain, you must submit to it as well as you can.

If, on the other hand, a legislative power could be so constituted as to represent the majority without necessarily being the slave of its passions, an executive so as to retain a proper share of authority, and a judiciary so as to remain independent of the other two powers, a government would be formed which would still be democratic, while incurring hardly any risk of tyranny.

I do not say that there is a frequent use of tyranny in America at the present day; but I maintain that there is no sure barrier against it, and that the causes which mitigate the government there are to be found in the circumstances and the manners of the country, more than in its laws.

POWER EXERCISED BY THE MAJORITY IN AMERICA UPON OPINION

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It is in the examination of the exercise of thought in the United States, that we clearly perceive how far the power of the majority surpasses all the powers with which we are acquainted in Europe. Thought is an invisible and subtle power that mocks all the efforts of tyranny. At the present time, the most absolute monarchs in Europe cannot prevent certain opinions hostile to their authority from circulating in secret through their dominions, and even in their courts. It is not so in America: as long as the majority is still undecided, discussion is carried on; but as soon as its decision is irrevocably pronounced, every one is silent, and the opponents as well as the friends of the measure unite in assenting to its propriety. The reason of this is perfectly clear: no monarch is so absolute as to combine all the powers of society in his own hands, and to conquer all opposition,—as a majority is able to do, which has the right both of making and of executing the laws.

The authority of a king is physical, and controls the actions of men without subduing their will. But the majority possesses

a power which is physical and moral at the same time, which acts upon the will as much as upon the actions, and represses not only all contest but all controversy.

I know of no country in which there is so little independence of mind and real freedom of discussion as in America. In any constitutional State in Europe, every sort of religious and political theory may be freely preached and disseminated; for there is no country in Europe so subdued by any single authority as not to protect the man who raises his voice in the cause of truth from the consequences of his hardihood. If he is unfortunate enough to live under an absolute government, the people are often upon his side; if he inhabits a free country, he can if necessary find a shelter behind the throne. The aristocratic part of society supports him in some countries, and the democracy in others. But in a nation where democratic institutions exist, organized like those of the United States, there is but one authority, one element of strength and success, with nothing behind it.

In America the majority raises formidable barriers around the liberty of opinion: within these barriers, an author may write what he pleases; but woe to him if he goes beyond them. Not that he is in danger of an *auto-da-fé*, but he is exposed to continued obloquy and persecution. His political career is closed forever, since he has offended the only authority which is able to open it. Every sort of compensation, even that of celebrity, is refused to him. Before publishing his opinions, he imagined that he held them in common with others; but no sooner has he declared them than he is loudly censured by his opponents, whilst those who think like him, without having the courage to speak out, abandon him in silence. He yields at length, overcome by the daily effort which he has to make; and subsides into silence, as if he felt remorse for having spoken the truth.

Fetters and headsmen were the coarse instruments which tyranny formerly employed; but the civilization of our age has perfected despotism itself, though it seemed to have nothing to learn. Monarchs had, so to speak, materialized oppression: the democratic republics of the present day have rendered it as entirely an affair of the mind, as the will which it is intended to coerce. Under the absolute sway of one man, the body was attacked in order to subdue the soul; but the soul escaped the blows which were directed against it, and rose proudly superior.

Such is not the course adopted by tyranny in democratic republics; there the body is left free and the soul is enslaved. The master no longer says, "You shall think as I do, or you shall die"; but he says, "You are free to think differently from me, and to retain your life, your property, and all that you possess; but you are henceforth a stranger among your people. You may retain your civil rights, but they will be useless to you, for you will never be chosen by your fellow-citizens if you solicit their votes; and they will affect to scorn you if you ask for their esteem. You will remain among men, but you will be deprived of the rights of mankind. Your fellow-creatures will shun you like an impure being; and even those who believe in your innocence will abandon you, lest they should be shunned in their turn. Go in peace! I have given you your life, but it is an existence worse than death."

DANGERS FROM OMNIPOTENCE OF THE MAJORITY

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Governments usually perish from impotence or from tyranny. In the former case their power escapes from them; it is wrested from their grasp in the latter. Many observers who have witnessed the anarchy of democratic States have imagined that the government of those States was naturally weak and impotent: the truth is that when war is once begun between parties, the government loses its control over society. But I do not think that a democratic power is naturally without force or resources; say rather that it is almost always by the abuse of its force, and the misemployment of its resources, that it becomes a failure. Anarchy is almost always produced by its tyranny or its mistakes, but not by its want of strength.

It is important not to confound stability with force, or the greatness of a thing with its duration. In democratic republics, the power which directs society is not stable, for it often changes hands and assumes a new direction; but whichever way it turns, its force is almost irresistible. The governments of the American republics appear to me to be as much centralized as those of the absolute monarchies of Europe, and more energetic than

they are. I do not therefore imagine that they will perish from weakness.

If ever the free institutions of America are destroyed, that event may be attributed to the omnipotence of the majority; which may at some future time urge the minorities to desperation, and oblige them to have recourse to physical force. Anarchy will then be the result, but it will have been brought about by despotism.

FRANCE UNDER THE RULE OF THE MIDDLE CLASS

From the 'Recollections of Alexis de Tocqueville.' The Macmillan Company, publishers

OUR history from 1789 to 1830, if viewed from a distance and as a whole, affords as it were the picture of a struggle to the death between the Ancien Régime — its traditions, memories, hopes, and men, as represented by the aristocracy — and New France under the leadership of the middle class. The year 1830 closed the first period of our revolutions; or rather of our revolution, for there is but one, which has remained always the same in the face of varying fortunes, — of which our fathers witnessed the commencement, and of which we, in all probability, shall not live to behold the end. In 1830 the triumph of the middle class had been definite; and so thorough that all political power, every franchise, every prerogative, and the whole government, was confined, and as it were heaped up, within the narrow limits of this one class, to the statutory exclusion of all beneath them, and the actual exclusion of all above. Not only did it thus alone rule society, but it may be said to have formed it. It ensconced itself in every vacant place, prodigiously augmented the number of places, and accustomed itself to live almost as much upon the treasury as upon its own industry.

No sooner had the Revolution of 1830 become an accomplished fact, than there ensued a great lull in political passion, a sort of general subsidence, accompanied by a rapid increase in the public wealth. The particular spirit of the middle class became the general spirit of the government; it ruled the latter's foreign policy as well as affairs at home: an active, industrious spirit, often dishonorable, generally sober, occasionally reckless through vanity or egotism, but timid by temperament, moderate

in all things except in its love of ease and comfort, and wholly undistinguished. It was a spirit, which, mingled with that of the people or of the aristocracy, can do wonders; but which by itself will never produce more than a government shorn of both virtue and greatness. Master of everything in a manner that no aristocracy had ever been or may ever hope to be, the middle class, when called upon to assume the government, took it up as a trade; it intrenched itself behind its power: and before long, in their egoism, each of its members thought much more of his private business than of public affairs, and of his personal enjoyment than of the greatness of the nation.

Posterity, which sees none but the more dazzling crimes, and which loses sight in general of mere vices, will never perhaps know to what extent the government of that day, towards its close, assumed the ways of a trading company, which conducts all its transactions with a view to the profits accruing to the shareholders. These vices were due to the natural instincts of the dominant class, to the absoluteness of its power, and also to the character of the time. Possibly also King Louis Philippe had contributed to their growth.

This prince was a singular medley of qualities, and one must have known him longer and more nearly than I did to be able to portray him in detail.

Nevertheless, although I was never one of his Council, I have frequently had occasion to come into contact with him. The last time that I spoke to him was shortly before the catastrophe of February [1848]. I was then director of the Académie Française, and I had to bring to the King's notice some matter or other which concerned that body. After treating the question which had brought me, I was about to retire, when the King detained me, took a chair, motioned me to another, and said affably:—

"Since you are here, Monsieur de Tocqueville, let us talk: I want to hear you talk a little about America."

I knew him well enough to know that this meant, "I shall talk about America myself." And he did actually talk of it at great length and very searchingly: it was not possible for me to get in a word; nor did I desire to do so, for he really interested me. He described places as if he saw them before him; he recalled the distinguished men whom he had met forty years ago as if he had seen them the day before; he mentioned their names in full, Christian name and surname, gave their ages at

the time, related their histories, their pedigrees, their posterity, with marvelous exactness, and with infinite though in no way tedious detail. From America he returned, without taking breath, to Europe; talked of all our foreign and domestic affairs with incredible unconstraint (for I had no title to his confidence); spoke very badly of the Emperor of Russia, whom he called "Monsieur Nicolas"; casually alluded to Lord Palmerston as a rogue; and ended by holding forth at length on the Spanish marriages, which had just taken place, and the annoyances to which they subjected him on the side of England.

"The Queen is very angry with me," he said, "and displays great irritation; but after all," he added, "all this outcry won't keep me from *driving my own cart.*"

Although this phrase dated back to the Old Order, I felt inclined to doubt whether Louis XIV. ever made use of it on accepting the Spanish Succession. I believe, moreover, that Louis Philippe was mistaken; and to borrow his own language, that the Spanish marriages helped not a little to upset his cart.

After three quarters of an hour the King rose, thanked me for the pleasure my conversation had given him (I had not spoken four words), and dismissed me, feeling evidently as delighted as one generally is with a man before whom one thinks one has spoken well. This was my last audience of the King.

Louis Philippe improvised all the replies which he made, even upon the most critical occasions, to the great State bodies; he was as fluent then as in his private conversation, although not so happy or epigrammatic. He would suddenly become obscure, for the reason that he boldly plunged headlong into long sentences, of which he was not able to estimate the extent nor perceive the end beforehand; and from which he finally emerged struggling and by force, shattering the sense and not completing the thought.

In this political world thus constituted and conducted, what was most wanting, particularly towards the end, was political life itself. It could neither come into being nor be maintained within the legal circle which the Constitution had traced for it: the old aristocracy was vanquished, the people excluded. As all business was discussed among members of one class, in the interest and in the spirit of that class, there was no battle-field for contending parties to meet upon. This singular homogeneity of position, of interests, and consequently of views, reigning in what

M. Guizot had once called the legal country, deprived the parliamentary debates of all originality, of all reality, and therefore of all genuine passion. I have spent ten years of my life in the company of truly great minds, who were in a constant state of agitation without succeeding in heating themselves, and who spent all their perspicacity in vain endeavors to find subjects upon which they could seriously disagree.

On the other hand, the preponderating influence which King Louis Philippe had acquired in public affairs, which never permitted the politicians to stray very far from that prince's ideas lest they should at the same time be removed from power, reduced the different colors of parties to the merest shades, and debates to the splitting of straws. I doubt whether any Parliament (not excepting the Constituent Assembly,—I mean the true one, that of 1789) ever contained more varied and brilliant talents than did ours during the closing years of the Monarchy of July. Nevertheless I am able to declare that these great orators were tired to death of listening to one another, and what was worse, the whole country was tired of listening to them. It grew unconsciously accustomed to look upon the debates in the Chambers as exercises of the intellect rather than as serious discussions, and upon all the differences between the various Parliamentary parties — the majority, the left centre, or the dynastic opposition — as domestic quarrels between children of one family trying to trick one another. A few glaring instances of corruption, discovered by accident, led it to presuppose a number of hidden cases, and convinced it that the whole of the governing class was corrupt; whence it conceived for the latter a silent contempt, which was generally taken for confiding and contented submission.

The country was at that time divided into two unequal parts, or rather zones: in the upper, which alone was intended to contain the whole of the nation's political life, there reigned nothing but languor, impotence, stagnation, and boredom; in the lower, on the contrary, political life began to make itself manifest by means of feverish and irregular signs, of which the attentive observer was easily able to seize the meaning.

I was one of these observers; and although I was far from imagining that the catastrophe was so near at hand and fated to be so terrible, I felt a distrust springing up and insensibly growing in my mind, and the idea taking root more and more that

we were making strides towards a fresh revolution. This denoted a great change in my thoughts; since the general appeasement and flatness that followed the Revolution of July had led me to believe for a long time that I was destined to spend my life amid an enervated and peaceful society. Indeed, any one who had only examined the inside of the governmental fabric would have had the same conviction. Everything there seemed combined to produce with the machinery of liberty a preponderance of royal power which verged upon despotism; and in fact, this result was produced almost without effort by the regular and tranquil movement of the machine. King Louis Philippe was persuaded that so long as he did not himself lay hand upon that fine instrument, and allowed it to work according to rule, he was safe from all peril. His only occupation was to keep it in order and to make it work according to his own views, forgetful of society upon which this ingenious piece of mechanism rested; he resembled the man who refused to believe that his house was on fire, because he had the key in his pocket. I had neither the same interests nor the same cares; and this permitted me to see through the mechanism of institutions and the agglomeration of petty every-day facts, and to observe the state of morals and opinions in the country. There I clearly beheld the appearance of several of the portents that usually denote the approach of revolutions; and I began to believe that in 1830 I had taken for the end of the play what was nothing more than the end of an act. . . .

In a speech delivered in the Chamber of Deputies, January 29th, 1848, I said:—

"I am told that there is no danger because there are no riots; I am told that because there is no visible disorder on the surface of society, there is no revolution at hand.

"Gentlemen, permit me to say that I believe you are deceived. True, there is no actual disorder; but it has entered deeply into men's minds. See what is passing in the breasts of the working classes,—who, I grant, are at present quiet. No doubt they are not disturbed by political passion, properly so called, to the same extent that they have been; but can you not see that their passions, instead of political, have become social? Do you not see that there are gradually forming in their breasts opinions and ideas which are destined not only to upset this or that law, ministry, or even form of government, but society itself,

until it totters upon the foundations on which it rests to-day? Do you not listen to what they say to themselves each day? Do you not hear them repeating unceasingly that all that is above them is incapable and unworthy of governing them; that the present distribution of goods throughout the world is unjust; that property rests on a foundation which is not an equitable foundation? And do you not realize that when such opinions take root, when they spread in an almost universal manner, when they sink deeply into the masses, they are bound to bring with them sooner or later, I know not when nor how, a most formidable revolution?

"This, gentlemen, is my profound conviction: I believe that we are at this moment sleeping on a volcano. I am profoundly convinced of it."

LYOF TOLSTOY

(1828–)

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

THERE is a certain unsatisfactory meagreness in the facts of Lyof Tolstoy's life, as they are given outside of his own works. In these he has imparted himself with a fullness which has an air almost of anxiety to leave nothing unsaid,—as if any reticence would rest like a sense of insincerity on his conscience. But such truth as relates to dates and places, and seems the basis of our knowledge concerning other men, is with him hardly at all structural: we do not try to build his moral or intellectual figure upon it or about it.

He is of an aristocratic lineage, which may be traced back to Count Piotr Tolstoy, a friend and comrade of Peter the Great; and he was born in 1828 at Yasnaya Polyana near Tula, where he still lives. His parents died during his childhood, and he was left with their other children to the care of one of his mother's relatives at Kazan, where he entered the university. He did not stay to take a degree, but returned to Yasnaya Polyana, where he lived in retirement till 1851; when he went into the army, and served in the Caucasus and the Crimea, seeing both the big wars and the little. He quitted the service with the rank of division commander, and gave himself up to literary work at St. Petersburg, where his success was in every sort most brilliant; but when the serfs were set free, he retired to his estates, and took his part in fitting them for freedom by teaching them, personally and through books which he wrote for them.

He learned from these poor people far more than he taught them; and his real life dates from his efforts to make it one with their lives. He had married the daughter of a German physician in Moscow,—the admirable woman who has remained constant to the idealist through all his changing ideals,—and a family of children was growing up about him; but neither the cares nor the joys of his home sufficed to keep him from the despair which all his military and literary and social success had deepened upon him, and which had begun to oppress him from the earliest moments of moral consciousness.

The wisdom that he learned from toil and poverty was, that life has no meaning and no happiness except as it is spent for others;

and it did not matter that the toiling poor themselves illustrated the lesson unwittingly and unwillingly. Tolstoy perceived that they had the true way often in spite of themselves; but that their reluctance or their ignorance could not keep the blessing from them which had been withheld from him, and from all the men of his kind and quality. He found that they took sickness and misfortune simply and patiently, and that when their time came to die, they took death simply and patiently. To them life was not a problem or a puzzle: it was often heavy and hard, but it did not mock or deride them; it was not malign, and it was not ironical. He believed that the happiness he saw in them came first of all from their labor.

So he began to work out his salvation with his own hands. He put labor before everything else in his philosophy, and through all his changes and his seeming changes he has kept it there. There had been a time when he thought he must destroy himself, after glory in arms and in letters had failed to suffice him, after the love of wife and children had failed to console him, and nothing would ease the intolerable burden of being. But labor gave him rest; and he tasted the happiness of those whose existence is a continual sacrifice through service to others.

He must work hard every day, or else he must begin to die at heart; and so he believes must every man. But then, for the life which labor renders tolerable and significant, some sort of formulated faith was essential; and Tolstoy began to search the Scriptures. He learned from the teachings of Jesus Christ that he must not only not kill, but he must not hate or despise other men; he must not only keep himself chaste, but he must keep his thoughts from unchastity; he must not only not forswear himself, but he must not swear at all; he must not only not do evil, but he must not *resist* evil. If his own practice had been the negation of these principles, he could not therefore deny their righteousness; if all civilization, as we see it now, was the negation of these principles, civilization — in so far as it was founded upon war, and pride, and luxury, and oaths, and judgments, and punishments — was wrong and false. The sciences, so far as they failed to better the lot of common men, seemed to him futile; the fine arts, so far as they appealed to the passions, seemed worse than futile; the mechanic arts, with their manifold inventions, were senseless things in the sight of this seer, who sought the kingdom of God. Titles, honors, riches; courts, judges, executioners; nationalities, armies, battles; culture, pleasure, amusement, — he counted these all evil or vain.

The philosophy of Tolstoy is neither more nor less than the doctrine of the gospels, chiefly as he found it in the words of Jesus. Some of us whose lives it accused, have accused him of going beyond Christ in his practice of Christ's precepts. We say that having

himself led a worldly, sensual, and violent life, he naturally wished to atone for it by making every one also lead a poor, dull, and ugly life. It is no part of my business to defend him, or to justify him; but as against this anger against him, I cannot do less than remind the reader that Tolstoy, in confessing himself so freely and fully to the world, and preaching the truth as he feels it, claims nothing like infallibility. He compels no man's conscience, he shapes no man's conduct. If the truth which he has learned from the teachings of Jesus, and those other saviors and sages whom he follows less devotedly, compels the conscience and shapes the conduct of the reader, that is because this reader's soul cannot deny it. If the soul rejects it, that is no more than men have been doing ever since saviors and sages came into the world; and Tolstoy is neither to praise nor to blame.

No sincere person, I believe, will deny his sincerity, which is his authority outside of the gospel's: if any man will speak simply and truly to us, he masters us; and this and nothing else is what makes us helpless before the spirit of such books as 'My Confession,' 'My Religion,' 'Life,' 'What to Do,' and before the ethical quality of Tolstoy's fictions. We can remind ourselves that he is no more final than he pretends to be; that on so vital a point as the question of a life hereafter, he seems of late to incline to a belief in it, though at first he held such a belief to be a barbarous superstition. We can justly say that he does not lead a life of true poverty if his wife holds the means of keeping him from want, and from that fear of want which is the sorest burden of poverty. We can point out that his labor in making shoes is a worse than useless travesty, since it may deprive some wretched cobbler of his chance to earn his living by making and selling the shoes which Count Tolstoy makes and gives away. In these things we should have a certain truth on our side; though we should have to own that it was not his fault that he had not really declassed himself, and was constrained to the economic safety in which he dwells. We should have to confess that in this the great matter is the will; and that if benevolence stopped to take account of the harm it might work, there could be no such thing as charity in the world. We should have to ask ourselves whether Tolstoy's conversion to a belief in immortality is not an effect of his unselfish labor; whether his former doubt of immortality was not a lingering effect of the ambition, vanity, and luxury he has renounced. It had not indeed remained for him to discover that whenever we love, the truth is added unto us; but possibly it had remained for him to live the fact, to realize that unselfish labor gives so much meaning to human life that its significance cannot be limited to mortality.

However this may be, Tolstoy's purpose is mainly to make others realize that religion, that Christ, is for this actual world here, and not for some potential world elsewhere. If this is what renders him so hateful to those who postpone the Divine justice to another state of being, they may console themselves with the reflection that his counsel to unselfish labor is almost universally despised. There is so small danger that the kingdom of heaven will come by virtue of his example, that none of all who pray for it need be the least afraid of its coming. In any event his endeavor for a right life cannot be forgotten. Even as a pose, if we are to think so meanly of it as that, it is by far the most impressive spectacle of the century. All that he has said has been the law of Christianity open to any who would read, from the beginning; and he has not differed from most other Christians except in the attempt literally to do the will of Christ. Yet even in this he is not the first. Others have lived the life of labor voluntarily, and have abhorred war, and have suffered evil. But no man so gloriously gifted and so splendidly placed has bowed his neck and taken the yoke upon it. We must recognize Tolstoy as one of the greatest men of all time, before we can measure the extent of his renunciation. He was gifted, noble, rich, famous, honored, courted; and he has done his utmost to become plebeian, poor, obscure, neglected. He has truly endeavored to cast his lot with the lowliest, and he has counted it all joy so far as he has succeeded. His scruple against constraining the will of others suffers their will to make his self-sacrifice finally histrionic; but this seems to me not the least part of his self-sacrifice, which it gives a supreme touch of pathos. It is something that in fiction he alone could have imagined, and is akin to the experience of his own Karénin, who in a crucial moment forgives when he perceives that he cannot forgive without being ridiculous. Tolstoy, in allowing his family to keep his wealth, for fear of compelling them to the righteousness which they do not choose, becomes absurd in his inalienable safety and superiority; but we cannot say that he ought not to suffer this indignity. There is perhaps a lesson in his fate which we ought not to refuse, if we can learn from it that in our time men are bound together so indissolubly that every advance must include the whole of society, and that even self-renunciation must not accomplish itself at the cost of others' free choice.

It is usual to speak of the ethical and the æsthetical principles as if they were something separable; but they are hardly even divergent in any artist, and in Tolstoy they have converged from the first. He began to write at a time when realistic fiction was so thoroughly established in Russia that there was no question there of any other. Gogol had found the way out of the mists of romanticism into the

open day, and Turguénief had so perfected the realistic methods that the subtlest analysis of character had become the essence of drama. Then Tolstoy arrived, and it was no longer a question of methods. In Turguénief, when the effect sought and produced is most ethical, the process is so splendidly æsthetical that the sense of its perfection is uppermost. In Tolstoy the meaning of the thing is so supreme that the delight imparted by the truth is qualified by no consciousness of the art. Up to his time fiction had been part of the pride of life, and had been governed by the criterions of the world which it amused. But he replaced the artistic conscience by the human conscience. Great as my wonder was at the truth in Tolstoy's work, my wonder at the love in it was greater yet. Here for the first time, I found the most faithful pictures of life set in the light of that human conscience which I had falsely taught myself was to be ignored in questions of art, as something inadequate and inappropriate. In the august presence of the masterpieces, I had been afraid and ashamed of the highest instincts of my nature as something philistine and provincial. But here I stood in the presence of a master, who told me not to be afraid or ashamed of them, but to judge his work by them, since he had himself wrought in honor of them. I found the tests of conduct which I had used in secret with myself, applied as the rules of universal justice, condemning and acquitting in motive and action, and admitting none of those lawyers' pleas which baffle our own consciousness of right and wrong. Often in Tolstoy's ethics I feel a hardness, almost an arrogance (the word says too much); but in his æsthetics I have never felt this. He has transmuted the atmosphere of a realm hitherto supposed unmoral into the very air of heaven. I found nowhere in his work those base and cruel lies which cheat us into the belief that wrong may sometimes be right through passion, or genius, or heroism. There was everywhere the grave noble face of the truth that had looked me in the eyes all my life, and that I knew I must confront when I came to die. But there was something more than this,—infinitely more. There was that love which is before even the truth, without which there is no truth, and which, if there is any last day, must appear the Divine justice.

It is Tolstoy's humanity which is the grace beyond the reach of art in his imaginative work. It does not reach merely the poor and the suffering: it extends to the prosperous and the proud, and does not deny itself to the guilty. There had been many stories of adultery before 'Anna Karénina,'—nearly all the great novels outside of English are framed upon that argument,—but in 'Anna Karénina' for the first time the whole truth was told about it. Tolstoy has said of the fiction of Maupassant that the truth can never be

immoral; and in his own work I have felt that it could never be anything but moral. In the 'Kreuzer Sonata,' which gave a bad conscience to Christendom, there was not a moment of indecency or horror that was not purifying and wholesome. It was not the logic of that tremendous drama that marriage was wrong,— though Tolstoy himself pushed on to some such conclusion,— but only that lustful marriage, provoked through appetite and fostered in idleness and luxury, was wrong. We may not have had the last word from him concerning the matter: he may yet see marriage, as he has seen immortality, to be the inevitable deduction from the human postulate. But whatever his mind about it may finally be, his comment on that novel seems to me his one great mistake, and a discord in the harmony of his philosophy.

It jars the more because what you feel most in Tolstoy is this harmony,— this sense of unity. He cannot admit in his arraignment of civilization the plea of a divided responsibility: he will not suffer the prince, or the judge, or the soldier, personally to shirk the consequences of what he officially does; and he refuses to allow in himself the division of the artist from the man. As I have already more than once said, his ethics and æsthetics are inseparably at one; and this is what gives a vital warmth to all his art. It is never that heartless skill which exists for its own sake, and is content to dazzle with the brilliancy of its triumphs. It seeks always the truth in the love to which alone the truth unveils itself. If Tolstoy is the greatest imaginative writer who ever lived, it is because, beyond all others, he has written in the spirit of kindness, and not denied his own personal complicity with his art.

As for the scope of his work, it would not be easy to measure it; for it seems to include all motives and actions, in good and bad, in high and low, and not to leave life untouched at any point as it shows itself in his vast Russian world. Its chief themes are the old themes of art always,— they are love, passion, death; but they are treated with such a sincerity, such a simplicity, that they seem almost new to art, and as effectively his as if they had not been touched before.

Until we read 'The Cossacks,' and witness the impulses of kindness in Olenin, we do not realize how much love has been despised by fiction, and neglected for passion. It is with a sort of fear and trembling that we find ourselves in the presence of this wish to do good to others, as if it might be some sort of mawkish sentimentality. But it appears again and again in the cycle of Tolstoy's work: in the vague aspirations recorded in 'Childhood, Boyhood, and Youth'; in the abnegation and shame of the husband in 'Anna Karénina,' when he wishes to forgive his wife's paramour; in the goodness of the

muzhik to the loathsome sick man in 'The Death of Ivan Ilyitch'; in the pitying patience of Prince Andreí Bolkonsky with Anatol Kuragin in 'War and Peace,' where amidst his own anguish he realizes that the man next him under the surgeon's knife is the wretch who robbed him of the innocent love of his betrothed; in the devotion of the master, even to the mergence of conscious identity, to the servant in 'Master and Man';—and at no time does it justify our first skeptical shrinking. It is as far as possible from the dramatic *tours de force* in Hugoesque fiction; it is not a conclusion that is urged or an effect that is solicited: it is the motive to which all beauty of action refers itself; it is human nature,—and it is as frankly treated as if there could be no question of it.

This love—the wish to do good and to be good, which is at the bottom of all our hearts, however we try to exclude it or deny it—is always contrasting itself in Tolstoy's work with passion, and proving the latter mortal and temporal in itself, and enduring only in its union with love. In most other novelists, passion is treated as if it were something important in itself,—as if its intensity were a merit and its abandon were a virtue,—its fruition Paradise, its defeat perdition. But in Tolstoy, almost for the first time, we are shown that passion is merely a condition; and that it has almost nothing to do with happiness. Other novelists represent lovers as forced by their passion to an ecstasy of selfish joy, or an ecstasy of selfish misery; but he shows us that they are only the more bound by it to the rest of the world. It is in fact, so far as it eventuates in marriage, the beginning of subjection to humanity, and nothing in it concerns the lovers alone.

It is not the less but the more mystical for this; and Tolstoy does full justice to all its mystical beauty, its mystical power. Its power upon Natacha,—that pure, good, wise girl,—whom it suddenly blinds and bewilders till she must be saved from ruin in spite of herself, and almost by violence; and upon Anna Karénina,—that loving mother, true friend, and obedient wife,—are illustrated with a vividness which I know not where to match. Dolly's wretchedness with her faithless husband, Kitty's happiness in the constancy of Levine, are neither unalloyed; and in all the instances and examples of passion, we are aware of the author's sense of its merely provisional character. This appears perhaps most impressively in the scenes of Prince Andreí Bolkonsky's long dying, where Natacha, when restored and forgiven for her aberration, becomes as little to him at last as if she had succeeded in giving herself to Anatol Kuragin. The theory of such matters is, that the passion which unites them in life must bring them closer still in death; but we are shown that it is not so.

Passion, we have to learn from the great master, who here as everywhere humbles himself to the truth, has in it life and death; but of itself it is something only as a condition precedent to these: without it neither can be; but it is lost in their importance, and is strictly subordinate to their laws. It has never been more charmingly and reverently studied in its beautiful and noble phases than it is in Tolstoy's fiction; though he has always dealt with it so sincerely, so seriously. As to its obscure and ugly and selfish phases, he is so far above all others who have written of it, that he alone seems truly to have divined it, or portrayed it as experience knows it. He never tries to lift it out of nature in either case, but leaves it more visibly and palpably a part of the lowest as well as the highest humanity.

He is apt to study both aspects of it in relation to death; so apt that I had almost said he is fond of doing it. He often does this in 'War and Peace'; and in 'Anna Karénina' the unity of passion and death might be said to be the principle and argument of the story. In 'The Death of Ivan Ilyitch' the unworthy passion of the marriage is a part of the spiritual squalor in which the wretched worldling goes down to his grave. In the 'Kreuzer Sonata' it is the very essence of the murder; and in the 'Powers of Darkness' it is the spring of the blackest evil. I suppose that one thing which has made Tolstoy most distasteful to man-made society is, that in all sins from passion he holds men chiefly accountable. It is their luxury which is so much to blame for the perversion. I can recall, at the moment, only one woman — the Princess Helena — in whom he censures the same evils; and even in her he lets you feel that her evil is almost passive, and such as man-made society chiefly forced upon her. Tolstoy has always done justice to women's nature; he has nowhere mocked or satirized them without some touch of pity or extenuation: and he brings Anna Karénina through her passion to her death, with that tender lenity for her sex which recognizes womanhood as indestructibly pure and good.

He comes nearer unriddling life for us than any other writer. He persuades us that it cannot possibly give us any personal happiness; that there is no room for the selfish joy of any one except as it displaces the joy of some other, but that for unselfish joy there is infinite place and occasion. With the same key he unlocks the mystery of death; and he imagines so strenuously that death is neither more nor less than a transport of self-surrender, that he convinces the reason where there can be no proof. The reader will not have forgotten how in those last moments of earth which he has depicted, it is this utter giving up which is made to appear the first moment of heaven. Nothing in his mastery is so wonderful as his power upon

us in the scenes of the borderland where his vision seems to pierce the confines of another world. He comes again and again to it, as if this exercise of his seership had for him the same fascination that we feel in it: the closing hours of Prince Andreí, the last sorrowful instants of Anna Karénina, the triumphal abnegation of the philistine Ivan Ilyitch, the illusions and disillusions of the dying soldier in 'Scenes of the Siege of Sebastopol,' the transport of the sordid merchant giving his life for his servant's in 'Master and Man,'—all these, with perhaps others that fail to occur to me, are qualified by the same conviction, imparting itself so strongly that it is like a proven fact.

Of a man who can be so great in the treatment of great things, we can ask ourselves only after a certain reflection whether he is as great as some lesser men in some lesser things; and I have a certain diffidence in inquiring whether Tolstoy is a humorist. But I incline to think that he is, though the humor of his facts seeks him rather than he it. One who feels life so keenly cannot help feeling its grotesqueness through its perversions, or help smiling at it, with whatever pang in his heart. I should say that his books rather abounded in characters helplessly comic. Oblensky in 'Anna Karénina,' the futile and amiably unworthy husband of Dolly, is delicious; and in 'War and Peace,' old Count Rostof, perpetually insolvent, is pathetically ridiculous,—as Levine in the first novel often is, and Pierre Bezukhof often is in the second. His irony, without harshness or unkindness, often pursues human nature in its vain twistings and turnings, with effects equally fresh and true; as where Nikolai Rostof, flying before the French, whom he had just been trying his worst to kill, finds it incredible that they should be seeking to harm one whom he knew to be so kind and good as himself. In Polikoushka, where the two *muzhiks* watching by the peasant's dead body try to shrink into themselves when some polite people come in, and to make themselves small because they are aware of smelling of the barn-yard, there is the play of such humor as we find only now and then in the supreme humorists. As for pathos, the supposed corollary of humor, I felt that I had scarcely known what it might be till I read Tolstoy. In literature, so far as I know it, there is nothing to match with the passage describing Anna Karénina's stolen visit to her little son after she has deserted her husband.

I touch this instance and that, in illustration of one thing and another: but I feel after all as if I had touched almost nothing in Tolstoy, so much remains untouched; though I am aware that I should have some such feeling if I multiplied the instances indefinitely. Much is said of the love of nature in writers, who are supposed to love it as they catalogue or celebrate its facts; but in

Tolstoy's work the nature is there just as the human nature is: simple, naked, unconscious. There is the sky that is really over our heads; there is the green earth, the open air; the seasons come and go: it is all actual, palpable,—and the joy of it as uncontrived apparently as the story which it environs, and which gives no more the sense of invention than the history of some veritable passage of human events. In 'War and Peace' the fortunes of the fictitious personages are treated in precisely the same spirit, and in the same manner, as the fortunes of the real personages: Bezukhof and Napoleon are alike real.

Of methods in Tolstoy, then, there can scarcely be any talk. He has apparently no method: he has no purpose but to get what he thinks, simply and clearly before us. Of style there seems as little to say; though here, since I know him only in translation, I cannot speak confidently. He may have a very marked style in Russian; but if this was so, I do not see how it could be kept out of the versions. In any case, it is only when you come to ask yourself what it is, that you realize its absence. His books are full of Tolstoy,—his conviction, his experience,—and yet he does not impart his personal quality to the diction as other masters do. It would indeed be as hard to imitate the literature as the life of Tolstoy, which will probably find only a millennial succession.

W. D. Howells.

ANNA'S ILLNESS

From 'Anna Karénina': translated by Nathan Haskell Dole. Copyright 1886, by T. Y. Crowell & Co.

When he returned to his lonely room, Alekséi Aleksandrovitch involuntarily recalled, little by little, the conversations that had taken place at the dinner and in the evening. Dolly's words had only succeeded in arousing his vexation. His situation was too difficult to allow him to apply the precepts of the New Testament; besides, he had already considered this question, and decided it in the negative. Of all that had been said that day, the remark of that honest fool Turovtsuin had made the liveliest impression on his mind:—

"He did bravely; for he challenged his rival and killed him."

Evidently this conduct was approved by all; and if they had not said so openly, it was out of pure politeness.

"But what good would it do to think about it? Had he not resolved what to do?" And Alekséi Aleksandrovitch gave no more thought to anything except the preparations for his departure, and his tour of inspection.

He took a cup of tea, opened a railway guide, and looked for the departure of trains — to arrange for his journey.

At this moment the servant brought him two dispatches. Alekséi Aleksandrovitch opened them. The first announced the nomination of Stremof to the place for which he had been ambitious.

Karénin threw down the telegram, and began to walk up and down the room. "Quos vult perdere Jupiter dementat,"* said he, applying *quos* to all those who had taken part in this nomination. He was less disturbed by the fact that he himself had not been nominated, than to see Stremof — that babbler, that speechifier — filling the place. Couldn't they understand that they were ruining themselves, that they were destroying their prestige, by such a choice?

"Some more news of the same sort," he thought with bitterness as he opened the second telegram. It was from his wife: her name, "Anna," in blue pencil, stood out before his eyes.

"I am dying. I beg you to come: I shall die easier if I have your forgiveness."

He read these words with scorn, and threw the paper on the floor. "Some new scheme," was his first thought. "There is no deceitfulness of which she is not capable. She must be on the eve of her confinement, and there is something amiss. But what can be her object? To compromise me? to prevent the divorce? The dispatch says, 'I am dying.'" He re-read the telegram, and suddenly realized its full meaning. "If it were true,— if the suffering, the approach of death, had caused her to repent sincerely, and if I should call this pretense, and refuse to go to her, that would not only be cruel, but foolish; and all would blame me."

"Piotr, order a carriage: I am going to Petersburg!" he cried to the servant.

Karénin decided to go to his wife, and be ready to return at once if her illness was a pretense: on the other hand, if she were really repentant, and wanted to see him before she died,

* "Whom Jupiter wishes to destroy he makes mad."

he would forgive her; and if he reached her too late, he could at least pay his last respects to her.

Having made up his mind to do this, he gave it no more thought during the journey. Alekséi Aleksandrovitch, tired and dusty with his night of traveling, reached Petersburg in the early morning. He crossed the still deserted Nevsky Perspective, looking straight before him through the morning mist, without wishing to think of what was awaiting him at home. He did not wish to think about it, because he couldn't help feeling that his wife's death would put a speedy end to all the difficulties of his situation. The bakers, the night *izvoshchiks*, the *dvorniks* sweeping the sidewalks, the closed shops,—all passed like a flash before his eyes; he noticed everything, and tried to stifle the hope that he reproached himself for entertaining. When he reached his house he saw an *izvoshchik*, and a carriage with a coachman asleep, standing before the door. On the steps Alekséi Aleksandrovitch made another effort to come to a decision,—wrested, it seemed to him, from the most hidden recess of his brain, and which was something like this: "If she has deceived me, I will be calm, and go away again; but if she has told the truth, I will do what is proper."

The Swiss opened the door even before Karénin rang the bell; the Swiss presented a strange appearance, without any necktie, dressed in an old coat and slippers.

"How is the *baruina?*"

"She is as comfortable as could be expected."

Alekséi Aleksandrovitch turned very pale: he realized how deeply he had hoped for her death.

Kornéi, the servant in morning-dress, came quickly down the stairs.

"Madame is very low," he said. "There was a consultation yesterday, and the doctor is here now."

"Take my things," said Alekséi Aleksandrovitch, a little comforted to learn that all hope of death was not lost; and he went into the reception-room.

A uniform overcoat hung in the hall. Alekséi Aleksandrovitch noticed it, and asked:—

"Who is here?"

"The doctor, the nurse, and Count Vronsky."

Karénin went into the drawing-room. There was nobody there; but the sound of his steps brought the nurse, in a cap

with lilac ribbons, out of the boudoir. She came to Alekséi Aleksandrovitch, and taking him by the hand with the familiarity that the approach of death permits, led him into the sleeping-room.

"Thank the Lord that you have come! She talks of nothing but you; always of you," she said.

"Bring some ice quick!" said the imperative voice of the doctor from the chamber.

In the boudoir, sitting on a little low chair, Alekséi Aleksandrovitch saw Vronsky weeping, his face covered with his hands. He started at the sound of the doctor's voice, uncovered his face, and found himself in the presence of Karénin. The sight of him disturbed him so much that he sank down in his chair, as if he wanted to disappear out of sight; then making a great effort, he rose, and said:—

"She is dying: the doctors say that there is no hope. I am in your power. Only allow me to remain here. I will conform to your wishes in every other respect. I"—

When he saw Vronsky in tears, Alekséi Aleksandrovitch felt the involuntary tenderness that the sufferings of others always caused him: he turned away his head without replying, and went to the door.

Anna's voice could be heard from the sleeping-room,—lively, gay, and articulating clearly. Alekséi Aleksandrovitch went in, and approached her bed.

Her face was turned towards him. Her cheeks were bright, her eyes brilliant: her little white hands, coming out of the sleeves of her night-dress, were playing with the corner of the coverlet. Not only did she seem fresh and well, but in the happiest frame of mind; she talked fast and loud, accenting her words with precision and nicety.

"For Alekséi. I am speaking of Alekséi Aleksandrovitch—strange, isn't it, and cruel, that both should be named Alekséi? Alekséi would not have refused me: I should have forgotten. He would have forgiven— *Da!* why does he not come? He is good; he himself does not know how good he is. *Ach! Bozhe moï!* what agony! Give me some water quick! *Ach!* but that is not good for her,—my little daughter. *Nu!* then very well; give her to the nurse. I am willing; that will be even better. *Nu!* when he comes, she will be hateful in his sight; take her away."

"Anna Arkadyevna, he has come; here he is," said the nurse, trying to draw her attention to Alekséi Aleksandrovitch.

"Ach! what nonsense!" continued Anna, without seeing her husband. "*Da!* give the little one to me, give her to me! He hasn't come yet. You pretend that he will not forgive me, because you do not know him. Nobody knows him. I alone — His eyes, one must know them. Serozha's are very like them; that is why I can no longer look at them. Has Serozha had his dinner? I know he will be forgotten. Oh, do not forget him! Let Serozha be brought into the corner chamber, and let Mariette sleep near him."

Suddenly she was silent; she looked frightened, and raised her arms above her head as if to ward off a blow. She had recognized her husband.

"No, no," she said quickly, "I am not afraid of him; I am afraid of dying. Alekséi, come here. I am in a hurry, because there is no time to be lost. I have only a few minutes to live; the fever will be upon me again, and I shall know nothing more. Now I am conscious: I understand everything and I see everything."

Alekséi Aleksandrovitch's wrinkled face expressed acute suffering: he wanted to speak, but his lower lip trembled so that he could not utter a word, and his emotion hardly allowed him to glance at the dying woman. He took her hand and held it between his own. Every time that he turned his head towards her, he saw her eyes fixed on him with a sweetness and a humility that he had never seen there before.

"Wait! you do not know — wait, wait!" She stopped to collect her thoughts. "Yes," she began again, "yes, yes, yes; this is what I want to say. Do not be astonished. I am always the same; but there is another being within me whom I fear: it is she who loved him, *him*, and hated you; and I could not forget what I had once been. Now I am myself, — entirely, really myself, and not another. I am dying, I know that I am dying; ask him if I am not. I feel it now; there are those terrible weights on my hand and my feet and on my fingers. My fingers! they are enormous; but all that will soon be over. One thing only is indispensable to me: forgive me, forgive me wholly! I am a sinner; but Serozha's nurse told me that there was a holy martyr — what was her name? — who was worse than I. I will go to Rome; there is a desert there. I shall not trouble anybody there. I will only take Serozha and my little daughter. No, you cannot forgive me; I know very well that it is impossible. Go away, go away! you are too perfect!"

She held him with one of her burning hands, and pushed him away with the other.

Alekséi Aleksandrovitch's emotion became so great that he could no longer control himself. He suddenly felt his emotions change to a moral reconciliation, which seemed like a new and unknown happiness. He had not believed that the Christian law, which he had taken for a guide in life, ordered him to forgive and love his enemies; and yet his soul was filled with love and forgiveness. Kneeling beside the bed, he laid his forehead on her arm,—the fever of which burned through the sleeve,—and sobbed like a child. She bent towards him, placed her arm around her husband's bald head, and raised her eyes defiantly.

"There, I knew that it would be so. Now farewell, farewell to all! They are coming back again. Why don't they go away? *Da!* take off all these furs from me!"

The doctor laid her back gently on her pillows, and drew the covering over her arms. Anna made no resistance, looking all the while straight before her with shining eyes.

"Remember that I have only asked your pardon: I ask nothing more. Why doesn't *he* come?" she said, suddenly looking towards the door, towards Vronsky. "Come! come here, and give him your hand."

Vronsky came to the side of the bed, and when he saw Anna he hid his face in his hands.

"Uncover your face: look at him,—he is a saint," said she. "Uncover your face! look at him!" she repeated in an irritated manner. "Alekséi Aleksandrovitch, uncover his face: I want to see him."

Alekséi Aleksandrovitch took Vronsky's hands and uncovered his face, disfigured by suffering and humiliation.

"Give him your hand; forgive him."

Alekséi Aleksandrovitch held out his hand to him, without trying to keep back the tears.

"Thank the Lord! thank the Lord!" said she; "now everything is right. I will stretch out my feet a little, like that; that is better. How ugly those flowers are! they do not look like violets," she said, pointing to the hangings in her room. "*Bozhe moï! Bozhe moï!* when will this be over? Give me some morphine, doctor; some morphine. *Bozhe moï! Bozhe moï!*" And she tossed about on the bed.

The doctors said that in this fever there was not one chance in a hundred of her living. She passed the day delirious and unconscious. Towards midnight her pulse became very low: the end was expected every moment.

Vronsky went home, but he came back the next morning to learn how she was. Alekséi Aleksandrovitch came to meet him in the reception-room, and said to him, "Stay here: perhaps she will ask for you." Then he took him to his wife's boudoir himself. In the morning the restlessness, the rapidity of thought and speech, returned; but soon unconsciousness intervened again. The third day was much the same, and the doctors began to hope. On this day Alekséi Aleksandrovitch went into the boudoir where Vronsky was, closed the door, and sat down in front of him.

"Alekséi Aleksandrovitch," said Vronsky, feeling that an explanation was to be made, "I cannot speak,—I cannot think. Have pity on me! Whatever may be your suffering, believe that mine is still more terrible."

He was going to rise; but Alekséi Aleksandrovitch prevented him, and said, "Pray listen to me: it is unavoidable. I am forced to explain to you the feelings that guide me, that you may avoid making any mistake in regard to me. You know that I had decided on a divorce, and that I had taken the preliminary steps to obtain one? I will not deny that at first I was undecided; I was in torment. I confess that I wanted to avenge myself. When I received the telegram, and came home, I felt the same desire. I will say more: I hoped that she would die. But"—he was silent for a moment, considering whether he would wholly reveal his thoughts—"but I have seen her: I have forgiven her absolutely. The happiness I feel at being able to forgive, clearly shows me my duty. I offer the other cheek to the smiter: I give my last cloak to him who has robbed me. I only ask one thing of God,—that he will not take away from me this joy of forgiving."

Tears filled his eyes. Vronsky was amazed at the calm, luminous face.

"These are my feelings. You may drag me in the dust, and make me the laughing-stock of creation; but I will not give up Anna for that, nor will I utter a word of reproach to you," continued Alekséi Aleksandrovitch. "My duty seems clear and

plain to me: I must remain with her; I shall remain with her. If she wishes to see you, I shall inform you of it; but now I think it will be better for you to go away."

Karénin rose: sobs choked his voice. Vronsky rose too, and standing with bowed head and humble attitude, looked up at Karénin, without a word to say. He was incapable of understanding Alekséi Aleksandrovitch's feelings; but he felt that such magnanimity was above him, and irreconcilable with his conception of life.

ANNA AND HER SON

From 'Anna Karénina': translated by Nathan Haskell Dole. Copyright 1886, by T. Y. Crowell & Co.

ANNA's chief desire on her return to Russia was to see her son. From the day that she left Italy she was filled with this idea; and her joy increased in proportion as she drew near Petersburg. She did not trouble herself with the question how she should manage this meeting, which seemed to her of such importance. It was a simple and natural thing, she thought, to see her child once more, now that she was in the same town with him; but since her arrival she suddenly realized her present relation towards society, and found that the interview was not easy to obtain.

She had been two days now in Petersburg, and never for an instant had she forgotten her son; but she had not seen him.

To go straight to her husband's house, and risk coming face to face with her husband, seemed to her impossible. They might even refuse to admit her. To write to Alekséi Aleksandrovitch and ask permission of him, seemed to her painful even to think of. She could be calm only when she did not think of her husband; and yet she could not feel contented to see her son at a distance. She had too many kisses, too many caresses, to give him.

Serozha's old nurse might have been an assistance to her, but she no longer lived with Alekséi Aleksandrovitch.

On the third day, having learned of Alekséi Aleksandrovitch's relations with the Countess Lidia Ivanovna, Anna decided to write her a letter composed with the greatest care, in which she

would tell her frankly that the permission to see her son depended on her. She knew that if her husband found it out, he, in his part of magnanimous man, would not refuse her.

It was a cruel blow to have her messenger return without an answer. She had never felt so wounded, so humiliated; and yet she had to acknowledge that the countess was right. Her grief was all the keener because she had to bear it alone. She could not and did not wish to confide it to Vronsky. She knew that though he was the chief cause of her unhappiness, he would look upon her meeting with her son as of little account; and the mere thought of the unsympathetic tone in which he would speak of it made him seem odious to her. And the fear that she might come to hate him was the worst of all. Therefore she made up her mind to hide from him her action in regard to the child.

She stayed at home all day long, and racked her brain to think of other ways of meeting her son; and finally she decided upon the most painful of all,—to write directly to her husband. Just as she was beginning her letter, Lidia Ivanovna's reply was brought. She accepted it with silent resignation; but the unfriendliness, the sarcasm, that she read between the lines, pierced deep into her soul.

"What cruelty! What hypocrisy!" she said to herself. "They want to insult me and torment the child. I will not let them do so. She is worse than I am: at least I do not lie."

She immediately decided to go on the morrow, which was Serozha's birthday, directly to her husband's house to see the child, no matter what it cost in fees to the servants; and to put an end to the ugly network of lies with which they were surrounding the innocent child.

She went to a neighboring shop and purchased some toys; and thus she formed her plan of action: She would start early in the morning, before Alekséi Aleksandrovitch was up; she would have the money in her hand all ready to bribe the Swiss and the other servants to let her go up-stairs without raising her veil, under the pretext of laying on Serozha's bed some presents sent by his godfather. As to what she should say to her son, she could not form the least idea; she could not make any preparation for that.

The next morning, at eight o'clock, Anna got out of her hired carriage and rang the door-bell of her former home.

"Go and see what is wanted. It's some *baruina*," said Kapitonuitch, in overcoat and galoshes, as he looked out of the window and saw a lady closely veiled standing on the porch. The Swiss's assistant, a young man whom Anna did not know, had scarcely opened the door before Anna thrust a three-ruble note into his hand.

"Serozha — Sergéi Alekseievitch," she stammered; then she went one or two steps down the hall.

The Swiss's assistant examined the note, and stopped the visitor at the inner glass door.

"Whom do you wish to see?" he asked.

She did not hear his words, and made no reply.

Kapitonuitch, noticing the stranger's confusion, came out from his office and asked her what she wanted.

"I come from Prince Skorodumof to see Sergéi Alekseievitch."

"He is not up yet," replied the Swiss, looking sharply at the veiled lady.

Anna had never dreamed that she should be so troubled by the sight of this house, where she had lived nine years. One after another, sweet and cruel memories arose in her mind, and for a moment she forgot why she was there.

"Will you wait?" asked the Swiss, helping her to take off her *shubka*. When he saw her face, he recognized her, and bowed profoundly. "Will your Ladyship be pleased to enter?" he said to her.

She tried to speak; but her voice failed her, and with an entreating look at the old servant she rapidly flew up the stairs. Kapitonuitch tried to overtake her, and followed after her, catching his galoshes at every step.

"Perhaps his tutor is not dressed yet: I will speak to him."

Anna kept on up the stairs which she knew so well; but she did not hear what the old man said.

"This way. Excuse it if all is in disorder. He sleeps in the front room now," said the Swiss, out of breath. "Will your Ladyship be good enough to wait a moment? I will go and see" And opening the high door he disappeared.

Anna stopped and waited.

"He has just waked up," said the Swiss, coming back through the same door.

And as he spoke, Anna heard the sound of a child yawning; and merely by the sound of the yawn she recognized her son, and seemed to see him alive before her.

"Let me go in — let me!" she stammered, and hurriedly pushed through the door.

At the right of the door was a bed, and on the bed a child was sitting up in his little open nightgown; his little body was leaning forward, and he was just finishing a yawn and stretching himself. His lips were just closing into a sleepy smile, and he fell back upon his pillow still smiling.

"Serozha!" she murmured, as she went towards him.

Every time since their separation that she had felt an access of love for the absent son, Anna looked upon him as still a child of four,— the age when he had been most charming. Now he no longer bore any resemblance to him whom she had left; he had grown tall and thin. How long his face seemed! How short his hair! What long arms! How he had changed! But it was still the same,— the shape of his head, his lips, little slender neck, and his broad shoulders.

"Serozha!" she whispered in the child's ear.

He raised himself on his elbow, turned his frowzy head around, and trying to put things together, opened wide his eyes. For several seconds he looked with an inquiring face at his mother, who stood motionless before him. Then he suddenly smiled with joy; and with his eyes still half closed in sleep, he threw himself, not back upon his pillow, but into his mother's arms.

"Serozha, my dear little boy!" she stammered, choking with tears, and throwing her arms around his little body.

"Mamma!" he whispered, cuddling into his mother's arms, so as to feel their encircling pressure. Smiling sleepily, he took his hand from the head of the bed and put it on his mother's shoulder, and climbed into her lap,— having that warm breath of sleep peculiar to children,— and pressed his face to his mother's neck and shoulders.

"I knew," he said, opening his eyes: "to-day is my birthday; I knew that you would come. I am going to get up now."

And as he spoke he fell asleep again. Anna devoured him with her eyes. She saw how he had changed during her absence. She would scarcely have known his long legs coming below his nightgown, his hollow cheeks, his short hair curled in the neck

where she had so often kissed it. She pressed him to her heart, and the tears prevented her from speaking.

"What are you crying for, mamma?" he asked, now entirely awake. "What makes you cry?" he repeated, ready to weep himself.

"I? I will not cry any more; it is for joy. It is all over now," said she, drying her tears and turning around. "*Nu!* go and get dressed," she added, after she had grown a little calmer, but still holding Serozha's hand. She sat down near the bed, on a chair which held the child's clothing. "How do you dress without me? How—" she wanted to speak simply and gayly, but she could not; and again she turned her head away.

"I don't wash in cold water any more,—papa has forbidden it; but you have not seen Vasíli Lukitch? Here he comes. But you are sitting on my things." And Serozha laughed heartily. She looked at him and smiled.

"Mamma! dúshenka, golúbtchika!" [dear little soul, darling] he cried again, throwing himself into her arms, as though he now better understood what had happened to him, as he saw her smile.

"Take it off," said he, pulling off her hat. And seeing her head bare, he began to kiss her again.

"What did you think of me? Did you believe that I was dead?"

"I never believed it."

"You believed me alive, my precious?"

"I knew it! I knew it!" he replied, repeating his favorite phrase; and seizing the hand which was smoothing his hair, he pressed the palm of it to his little mouth, and began to kiss it.

Vasíli Lukitch, meantime, not at first knowing who this lady was, but learning from their conversation that it was Serozha's mother,—the woman who had deserted her husband, and whom he did not know, as he had not come into the house till after her departure,—was in great perplexity. Ought he to tell Alekséi Aleksandrovitch? On mature reflection he came to the conclusion that his duty consisted in going to dress Serozha at the usual hour, without paying any attention to a third person—his mother or any one else. But as he reached the door and opened it, the sight of the caresses between the mother and child —the sound of their voices and their words—made him change his mind. He shook his head, sighed, and quietly closed the

door. "I will wait ten minutes longer," he said to himself, coughing slightly, and wiping his eyes.

There was great excitement among the servants: they all knew that the *baruina* had come, and that Kapitonuitch had let her in, and that she was in the child's room; they knew too that their master was in the habit of going to Serozha every morning at nine o'clock: each one felt that the husband and wife ought not to meet,—that it must be prevented.

Kornéi, the valet, went down to the Swiss to ask why Anna had been let in; and finding that Kapitonuitch had taken her up-stairs, he reprimanded him severely. The Swiss maintained an obstinate silence till the valet declared that he deserved to lose his place, when the old man jumped at him, and shaking his fist in his face, said:—

"*Da! Vot*, you would not have let her in yourself? You've served here ten years, and had nothing but kindness from her, but you would have said, 'Now go away from here!' You know what policy is, you sly dog. What you don't forget is to rob your master, and to carry off his raccoon-skin *shubas!*"

"Soldier!" replied Kornéi scornfully, and he turned towards the nurse, who was coming in just at this moment. "What do you think, Marya Yefimovna? He has let in Anna Arkadyevna, without saying anything to anybody, and just when Alekséi Aleksandrovitch, as soon as he is up, will be going to the nursery."

"What a scrape! what a scrape!" said the nurse. "But, Kornéi Vasilyevitch, find some way to keep your master, while I run to warn her and get her out of the way. What a scrape!"

When the nurse went into the child's room, Serozha was telling his mother how Nádenka and he had fallen when sliding down a hill of ice, and turned three somersaults. Anna was listening to the sound of her son's voice, looking at his face, watching the play of his features, feeling his little arms, but not hearing a word that he said. She must go away, she must leave him: this alone she understood and felt. She had heard Vasíli Lukitch's steps, and his little discreet cough, as he came to the door—and now she heard the nurse coming in; but unable to move or to speak, she remained as fixed as a statue.

"Baruina! Golúbtchika!" [mistress, darling] said the nurse, coming up to Anna, and kissing her hands and her shoulders. "God sent this joy for our birthday celebration! You are not changed at all."

"Ach! nyanya [nurse], my dear: I did not know that you were in the house," said Anna, coming to herself.

"I don't live here; I live with my daughter. I came to give my best wishes to Serozha, Anna Arkadyevna, golúbtchika."

The nurse suddenly began to weep, and to kiss Anna's hand.

Serozha, with bright, joyful eyes, and holding his mother with one hand and his nurse with the other, was dancing in his little bare feet on the carpet. His old nurse's tenderness towards his mother was delightful to him.

"Mamma, she often comes to see me; and when she comes—" he began, but he stopped short when he perceived that the nurse whispered something in his mother's ear, and that his mother's face assumed an expression of fear, and at the same time of shame.

Anna went to him.

"My precious!" she said.

She could not say the word "farewell" [proshchái]; but the expression of her face said it, and he understood.

"My precious, precious Kutik!" she said, calling him by a pet name which she used when he was a baby. "You will not forget me; you—" but she could not say another word.

Only then she began to remember the words which she wanted to say to him; but now it was impossible to say them. Serozha, however, understood all that she would have said: he understood that she was unhappy, and that she loved him. He even understood what the nurse whispered in her ear: he heard the words "always at nine o'clock"; and he knew that they referred to his father, and that his mother must not meet him. He understood this, but one thing he could not understand: why did her face express fear and shame? . . . She was not to blame, but she was afraid of him, and seemed ashamed of something. He wanted to ask a question which would have explained this circumstance, but he did not dare: he saw that she was in sorrow, and he pitied her. He silently clung close to her, and then he whispered, "Don't go yet! He will not come yet awhile."

His mother pushed him away from her a little, in order to see if he understood the meaning of what he had said; and in the frightened expression of his face she perceived that he not only spoke of his father, but seemed to ask her how he ought to think about him.

"Serozha, my dear," she said, "love him: he is better than I am; and I have been wicked to him. When you have grown up, you will understand."

"No one is better than you," cried the child, with sobs of despair; and clinging to his mother's shoulders, he squeezed her with all the force of his little trembling arms.

"Dúshenka, my darling!" stammered Anna; and bursting into tears, she sobbed like a child, even as he sobbed.

At this moment the door opened, and Vasíli Lukitch came in. Steps were heard at the other door; and in a frightened whisper he exclaimed, "He is coming," and gave Anna her hat.

Serozha threw himself on the bed, sobbing, and covered his face with his hands. Anna took them away to kiss yet once again his tear-stained cheeks; and then with quick steps hurried from the room. Alekséi Aleksandrovitch met her at the door. When he saw her he stopped and bowed his head.

Though she had declared a moment before that he was better than she, the swift glance that she gave him — taking in his whole person — awoke in her only a feeling of hatred and scorn for him, and jealousy on account of her son. She hurriedly lowered her veil, and quickening her step, almost ran from the room. She had entirely forgotten in her haste the playthings which, on the evening before, she had bought with so much love and sadness; and she took them back with her to the hotel.

ANNA KILLS HERSELF

From 'Anna Karénina': translated by Nathan Haskell Dole. Copyrighted 1886, by T. Y. Crowell & Co.

"Now I am myself again,—now my mind is clear," said Anna to herself, as soon as the carriage started, and rolling a little, flew swiftly along the uneven pavement.

"*Da!* what was that good thing that I was thinking about last? Tiutkin the coiffeur? Oh no! not that. Oh yes! what Yashvin said about the struggle for existence — and hatred, the only thing that unites men. No: we go at hap-hazard."

She saw in a carriage drawn by four horses a party of merry-makers, who had evidently come to the city for a pleasure trip.

"What are you seeking under the disguise of pleasure?" she thought. "You won't escape from yourselves;" and then, as her

eye fell on a drunken workman led by a policeman, she added, "That man's way is quicker. Count Vronsky and I did not reach this pleasure, though we expected much."

And for the first time, Anna turned upon her relations with the count this bright light which was suddenly revealing her life to her.

"What did he seek in me? A satisfaction for his vanity, rather than for his love!"

And she remembered Vronsky's words, and the expression of his face, which reminded her of a submissive dog, when they first met and loved. Everything seemed a confirmation of this thought.

"*Da!* he cared for the triumph of success above everything. Of course he loved me, but chiefly from vanity. Now that he is not proud of me any more, it is over. He is ashamed of me. He has taken from me all that he could take, and now I am of no use to him. I weigh upon him, and he does not want to be in dishonorable relationship with me. He said yesterday he wanted the divorce, so as to burn his ships. Perhaps he loves me still — but how? The zest is gone," she said, in English, as she looked at a ruddy-faced man riding by on a hired horse. "*Da!* there is nothing about me any longer to his taste. If I leave him, he will rejoice in the bottom of his heart."

This was not mere hypothesis: she saw things now clearly, as by a sort of clairvoyance.

"My love has been growing more and more selfish and passionate; his has been growing fainter and fainter. That is why we cannot go on together. He is all in all to me. I struggle to draw him closer and closer to me, and he wants to fly from me. Up to the time of our union, we flew to meet each other; but now we move apart. He accuses me of being absurdly jealous — and I am; and yet I am not, either. I am not jealous, but my love is no longer satisfied. But —" she opened her mouth to speak, and in the excitement caused by the stress of her thoughts, she changed her place in the carriage.

"If I could, I would try to be a simple friend to him, and not a passionate mistress, whom his coldness frenzies; but I cannot transform myself. I am not mistaken. Don't I know that he would not deceive me, — that he is no longer in love with Kitty, — that he has no intention of marrying the Princess Sorokina? I know it well, but it is none the easier for me. But

what is that to me? If he is tired of my love,—if, when he does not feel for me just what I feel for him, I would a thousand times rather have him hate me,—this is—hell! And this is the case. He has long ceased to love me. When love ceases, disgust begins.—I don't know these streets at all. What hosts of houses! and in them, people, people,—no end of them! and they all hate each other!

"*Nu!* what could happen to me now that would give me happiness again? Suppose that Alekséi Aleksandrovitch should consent to the divorce, and would give me back Serozha, and that I should marry Vronsky?" And as she thought of Alekséi Aleksandrovitch, Anna could see him before her, with his dull, lifeless, faded eyes, his white, blue-veined hands, and his cracking joints; and the idea of their relation to one another, which had hitherto been tinged with tenderness, made her shudder.

"*Nu!* Suppose I were married, would not Kitty still look at me as she looked at me to-day? Would not Serozha ask and wonder why I had two husbands? But between me and Vronsky what new feeling could I imagine? Is it possible that our relations might be, if not pleasanter, at least no worse than they are now? No, and no!" she replied, without the least hesitation. "Impossible! We are growing apart; and I am disagreeable to him, and he displeases me, and I cannot change him: every means has been tried. . . .

"*Da!* there's a beggar with a child. She thinks she inspires pity. Were we not thrown into the world to hate each other, and to torment ourselves and everybody else? Here come the schoolboys out to play!—Serozha?" It reminded her of her son. "I used to think that I loved him, and I was touched by his gentleness. I also lived without him, gave him up for my love, and was not sorry for the change, since I was contented with him whom I loved." And she remembered with disgust what she called that love. And the clearness in which she now saw her own life, as well as the lives of others, delighted her. "Thus am I, and Piotr, and the coachman Feodor, and that merchant, and all people from here to the Volga, wherever these remarks are applicable—and everywhere and always," she thought, as the carriage stopped in front of the low-roofed station of the Nizhni Novgorod Railroad, and the porter came out to meet her.

"Shall I book you for Obiralovki?" asked Piotr.

She had entirely forgotten why she had come, and only by a great effort could she understand what he meant.

"Yes," she said, handing him her purse; and taking her little red bag, she got out of the carriage.

As she entered with the throng, she reviewed all the details of her situation and the plans between which she was halting. And again hope and despair alternately filled her tortured, cruelly palpitating heart. As she sat on the stelliform divan, she looked with aversion on the people going and coming,—they were all her enemies,—and thought now of how, when she reached the station, she would write to him, and what she would write, and then how at this very moment he—not thinking of her suffering—was complaining to his mother of his position, and how she would go to his room, and what she would say to him. The thought that she might yet live happily crossed her brain; and how hard it was to love and hate him at the same time! And above all, how her heart was beating, as if to burst its bounds!

A bell sounded, and some impudent young men of a flashy and vulgar appearance passed before her. Then Piotr, in his livery and top-boots, with his dull, good-natured face, crossed the waiting-room, and came up to escort her to the cars. The noisy men about the door stopped talking while she passed out upon the platform; then one of them made some remark to his neighbor, which was apparently an insult. Anna mounted the high steps, and sat down alone in the compartment on the dirty sofa which had once been white, and laid her bag beside her on the springy seat. Piotr raised his gold-laced hat, with an inane smile, for a farewell, and departed. The saucy conductor shut the door. A woman, deformed, and ridiculously dressed up, followed by a little girl laughing affectedly, passed below the car window. Anna looked at her with disgust. The little girl was speaking loud in a mixture of Russian and French.

"That child is grotesque and already self-conscious," thought Anna; and she seated herself at the opposite window of the empty apartment, to avoid seeing the people.

A dirty, hunchbacked *muzhik* passed close to the window, and examined the car wheels; he wore a cap, from beneath which could be seen tufts of disheveled hair. "There is something familiar about that humpbacked *muzhik*," thought Anna; and suddenly she remembered her nightmare, and drew back frightened towards the car door, which the conductor was just opening to admit a lady and gentleman.

"Do you want to get out?"

Anna did not answer; and under her veil no one could see the terror which paralyzed her. She sat down again. The couple took seats opposite her, and cast stealthy but curious glances at her dress. The husband and wife were obnoxious to her. The husband asked her if she objected to smoking,—evidently not for the sake of smoking, but as an excuse for entering into conversation with her. Having obtained her permission, he remarked to his wife in French that he felt even more inclined to talk than to smoke. They exchanged stupid remarks, with the hope of attracting Anna's attention and drawing her into the conversation. Anna clearly saw how they bored each other, how they hated each other. It was impossible not to hate such painful monstrosities. The second gong sounded, and was followed by the rumble of baggage,—noise, shouts, laughter. Anna saw so clearly that there was nothing to rejoice at, that this laughter roused her indignation, and she longed to stop her ears. At last the third signal was given, the train started, the locomotive whistled, and the gentleman crossed himself. "It would be interesting to ask him what he meant by that," thought Anna, looking at him angrily. Then she looked by the woman's head out of the car window at the people standing and walking on the platform. The car in which Anna sat moved past the stone walls of the station, the switches, the other cars. The motion became more rapid; the rays of the setting sun slanted into the car window, and a light breeze played through the slats of the blinds.

Forgetting her neighbors, Anna breathed in the fresh air, and took up again the course of her thoughts.

"*Da!* What was I thinking about? I cannot imagine any situation in which my life could be anything but one long misery. We are all dedicated to unhappiness: we all know it, and only seek for ways to deceive ourselves. But when you see the truth, what is to be done?"

"Reason was given to man that he might avoid what he dislikes," remarked the woman in French, apparently delighted with her sentence.

The words fitted in with Anna's thought.

"To avoid what he dislikes," she repeated; and a glance at the handsome-faced man, and his thin better half, showed her that the woman looked upon herself as a misunderstood creature, and that her stout husband did not contradict this opinion, but

took advantage of it to deceive her. Anna, as it were, read their history, and looked into the most secret depths of their hearts; but it was not interesting, and she went on with her reflections.

"Yes, it is very unpleasant to me, and reason was given to avoid it; therefore it must be done. Why not extinguish the light when it shines on things disgusting to see? But how? Why does the conductor keep hurrying through the car? Why does he shout? Why are there people in this car? Why do they speak? What are they laughing at? It is all false, all a lie, all deception, all vanity and vexation."

When the train reached the station, Anna followed the other passengers, and tried to avoid too rude a contact with the bustling crowd. She hesitated on the platform, trying to recollect why she had come, and to ask herself what she meant to do. All that seemed to her possible before to do, now seemed to her difficult to execute,—especially amid this disagreeable crowd. Now the porters came to her, and offered her their services; now some young men, clattering up and down the platform, and talking loud, observed her curiously: and she knew not where to take refuge. Finally it occurred to her to stop an official, and ask him if a coachman had not been there with a letter for Count Vronsky.

"The Count Vronsky? Just now some one was here. He was inquiring for the Princess Sorokina and her daughter. What kind of a looking man is this coachman?"

Just then Anna espied the coachman Mikhaïl, rosy and gay in his elegant blue livery and watch-chain, coming towards her, and carrying a note, immensely proud that he had fulfilled his commission.

Anna broke the seal, and her heart stood still as she read the carelessly written lines:—

"I am very sorry that your note did not find me in Moscow. I shall return at ten o'clock."

"Yes, that is what I expected," she said to herself with a sardonic smile.

"Very good: you can go home," she said to Mikhaïl. She spoke the words slowly and gently, because her heart beat so that she could scarcely breathe or speak.

"No, I will not let you make me suffer so," thought she, addressing with a threat, not Vronsky so much as the thought that was torturing her; and she moved along the platform. Two chambermaids waiting there turned to look at her, and made

audible remarks about her toilet. "Just in style," they said, referring to her lace. The young men would not leave her in peace. They stared at her, and passed her again and again,—making their jokes so that she should hear. The station-master came to her, and asked if she was going to take the train. A lad selling *kvas* did not take his eyes from her.

"*Bozhe moï!* where shall I fly?" she said to herself.

When she reached the end of the platform she stopped. Some women and children were there, talking with a man in spectacles, who had probably come to the station to meet them. They too stopped, and turned to see Anna pass by. She hastened her steps. A truck full of trunks rumbled by, making the floor shake so that she felt as if she were on a moving train.

Suddenly she remembered the man who was run over on the day when she met Vronsky for the first time, and she knew then what was in store for her. With light and swift steps she descended the stairway which led from the pump at the end of the platform down to the rails, and stood very near the train, which was slowly passing by. She looked under the cars,—at the chains and the brake, and the high iron wheels,—and she tried to estimate with her eye the distance between the fore and back wheels, and the moment when the middle would be in front of her.

"There," she said, looking at the shadow of the car thrown upon the black coal-dust which covered the sleepers, "there, in the centre, he will be punished; and I shall be delivered from it all—and from myself."

Her little red traveling-bag caused her to lose the moment when she could throw herself under the wheels of the first car: she could not detach it from her arm. She awaited the second. A feeling like that she had experienced once, just before taking a dive in the river, came over her, and she made the sign of the cross. This familiar gesture called back to her soul, memories of youth and childhood. Life, with its elusive joys, glowed for an instant before her, but she did not take her eyes from the car; and when the middle, between the two wheels, appeared, she threw away her red bag, drawing her head between her shoulders, and with outstretched hands threw herself on her knees under the car. She had time to feel afraid. "Where am I? What am I doing? Why?" thought she, trying to draw back; but a great, inflexible mass struck her head, and threw her upon her back. "Lord, forgive me all!" she murmured, feeling the

struggle to be in vain. A little *muzhik* was working on the railroad, mumbling in his beard. And the candle by which she read, as in a book, the fulfillment of her life's work,—of its deceptions, its grief, and its torment,—flared up with greater brightness than she had ever known, revealing to her all that before was in darkness; then flickered, grew faint, and went out forever.

AT BORODINO

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When Pierre returned to Gorky after his visit to Prince André, he desired his servant to have his horses ready saddled, and to wake him at daybreak; then he went soundly to sleep in the corner that Boris had so obligingly offered him. When he woke, the cottage was empty, the little panes in the windows were trembling, and his man was shaking him to rouse him.

"Excellency, Excellency!" he shouted.

"Why — what is the matter? Is it begun?"

"Listen to the cannonade," said the man, who was an old soldier. "They have all been gone a long time; even his Highness."

Pierre hastily dressed and ran out. It was a brilliant, delicious morning: dewdrops sparkled everywhere; the sun sent level rays through the curtain of cloud, and a shaft of light fell across the roof and through the hanging mist, on the dusty road just moist with the night-dews — on the walls of the houses, the rough wood palings, and the horses standing saddled at the door. The roar of cannon grew louder and louder.

"Make haste, count, if you want to be in time!" shouted an aide-de-camp as he galloped past.

Pierre started on foot,—his man leading the horses,—and made his way by the road as far as the knoll from whence he had surveyed the field the day before. This mamelon was crowded with military; the staff officers could be heard talking French; and conspicuous among them all was Koutouzow's gray head under a white cap bound with red,—his fat neck sunk in his broad shoulders. He was studying the distance through a field-glass.

As he climbed the slope, Pierre was struck by the scene that spread before him. It was the same landscape that he had seen yesterday, but swarming now with an imposing mass of troops, wrapped in wreaths of smoke, and lighted up by the low sun, which was rising on the left and filling the pure upper air with quivering rose and gold, while on the earth lay long masses of black shadow. The clumps of trees that bordered the horizon might have been hewn out of some sparkling yellow-green gem; and beyond them again, far away, the Smolensk road could be made out, covered with troops. Close to the knoll the golden fields and dewy slopes were bathed in shimmering light; and everywhere to the right and left were soldiers, and still soldiers. It was animated, grandiose, and unexpected; but what especially interested Pierre was the actual field of battle,— Borodino and the valley of the Kolotcha, through which the river ran.

Above the stream, over Borodino, just where the Voïna makes its way through vast marshes to join the Kolotcha, rose one of those mists which, melting and dissolving before the sun's rays, gives an enchanted aspect and color to the landscape it transforms rather than hides.

The morning light glowed in this mist, and in the smoke which mixed with it here and there; and sparkled on the water, the dew, the bayonets,— even on Borodino. Through that transparent veil could be seen the white church, the hovel roofs of the village; and on every side serried masses of soldiers, green caissons, and guns. From the valley, from the heights and the slopes, from the woods, from the fields, came cannon shots, now singly, now in volleys; followed by puffs of smoke which wreathed, mingled, and faded away. And strange as it may appear, this smoke and cannonade were the most attractive features of the spectacle. Pierre was chafing to be there among the smoke and the sparkling bayonets, in the midst of the movement, close to the guns.

He turned to compare his own feelings with those which Koutouzow and his staff might be expected to feel at such a moment, and found on every face that suppressed excitement which he had noticed before; but which he had not understood until after his conversation with Prince André.

"Go, my friend, go," said Koutouzow to a general standing near him, "and God go with you." And the general who had taken the order went past Pierre down the hill.

"To the bridge!" he answered in reply to a question from another officer.

"And I too," thought Pierre, following him. The general mounted his horse, which a Cossack was holding; and Pierre, going up to his servant, asked which of his two steeds was the quietest to ride. Then clutching the beast's mane, leaning over his neck and clinging on by his heels, off he started. He felt that his spectacles were gone; however, as he would not, and indeed could not, let go of the bridle or the mane, away he went after the general, past the rest of the officers, who gazed at his headlong career.

The general led the way down the hill, and turned off sharp to the left; Pierre lost sight of him, and found himself riding through the ranks of an infantry regiment; he tried in vain to get out of the midst of the men, who surrounded him on all sides, and looked with angry surprise at this fat man in a white hat, who was knocking them about so heedlessly and at such a critical moment.

"Why the devil do you ride through a battalion?" asked one; and another gave the horse a prod with the butt-end of his musket. Pierre, clutching the saddle-bow, and holding in his frightened steed as best he might, was carried on at a furious speed, and presently found himself in an open space. In front of him was a bridge guarded by infantry firing briskly; without knowing it he had come down to the bridge between Gorky and Borodino, which the French, after taking the village, had come down to attack. On both sides of the river, and in the hay-fields he had seen from afar, soldiers were struggling frantically; still Pierre could not believe that he was witnessing the first act of a battle. He did not hear the bullets that were whistling about his ears, nor the balls that flew over his head; and it did not occur to him that the men on the other side of the river were the enemy, or that those who lay on the ground were wounded or killed.

"What on earth is he doing in front of the line?" shouted a voice. "Left! left! turn to the left!"

Pierre turned to the right, and ran up against an aide-de-camp of General Raïevsky's; the officer looked furious, and was about to abuse him roundly, when he recognized him.

"What brings you here?" said he, and he rode away.

Pierre, with a vague suspicion that he was not wanted there, and fearing he might be in the way, galloped after him.

"Is it here? May I follow you?" he asked.

"In a minute — wait a minute," said his friend, tearing down into the meadow to meet a burly colonel to whom he was carrying orders. Then he came back to Pierre.

"Tell me what on earth you have come here for? — to look on, I suppose?"

"Just so," said Pierre; while the officer wheeled his horse round and was starting off again.

"Here it is not such warm work yet, thank God! but there, where Bagration is to the left, they are getting it hot!"

"Really!" said Pierre. "Where?"

"Come up the hill with me: you will see very well from thence, and it is still bearable. Are you coming?"

"After you," said Pierre, looking round for his servant: then for the first time his eye fell on the wounded men who were dragging themselves to the rear, or being carried on litters; one poor little soldier, with his hat lying by his side, was stretched motionless on the field where the mown hay exhaled its stupefying scent.

"Why have they left that poor fellow?" Pierre was on the point of saying; but the aide-de-camp's look of pain as he turned away stopped the question on his lips. As he could nowhere see his servant, he rode on across the flat as far as Raïevsky's battery; but his horse could not keep up with the officer's, and shook him desperately.

"You are not used to riding, I see," said the aide-de-camp.

"Oh, it is nothing," said Pierre: "his pace is bad."

"The poor beast has had his off leg wounded just above the knee; a bullet must have caught him there. Well, I congratulate you, count, — it is your baptism of fire."

After passing the sixth corps they got, through dense smoke, to the rear of the artillery, which held an advanced position, and kept up an incessant and deafening fire. At last they found themselves in a little copse where the mild autumn air was clear of smoke. They dismounted and climbed the little hill.

"Is the general here?" asked the aide-de-camp.

"Just gone," was the answer. The officer turned to Pierre: he did not know what to do with him.

"Do not trouble yourself about me," said Bésoukhow. "I will go on to the top."

"Yes, do — and stay there: you will see everything, and it is comparatively safe. I will come back for you."

So they parted; and it was not till the end of the day that Pierre heard that his companion had one arm shot off. He went up to the battery that held the famous knoll which came to be known to the Russians as the "mamelon battery" or "Raïevsky's redoubt"; and to the French — who regarded it as the key of the position — as the "great redoubt," or the "fatal redoubt," or the "centre redoubt." At its foot fell tens of thousands.

The works were thrown up on a mamelon surrounded with trenches on three sides. Ten heavy guns poured forth death through the embrasures of a breastwork, while other pieces, continuing the line, never paused in their fire. The infantry stood somewhat further back.

Pierre had no suspicion of the paramount value of this point, but supposed it to be, on the contrary, of quite secondary importance. He sat down on the edge of the earthwork that screened the battery, and looked about with a smile of innocent satisfaction; now and then he got up to see what was going on, trying to keep out of the way of the men who were reloading the guns and pushing them forward each time, and of those who went to and fro carrying the heavy cartridges. Quite unlike the infantry outside, whose duty it was to protect the redoubt, the gunners standing on this speck of earth that was inclosed by its semicircle of trenches, and apart from the rest of the battle, seemed bound together in a kind of fraternal responsibility; and the appearance in their midst of a civilian like Pierre was by no means pleasing to them. They looked at him askance, and seemed almost alarmed at his presence: a tall artillery officer came close up to him and looked at him inquisitively; and a quite young lieutenant, rosy and baby-faced, who was in charge of two guns, turned round and said very severely: —

"You must have the goodness to go away, sir: you cannot remain here."

The gunners continued to shake their heads disapprovingly; but when they saw that the man in a white hat did not get in the way, — that he was content to sit still, or walk up and down in the face of the enemy's fire, as coolly as if it were a boulevard; that he stood aside politely to make room for them, with a shy smile, — their ill-humor gave place to sympathetic cordiality, such as soldiers are apt to feel for the dogs, cocks, or other animals that march with the regiment. They adopted him, as it were, and laughing at him among themselves, gave him the name of "Our Gentleman."

A ball fell within a couple of yards of Pierre, who only shook off the dust with which he was covered, and smiled as he looked round.

"And you are really not afraid, master?" said a stalwart, red-faced artilleryman, showing his white teeth in a grin.

"Well, are you afraid?"

"Ah, but you know they will have no respect for you. If one of them knocks you down it will kick your inside out! How can you help being afraid?" he added with a laugh.

Two or three more had stopped to look at Pierre; they had jolly, friendly faces, and seemed quite astonished to hear him talk like themselves.

"It is our business, master. But as for you, it is not at all the same thing, and it is wonderful." . . .

"Now then — serve the guns!" cried the young lieutenant, who was evidently on duty of this kind for the first or second time in his life, he was so extravagantly anxious to be blameless in his conduct to his chief and to his men.

The continual thunder of guns and musketry grew louder and louder, especially on the left, round Bagration's advanced work; but Pierre's attention was taken up with what was going on close to him, and the smoke prevented his seeing the progress of the action. His first impulse of gratified excitement had given way to a very different feeling, roused in the first instance by the sight of the little private lying in the hay-field. It was scarcely ten o'clock yet; twenty men had been carried away from the battery, and two guns were silenced. The enemy's missiles fell thicker and faster, and spent balls dropped about them with a buzz and a thud. The artillerymen did not seem to heed them: they were full of jests and high spirits.

"Look out, my beauty! Not this way,— try the infantry!" cried one man to a shell that spun across above their heads.

"Yes, go to the infantry," echoed a second; and he laughed as he saw the bomb explode among the foot soldiers.

"Hallo! Is that an acquaintance of yours?" cried a third, to a peasant who bowed low as a ball came past.

A knot of men had gathered close to the breastwork to look at something in the distance.

"Do you see? the advanced posts are retiring,— they are giving way!" said one.

"Mind your own business," cried an old sergeant. "If they are retiring, it is because there is something for them to do

elsewhere;" — he took one of them by the shoulders and shoved him forward with his knee. They all laughed.

"Forward No. 5!" was shouted from the other end.

"A long pull and a pull all together!" answered the men who were serving the gun.

"Hallo! That one nearly had our Gentleman's hat off!" said a wag, addressing Pierre. "Ah, you brute!" he added, as the ball hit the wheel of a gun-carriage and took off a man's leg.

"Here, you foxes!" cried another to the militiamen, who had been charged with the duty of removing the wounded, and who now crept forward, bent almost double. "This is not quite the sauce you fancy!"

"Look at those crows!" added a third to a party of the militia, who had stopped short in their horror at the sight of the man who had lost his leg.

Pierre observed that every ball that hit, and every man that fell, added to the general excitement. The soldiers' faces grew more fierce and more eager, as lightnings play round a thundercloud; and as though in defiance of that other storm that was raging around them. Pierre felt that this glow was infectious.

At ten o'clock the infantry sharpshooters, placed among the scrub in front of the battery and along the Kamenka brook, began to give way: he could see them running and carrying the wounded on their gunstocks. A general came up the mamelon, exchanged a few words with the colonel in command, shot a wrathful scowl at Pierre, and went away again, after ordering the infantrymen to fire lying down, so as to expose a smaller front. There was a sharp rattle of drums in the regiment below, and the line rushed forward. Pierre's attention was caught by the pale face of a young officer who was marching with them backwards, holding his sword point downwards, and looking behind him uneasily; in a minute they were lost to sight in the smoke, and Pierre only heard a confusion of cries, and the steady rattle of well-sustained firing. Then in a few minutes, the wounded were brought out of the *mêlée* on stretchers.

In the redoubt, projectiles were falling like hail, and several men were laid low; the soldiers were working with increased energy: no one heeded Pierre. Once or twice he was told to get out of the way; and the old commanding officer walked up and down from one gun to another, with his brows knit. The boy lieutenant, with flaming cheeks, was giving his orders more

incisively than ever; the gunners brought up the cartridges, loaded and fired with passionate celerity and zeal. They no longer walked; they sprang about as if they were moved by springs. The thunder-cloud was close overhead. Every face seemed to flash fire, and Pierre, now standing by the old colonel, felt as if the explosion was at hand; then the young lieutenant came up to the chief and saluted with his hand to the peak of his cap.

"I have the honor to inform you that there are only eight rounds left. Must we go on?"

"Grape-shot!" cried the colonel, instead of answering him; and at that moment the little lieutenant gave a cry, and dropped like a bird shot on the wing.

Everything whirled and swam before Pierre's eyes. A rain of ball was clattering on the breastwork, the men, and the guns. Pierre, who had not thought much about it hitherto, now heard nothing else. On the right some soldiers were running and shouting "Hurrah!"—but backwards surely, not forwards. A ball hit the earthwork close to where he was standing, and made the dust fly; at the same instant a black object seemed to leap up and bury itself in something soft. The militiamen made the best of their way down the slope again.

"Grape-shot!" repeated the old commander. A sergeant in much agitation ran to him, and told him in terrified undertones that the ammunition was all spent. He might have been a house-steward telling his master that the wine had run short.

"Rascals! what are they about?" cried the officer; he looked round at Pierre, his heated face streaming with perspiration, and his eyes flashing with a fever of excitement. "Run down to the reserve and fetch up a caisson," he added furiously to one of the soldiers.

"I will go," said Pierre.

The officer did not answer, but stepped aside. "Wait—don't fire!"

The man who had been ordered to fetch up the caisson ran against Pierre.

"It is not your place, master!" he said; and he set off as fast as he could go, down the slope. Pierre ran after him, taking care to avoid the spot where the boy lieutenant was lying. Two, three balls flew over his head, and fell close to him.

"Where am I going?" he suddenly asked himself when he was within a few feet of the ammunition stores. He stopped,

not knowing where to go. At the same instant a tremendous shock flung him face downwards on the ground; a sheet of flame blinded him; and a terrible shriek, ending in an explosion and rattle all round him, completely stunned him. When he presently recovered his senses, he was lying on the ground with his arms spread out. The caisson he had before seen had vanished; in its place the scorched grass was strewn with green boards, half burnt up, and with rags of clothing; one horse, shaking off the remains of his shafts, started away at a gallop; his mate, mortally injured, lay whinnying piteously.

Pierre, half crazy with terror, started to his feet, and ran back to the battery, as being the only place where he could find shelter from all these catastrophes. As he went he was surprised to hear no more firing, and to find the work occupied by a number of new-comers whom he could not recognize. The colonel was leaning over the breastwork as though he were looking down at something; and a soldier, struggling in the hands of some others, was shouting for help. He had not had time to understand that the commanding officer was dead, and the soldier a prisoner, when another was killed under his eyes by a bayonet thrust in the back. Indeed, he had scarcely set foot in the redoubt when a man in a dark-blue uniform, with a lean brown face, threw himself on him, sword in hand. Pierre instinctively dodged, and seized his assailant by the neck and shoulder. It was a French officer; but he dropped his sword and took Pierre by the collar. They stood for a few seconds face to face, each looking more astonished than the other at what he had just done.

"Am I his prisoner or is he mine?" was the question in both their minds.

The Frenchman was inclined to accept the first alternative; for Pierre's powerful hand was tightening its clutch on his throat. He seemed to be trying to speak, when a ball came singing close over their heads, and Pierre almost thought it had carried off his prisoner's—he ducked it with such amazing promptitude. He himself did the same, and let go. The Frenchman, being no longer curious to settle which was the other's prize, fled into the battery; while Pierre made off down the hill, stumbling over the dead and wounded, and fancying in his panic that they clutched at his garments. As he got to the bottom he met a dense mass of Russians, running as if they were flying from the foe, but

all rushing towards the battery. This was the attack of which Yermolow took all the credit; declaring to all who would listen to him that his good star and daring alone could have carried it through. He pretended that he had had his pockets full of crosses of St. George, which he had strewn all over the mamelon. The French, who had captured the redoubt, now in their turn fled, and the Russians pursued them with such desperate determination that it was impossible to stop them.

The prisoners were led away from the spot; among them was a wounded general who was at once surrounded by Russian officers. Hundreds of wounded,— French and Russians,— their faces drawn with anguish, were carried off the mamelon, or dragged themselves away. Once more Pierre went up; but those who had been his friends there were gone: he found only a heap of slain, for the most part unknown to him, though he saw the young lieutenant still in the same place by the earthwork, sunk in a heap in a pool of blood; the ruddy-faced gunner still moved convulsively, but was too far gone to be carried away. Pierre fairly took to his heels. "They must surely leave off now," he thought. "They must be horrified at what they have done." And he mechanically followed in the wake of the procession of litters which were quitting the field of action.

The sun, shrouded in the cloud of smoke, was still high above the horizon. Away to the left, and particularly round Séménovski, a confused mass swayed and struggled in the distance, and the steady roar of cannon and musketry, far from diminishing, swelled louder and louder; it was like the wild despairing effort of a man who collects all his strength for a last furious cry.

The principal scene of action had been over a space of about two versts, lying between Borodino and the advanced works held by Bagration. Beyond this radius the cavalry at Ouvarow had made a short diversion in the middle of the day; and behind Outitza, Poniatowski and Toutchkow had come to blows: but these were relatively trifling episodes. It was on the plain, between the village and Bagration's intrenchment,— a tract of open ground almost clear of copse or brushwood,— that the real engagement was fought, and in the simplest way. The signal to begin was given on each side by the firing of above a hundred cannon. Then as the smoke rolled down in a thick cloud, the divisions under Desaix and Compans attacked Bagration, while the Viceroy's marched on Borodino. It was about a verst from

Bagration's position to Schevardino, where Napoleon had posted himself; and more than two, as the crow flies, from those advanced works to Borodino. Napoleon could not therefore be aware of what was going on there, for the whole valley was shrouded in smoke. Desaix's men were invisible as soon as they got into the hollow, and when they had disappeared they could be seen no more, as the opposite slope was hidden from view. Here and there a black mass, or a few bayonets, might be seen; still, from the redoubt at Schevardino, no one could be certain whether the hostile armies were moving or standing still. The slanting rays of a glorious sun lighted up Napoleon's face, and he screened his eyes with his hand to examine the defenses opposite. Shouts rose now and then above the rattle of musketry, but the smoke thickened and curtained everything from view. He went down from the eminence and walked up and down, stopping now and then to listen to the artillery, and looking at the field of battle; but neither from where he stood, nor from the knoll, where he had left his generals, nor from the intrenchments, which had fallen into the hands of the French and the Russians alternately, could anything that was happening be discovered.

For several hours in succession, now the French came into view and now the Russians,—now the infantry and now the cavalry; they seemed to surge up, to fall, struggle, jostle, and then, not knowing what to do, shouted and ran forwards or backwards. Napoleon's aides-de-camp, orderly officers, and marshals, rode up every few minutes to report progress: but these reports were necessarily fictitious, because, in the turmoil and fire, it was impossible to know exactly how matters stood; and because most of the aides-de-camp were content to repeat what was told them, without going themselves to the scene of action; because, too, during the few minutes that it took them to ride back again, everything changed, and what had been true was then false. Thus, one of the Viceroy's aides-de-camp flew to tell the Emperor that Borodino was taken, that the bridge over the Kolotcha was held by the French, and to ask Napoleon whether troops should be made to cross it or no. Napoleon's commands were to form in line on the other side and wait; but even while he was giving this order, and at the very time when the aide-de-camp was leaving Borodino, the bridge had been recaptured and burnt by the Russians in the conflict with which Pierre had

got mixed up at the beginning of the engagement. Another aide-de-camp came riding up, with a scared face, to say that the attack on the advanced works had been repulsed, that Compans was wounded and Davoust killed; while in fact, the intrenchments had been recaptured by fresh troops, and Davoust had only been bruised.

As the outcome of these reports,—which were inevitably inaccurate by the mere force of circumstances,—Napoleon made fresh arrangements, which if they had not been anticipated by prompt action on the spot, must have come too late. The marshals and generals in command, who were nearer to the struggle than he was, and who now and then exposed themselves to fire, took steps without waiting to refer to the Emperor, directed the artillery, and brought up the cavalry on this side or the infantry on that. Often, however, their orders were only half executed, or not heeded at all. The ranks that were ordered to advance, flinched and turned tail as soon as they smelt grape-shot; those who ought to have stood firm, fled or rushed on as they saw the foe rise up before them; and the cavalry, again, would bolt off to catch the Russian fugitives. In this way two regiments of cavalry charged across the ravine of Séménovski, dashed up the hill, turned right round and pelted back again, while the infantry performed much the same feat,—allowing itself to be completely carried away. Hence all the decisions necessitated by the events of the moment were taken by those in immediate command, without waiting for orders from Ney, Davoust, or Murat—much less from Napoleon. They did not hesitate indeed to take the responsibility; since during the struggle a man's sole idea is to escape with his life, and in seeking his own safety he rushes forward or back, and acts under the immediate influence of his own personal excitement.

On the whole, after all, these various movements resulting from mere chance neither helped, nor even altered, the attitude of the troops. Their attacks and blows did little harm: it was the round shot and shell flying across the wide plain that brought death and wounds. As soon as the men were out of range of the cannon, their leaders had them in hand, formed them into line, brought them under discipline; and by sheer force of that discipline, led them back into the ring of iron and fire, where they again lost their presence of mind, and fled headlong, dragging one another into the stampede.

Davoust, Murat, and Ney had led forward their troops under fire again and again in enormous masses and in perfect order: but instead of seeing the enemy take to flight, as in so many previous battles, these disciplined troops turned back disbanded and panic-stricken; in vain they reformed their ranks,—their numbers perceptibly dwindled. About noon Murat sent a message to Napoleon to ask for reinforcements. Napoleon was sitting at the foot of the knoll drinking punch. When the aide-de-camp came up and said the Russians could certainly be routed if his Majesty would send a reinforcement, Napoleon looked stern and astonished.

"Reinforcements?" he cried, as if he did not understand the meaning of the request; and he looked up at the handsome lad with curly hair who had been sent on the errand.

"Reinforcements!" he repeated to himself in an undertone. "What more can they want of me, when they have half of the army at their disposal in front of the Russian left wing, which has not even an intrenchment? Tell the King of Naples that it is not yet noon, and I do not see my way on the chessboard. Go." The handsome young fellow sighed, and with his hand still up to his shako, rode back into the fire. Napoleon rose and called Caulaincourt and Berthier, with whom he discussed various matters not relating to the battle. In the middle of the conversation Berthier's attention was attracted by seeing a general riding a horse covered with foam, and coming towards the mamelon with his staff. This was Belliard. He dismounted; and hastening towards the Emperor, explained to him in loud and positive tones, that the reinforcements must be sent up. He swore on his honor that the Russians would be utterly cut up if the Emperor would only send forward one division. Napoleon shrugged his shoulders and said nothing, still walking up and down; while Belliard vehemently expressed his opinions to the generals who stood round him.

"Belliard, you are too hot-headed," said Napoleon. "It is so easy to make a mistake in the thick of the fray. Go back; look again, and then return!"

Belliard had hardly disappeared when another messenger arrived from the scene of action.

"Well, what now?" said Napoleon, in the tone of a man who is worried by unlooked-for difficulties.

"Your Majesty, the prince—"

"Wants reinforcements, I suppose?"

The aide-de-camp bowed affirmatively. Napoleon turned away, went forward a step or two, turned back and addressed Berthier.

"We must send them the reserves — what do you think? Who can we send to help that gosling I hatched into an eagle?"

"Let us send Claparède's division, sire," replied Berthier, who knew every division, regiment, and battalion by name.

The Emperor nodded approval: the aide-de-camp went off at a gallop towards Claparède's division; and a few minutes later the regiment known as the Young Guard (in contradistinction to the Old Guard), which stood in reserve behind the mamelon, began to move forward. Napoleon stood looking at it.

"No," he said suddenly, "I cannot send Claparède; send Friant."

Though there was nothing to be gained by moving the second rather than the first, and in fact the immediate result was great delay, this order was carried out exactly. Napoleon, though he little suspected it, was dealing with his army like a doctor who impedes the course of nature by the application of remedies: a method he was always ready to criticize severely in others. Friant's division was soon lost to sight in the smoke, with the rest; while aides-de-camp came in from every point of the action, as if they had conspired to make the same demand. All reported that the Russians stood firm in their positions, and were keeping up a terrific fire under which the French were fairly melting away. M. de Beausset, who was still fasting, went up to the Emperor, who had taken a seat on a camp-stool, and respectfully suggested breakfast.

"I fancy I may congratulate your Majesty on a victory?" he said.

Napoleon shook his head. M. de Beausset, thinking that this negative referred to the assumed victory, took the liberty of remarking, in a half-jesting tone, that there could be no mortal reason against their having some breakfast as soon as it might be possible.

"Go — you —" Napoleon suddenly began, and he turned away.

A smile of pity and dejection was Beausset's comment, as he left the Emperor and joined the officers.

Napoleon was going through the painful experience of a gambler, who, after a long run of luck, has calculated every chance and staked handfuls of gold, and then finds himself beaten after

all,—just because he has played too elaborately. The troops and commanders were the same as of old; his plans well laid; his address short and vigorous; he was sure of himself, and of his experience,—his genius which had ripened with years; the enemy in front was the same as at Austerlitz and Friedland; he had counted on falling on him tooth and nail—and the stroke had failed as if by magic. He was wont to see his designs crowned with success. To-day, as usual, he had concentrated his fire on a single point, had thrown forward his reserves and his cavalry—men of steel—to break through the Russian lines; and yet Victory held aloof. From all sides came the cry for reinforcement, the news that generals were killed or wounded, that the regiments were demoralized, that it was impossible to move the Russians. On other occasions, after two or three moves, and two or three orders hastily given, the aides-de-camp and marshals had come to him beaming, to announce with compliments and congratulations that whole corps had been taken prisoners,—to bring in sheaves of standards and eagles taken from the foe; trains of cannon had rattled up behind them, and Murat had asked leave to charge the baggage-wagons with cavalry! This was how things had gone at Lodi, at Marengo, at Arcola, at Jena, at Austerlitz, at Wagram. To-day something strange was in the air: the Russian advanced works, to be sure, had been taken by storm; still he felt it, and he knew that all his staff felt it too. Every face was gloomy; each man avoided catching his neighbor's eye: and Napoleon himself knew better than any one else what was the meaning of a struggle that had lasted eight hours, and had not yet resulted in victory, though all his forces had been engaged. He knew that it was a drawn game, and that even now the smallest turn of fortune might, at this critical moment, involve him and his army in ruin.

As he thought over this weird campaign in Russia,—in which, during two months' fighting, not a battle had been won, not a flag, not a gun, not a company of men had been captured,—the dismal faces of his courtiers, and their lamentations over the obstinacy of the Russians, oppressed him like a nightmare. The Russians might at any moment fall on his left wing, or break through his centre! A spent ball might even hit him! All these things were possible. He had been used to look forward to none but happy chances; to-day, on the contrary, an endless series of chances, all against him, rose before his fancy. When he heard

that the left wing was in fact attacked by the enemy, he was panic-stricken. Berthier came up, and suggested that he should ride round and judge for himself of the state of affairs.

"What? What did you say? Ah! yes, to be sure; call for my horse—" And he started towards Séménovski.

All along the road nothing was to be seen but horses and men, singly or in heaps, lying in pools of blood; neither Napoleon nor his generals had ever seen so many slain within so small a space. The hollow roar of the cannon, which had never ceased for ten hours, and of which the ear was weary, made a sinister accompaniment to the scene. Having reached the height above Séménovski, he could see in the distance, across the smoke, close lines of uniforms of unfamiliar colors: these were the Russians. They stood in compact masses behind the village and the knoll, and their guns still thundered unremittingly all along the line: it was not a battle,—it was butchery, equally fruitless to both sides. Napoleon stopped and relapsed into the revery from which Berthier had roused him. It was impossible to put an end to the slaughter, and yet he it was who, to the world, was the responsible authority; this first repulse brought home to him all the horror and waste of such massacres.

One of the generals ventured to suggest that the Old Guard should be sent forward; Ney and Berthier exchanged glances and smiled in contempt for so preposterous a notion. Napoleon sat in silence, with his head down.

"We are eight hundred leagues from home," he suddenly exclaimed; "and I will not have my Guards cut to pieces!" Then turning his horse, he galloped back to Schevardino.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE

(1815–1882)

BY JANE GROSVENOR COOKE

IN THE pictured face of Anthony Trollope there is a certain bourgeois quality. The kindly deep-set eyes are shrewd rather than thoughtful. The rugged features express practical experience, and more of common than of uncommon sense.

Anthony Trollope, third son of a scholarly but unpractical gentleman, came into the world soon after the family fortunes began to ebb; and hence passed an embittered childhood, which strongly influenced his mental development. Soon after his birth in London, in 1815, his father moved to Harrow, and began the unfortunate attempt at farming recounted in Anthony's 'Autobiography.' The bookish visionary was still wrestling unhappily with the alternation of crops, and devoting spare moments to the preparation of an 'Encyclopædia Ecclesiastica,' — which he never finished,— when at seven years old, Anthony was sent as day scholar to Harrow School. The Trollopes' big poverty-stricken household was neither comfortable nor well ordered. Anthony describes himself as a shy and dirty lad, feeling from babyhood the degradation of a poverty which unclassed him. After three wretched years of social ostracism at Harrow, he was sent to Winchester College, where his experience was much the same. Meantime Mr. Trollope grew constantly poorer; and finally his wife, with three of her children, went to America in a heroic endeavor to better things. The bazaar for fancy articles which she established at Cincinnati was a failure; but she exercised her keen wit and ready observation upon the novel New World life, and soon after her return published 'The Domestic Manners of the Americans' (1832), with a gratifying pecuniary result. This she speedily followed with a successful novel; and from this time, for many years, she was the family bread-winner.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE

Left with his father while his mother was in America, Anthony fared worse than ever. The plain sturdy lad was sensitive; and the

mortification of his lot cowed him for a time. How could he maintain self-respect when he alone of all the schoolboy world had no pocket-money, could not contribute his quota to the servants' fees, and heard the tutor tell people that he was gratuitously instructed? He returned to Harrow School, and remained in its unfriendly atmosphere until nearly nineteen. Youthful buoyancy and ideality were naturally scorched in this hot shame; and thus Anthony Trollope learned the esteem for money, and the practical view of life, evident in his stories. The constant repulse to his longing for affection and approbation, while encasing him in reserve and *gaucherie*, had one beneficial result: it whetted his naturally keen observation; and he appreciated with greater discrimination of mind and heart the pleasant comradeship he saw but could not share. It has often been thought curious that his scanty opportunities for social life should have resulted in such graphic and comprehensive pictures of society. But those to whom an experience is commonplace are usually not its most capable describers. Regarding much as self-evident, and so ignoring it, they draw blurred unfinished pictures. Nothing escapes an attention which is absorbed not in doing, but in longing to do, like others.

Naturally Trollope's ideal became that of money-getting. His was never the miserly spirit of mere acquisition; but he loved money for what it represented of liberal natural life,—of friends, beauty, and pleasure.

There were hard humiliating years still before him, when, his education completed, and after much family discussion as to his future, he was sent to London in 1834, and established as a government clerk in the General Post Office, with a salary of £100 a year. To his inexperience this seemed almost wealth; but he soon realized its inadequacy to keep him out of debt. He was an unpopular employé, —stubborn, tactless; and frequently on the verge of dismissal. After seven years of this unsatisfactory life, he was transferred to Ireland as surveyor's clerk, with a salary of £100, and perquisites amounting to £400 more; and this change inaugurated his prosperity. The chance to start over again, untrammeled by an unfortunate reputation, was what he needed; and for the following twenty-six years he was interested and efficient in his official duties.

But under other preoccupations, Anthony Trollope had always nursed literary ambitions. His mother, brother, and sister, were all writing; but when he announced that he had a novel in manuscript, his family felt the news "an unfortunate aggravation of the disease." In spite of misgivings, his mother found him a publisher; and in 1847 'The Macdermots of Ballycloran' appeared, and found very few readers. A second Irish story, 'The Kellys and the O'Kellys,' was

equally unsuccessful. Difficulty only made Trollope more persevering; and ten years later he was one of the most popular of English novelists. Thousands of readers found the men and women of his books almost as real as those they saw, and felt for them as genuine likings and dislikes. Nathaniel Hawthorne's keen appreciation best sums up the effect produced; and it was very grateful to Anthony Trollope, because it showed that he had accomplished just what he attempted:

«Have you ever read the novels of Anthony Trollope?» Hawthorne asks. «They precisely suit my taste. Solid and substantial, written on the strength of beef and through the inspiration of ale, and just as real as if some giant had hewn a great lump out of the earth, and put it under a glass case, with all its inhabitants going about their daily business, and not suspecting that they were being made a show of; and these books are just as English as a beefsteak.»

Although Trollope wrote for money, as he frankly admits, he was also ambitious of fame, of a desirable place in public estimation. His honest mind never attributed to itself genius. He never aspired to poetic heights. But he did believe that he could tell a story so as to interest people.

Unlike his friend Wilkie Collins, he could not devise startling situations, or an ingenious puzzle of a plot. But then, character appealed to him more strongly than incident.

With many fine qualities, his nature was slightly tinged with mediocrity. So, naturally enough, he felt more interest in the kind of men and women he saw about him than in unusual characters. He loved to show people in the every-day relations of life,—acting and reacting upon each other,—and in the English setting he best knew. Thus he was a forerunner of our later realism, with its effort to fix contemporary life. Of strong yet simple emotions himself, with a satirically humorous sense of common self-deceptions and foibles, and also an optimistic belief in human nobility, he pictures the world to which most of his readers belong.

More idealistic minds find something revolting in Trollope's method of work. He exulted in his own capacity for plodding, and could not understand George Eliot's shudders when he boasted of his twenty pages a week, and two hundred and fifty words a page,—which, sick or well, he forced himself to accomplish. «To me it would not be more absurd if the shoemaker were to wait for inspiration, or the tallow-chandler for the divine moment of melting,» he maintained. This hard-and-fast system, although conducive to quantity, was somewhat deleterious to quality. Anthony Trollope was very prolific. He wrote many magazine sketches, short stories, and books of travel; and did a great deal of editorial work in connection with the Cornhill Magazine and the Fortnightly Magazine, in

addition to about thirty novels. But of all his works perhaps only 'The Parliamentary Series,' 'The Chronicles of Barset,' and 'Orley Farm,'—by many considered his best story,—have permanent qualities of merit. 'Phineas Finn,' 'Phineas Redux,' 'Can You Forgive Her?' 'The Duke's Children,' 'The Prime Minister,' afford an intimate acquaintance with London life and the complications of English politics; and are full of brilliant character sketches. But for simple human interest they are inferior to the 'Chronicles.' Wandering about Salisbury one day, Anthony Trollope conceived the idea of 'The Warden,'—the first and shortest of the five included in this series. Its reception showed him that he had learned at last how to gratify the public. The imaginary county of Barset became very real to novel readers. Gentle Bishop Proudie, impotent under the rule of his shrewish wife; the impressive but shallow archdeacon, his good sensible wife, and his wife's relations, with their exaggerated respect for ecclesiastical precedences, involving petty squabbles,—form the background for pleasant romances. Trollope delights in pretty, sensible, spirited girls. Grace Crawley, Lily Dale, Mary Thorne, and their sisterhood, are fine warm-hearted young women. Perhaps the most lovable character in all Trollope's works is mild Mr. Harding,—a pure-minded and simple Christian, loving his faith, and trying his best to live it consistently.

Trollope never forces a moral. His tales were written for the recreation of others, although it was a matter of pride with him that the pleasure he furnished was always wholesome.

Trollope saw the world as a sphere of many satisfactions, much pleasure, and little joy. Most people, it seemed to him, struggling more or less cheerfully through difficulties, find life something of a makeshift. This truth he shows, and emphasizes in a rich voluminous style,—like that of a ready talker with a copious vocabulary at command.

It is pleasant to remember that after his hard youth, Anthony Trollope passed years of comfort and congenial companionship. His frank delight in the Garrick Club—where he met Dickens, Thackeray, Wilkie Collins, and other gifted men—compensated his solitary boyhood. Another enduring pleasure was hunting. He kept fine horses, and followed the hounds clumsily but enthusiastically almost to the time of his death in 1882.

Jane Grosvenor Cooke.

WAR

From 'Barchester Towers'

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the archdeacon, as he placed his foot on the gravel walk of the close, and raising his hat with one hand, passed the other somewhat violently over his now grizzled locks. Smoke issued forth from the uplifted beaver as it were a cloud of wrath; and the safety-valve of his anger opened, and emitted a visible steam, preventing positive explosion and probable apoplexy. "Good heavens!"—and the archdeacon looked up to the gray pinnacles of the cathedral tower, making a mute appeal to that still living witness which had looked down on the doings of so many bishops of Barchester.

"I don't think I shall ever like that Mr. Slope," said Mr. Harding.

"Like him!" roared the archdeacon, standing still for a moment to give more force to his voice; "like him!" All the ravens of the close cawed their assent. The old bells of the tower, in chiming the hour, echoed the words; and the swallows flying out from their nests mutely expressed a similar opinion. Like Mr. Slope! Why no, it was not very probable that any Barchester-bred living thing should like Mr. Slope!

"Nor Mrs. Proudie either," said Mr. Harding.

The archdeacon hereupon forgot himself. I will not follow his example, nor shock my readers by transcribing the term in which he expressed his feeling as to the lady who had been named. The ravens and the last lingering notes of the clock bells were less scrupulous, and repeated in corresponding echoes the very improper exclamation. The archdeacon again raised his hat, and another salutary escape of steam was effected.

There was a pause, during which the precentor tried to realize the fact that the wife of a bishop of Barchester had been thus designated, in the close of the cathedral, by the lips of its own archdeacon; but he could not do it.

"The bishop seems to be a quiet man enough," suggested Mr. Harding, having acknowledged to himself his own failure.

"Idiot!" exclaimed the doctor, who for the nonce was not capable of more than such spasmodic attempts at utterance.

"Well, he did not seem very bright," said Mr. Harding; "and yet he has always had the reputation of a clever man. I

suppose he's cautious and not inclined to express himself very freely."

The new bishop of Barchester was already so contemptible a creature in Dr. Grantly's eyes that he could not condescend to discuss his character. He was a puppet to be played by others; a mere wax doll, done up in an apron and a shovel hat, to be stuck on a throne or elsewhere, and pulled about by wires as others chose. Dr. Grantly did not choose to let himself down low enough to talk about Dr. Proudie; but he saw that he would have to talk about the other members of his household, the co-adjutor bishops, who had brought his Lordship down, as it were, in a box, and were about to handle the wires as they willed. This in itself was a terrible vexation to the archdeacon. Could he have ignored the chaplain, and have fought the bishop, there would have been, at any rate, nothing degrading in such a contest. Let the Queen make whom she would bishop of Barchester: a man, or even an ape, when once a bishop, would be a respectable adversary, if he would but fight, himself. But what was such a person as Dr. Grantly to do, when such another person as Mr. Slope was put forward as his antagonist?

If he, our archdeacon, refused the combat, Mr. Slope would walk triumphant over the field, and have the diocese of Barchester under his heel.

If, on the other hand, the archdeacon accepted as his enemy the man whom the new puppet bishop put before him as such, he would have to talk about Mr. Slope, and write about Mr. Slope, and in all matters treat with Mr. Slope, as a being standing in some degree on ground similar to his own. He would have to meet Mr. Slope; to— Bah! the idea was sickening. He could not bring himself to have to do with Mr. Slope.

"He is the most thoroughly bestial creature that ever I set my eyes upon," said the archdeacon.

"Who—the bishop?" asked the other innocently.

"Bishop! no;—I'm not talking about the bishop. How on earth such a creature got ordained! They'll ordain anybody now, I know: but he's been in the Church these ten years; and they used to be a little careful ten years ago."

"Oh! you mean Mr. Slope."

"Did you ever see any animal less like a gentleman?" asked Dr. Grantly.

"I can't say I felt myself much disposed to like him."

"Like him!" again shouted the doctor, and the assenting ravens again cawed an echo. "Of course you don't like him. It's not a question of liking. But what are we to do with him?"

"Do with him?" asked Mr. Harding.

"Yes;—what are we to do with him? How are we to treat him? There he is, and there he'll stay. He has put his foot in that palace, and he will never take it out again till he's driven. How are we to get rid of him?"

"I don't suppose he can do us much harm."

"Not do harm!—Well: I think you'll find yourself of a different opinion before a month is gone. What would you say now if he got himself put into the hospital? Would that be harm?"

Mr. Harding mused awhile, and then said he didn't think the new bishop would put Mr. Slope into the hospital.

"If he doesn't put him there, he'll put him somewhere else where he'll be as bad. I tell you that that man, to all intents and purposes, will be bishop of Barchester." Then again Dr. Grantly raised his hat, and rubbed his hand thoughtfully and sadly over his head.

"Impudent scoundrel!" he continued after a while. "To dare to cross-examine me about the Sunday schools in the diocese,—and Sunday traveling too. I never in my life met his equal for sheer impudence. Why, he must have thought we were two candidates for ordination!"

"I declare I thought Mrs. Proudie was the worst of the two," said Mr. Harding.

"When a woman is impertinent, one must only put up with it, and keep out of her way in future. But I am not inclined to put up with Mr. Slope. 'Sabbath traveling!'" and the doctor attempted to imitate the peculiar drawl of the man he so much disliked: "'Sabbath traveling!' Those are the sort of men who will ruin the Church of England, and make the profession of a clergyman disreputable. It is not the dissenters or the papists that we should fear, but the set of canting, low-bred hypocrites who are wriggling their way in among us; men who have no fixed principle, no standard ideas of religion or doctrine, but who take up some popular cry, as this fellow has done about 'Sabbath traveling.'"

Dr. Grantly did not again repeat the question aloud, but he did so constantly to himself, "What were they to do with Mr. Slope?"

How was he openly, before the world, to show that he utterly disapproved of and abhorred such a man?

Hitherto Barchester had escaped the taint of any extreme rigor of church doctrine. The clergymen of the city and neighborhood, though very well inclined to promote high-class principles, privileges, and prerogatives, had never committed themselves to tendencies which are somewhat too loosely called Puseyite practices. They all preached in their black gowns, as their fathers had done before them; they wore ordinary black cloth waistcoats; they had no candles on their altars, either lighted or unlighted; they made no peculiar genuflexions, and were contented to confine themselves to such ceremonial observances as had been in vogue for the last hundred years. The services were decently and demurely read in their parish churches, chanting was confined to the cathedral, and the science of intoning was unknown. One young man who had come direct from Oxford as a curate to Plumstead had, after the lapse of two or three Sundays, made a faint attempt, much to the bewilderment of the poorer part of the congregation. Dr. Grantly had not been present on the occasion; but Mrs. Grantly, who had her own opinion on the subject, immediately after the service expressed a hope that the young gentleman had not been taken ill, and offered to send him all kinds of condiments supposed to be good for a sore throat. After that there had been no more intoning at Plumstead Episcopi.

But now the archdeacon began to meditate on some strong measures of absolute opposition. Dr. Proudie and his crew were of the lowest possible order of Church of England clergymen; and therefore it behoved him, Dr. Grantly, to be of the very highest. Dr. Proudie would abolish all forms and ceremonies; and therefore Dr. Grantly felt the sudden necessity of multiplying them. Dr. Proudie would consent to deprive the Church of all collective authority and rule; and therefore Dr. Grantly would stand up for the full power of convocation, and the renewal of all its ancient privileges.

It was true that he could not himself intone the service; but he could procure the co-operation of any number of gentlemanlike curates well trained in the mystery of doing so. He would not willingly alter his own fashion of dress; but he could people Barchester with young clergymen dressed in the longest frocks, and in the highest-breasted silk waistcoats. He certainly was not

prepared to cross himself, or to advocate the real presence; but without going this length, there were various observances, by adopting which he could plainly show his antipathy to such men as Dr. Proudie and Mr. Slope.

All these things passed through his mind as he paced up and down the close with Mr. Harding. War, war, internecine war was in his heart. He felt that, as regarded himself and Mr. Slope, one of the two must be annihilated as far as the city of Barchester was concerned; and he did not intend to give way until there was not left to him an inch of ground on which he could stand. He still flattered himself that he could make Barchester too hot to hold Mr. Slope; and he had no weakness of spirit to prevent his bringing about such a consummation if it were in his power.

"I suppose Susan must call at the palace," said Mr. Harding.

"Yes, she shall call there; but it shall be once and once only. I dare say 'the horses' won't find it convenient to come out to Plumstead very soon, and when that once is done the matter may drop."

"I don't suppose Eleanor need call. I don't think Eleanor would get on at all well with Mrs. Proudie."

"Not the least necessity in life," replied the archdeacon, reflecting that a ceremony which was necessary for his wife might not be at all binding on the widow of John Bold. "Not the slightest reason on earth why she should do so, if she doesn't like it. For myself, I don't think that any decent young woman should be subjected to the nuisance of being in the same room with that man."

And so the two clergymen parted; Mr. Harding going to his daughter's house, and the archdeacon seeking the seclusion of his brougham.

The new inhabitants of the palace did not express any higher opinion of their visitors than their visitors had expressed of them. Though they did not use quite such strong language as Dr. Grantly had done, they felt as much personal aversion, and were quite as well aware as he was that there would be a battle to be fought, and that there was hardly room for Proudieism in Barchester as long as Grantlyism was predominant.

Indeed, it may be doubted whether Mr. Slope had not already within his breast a better prepared system of strategy, a more accurately defined line of hostile conduct, than the archdeacon.

Dr. Grantly was going to fight because he found that he hated the man. Mr. Slope had predetermined to hate the man because he foresaw the necessity of fighting him. When he had first reviewed the *carte du pays*, previous to his entry into Barchester, the idea had occurred to him of conciliating the archdeacon, of cajoling and flattering him into submission, and of obtaining the upper hand by cunning instead of courage. A little inquiry, however, sufficed to convince him that all his cunning would fail to win over such a man as Dr. Grantly to such a mode of action as that to be adopted by Mr. Slope; and he then determined to fall back upon his courage. He at once saw that open battle against Dr. Grantly and all Dr. Grantly's adherents was a necessity of his position, and he deliberately planned the most expedient methods of giving offense.

Soon after his arrival, the bishop had intimated to the dean that with the permission of the canon then in residence, his chaplain would preach in the cathedral on the next Sunday. The canon in residence happened to be the Hon. and Rev. Dr. Vesey Stanhope, who at this time was very busy on the shores of the Lake of Como, adding to that unique collection of butterflies for which he is so famous. Or rather, he would have been in residence but for the butterflies and other such summer-day considerations; and the vicar-choral, who was to take his place in the pulpit, by no means objected to having his work done for him by Mr. Slope.

Mr. Slope accordingly preached; and if a preacher can have satisfaction in being listened to, Mr. Slope ought to have been gratified. I have reason to think that he was gratified, and that he left the pulpit with the conviction that he had done what he intended to do when he entered it.

On this occasion the new bishop took his seat for the first time in the throne allotted to him. New scarlet cushions and drapery had been prepared, with new gilt binding and new fringe. The old carved oak-wood of the throne, ascending with its numerous grotesque pinnacles half-way up to the roof of the choir, had been washed, and dusted, and rubbed, and it all looked very smart. Ah! how often sitting there, in happy early days, on those lowly benches in front of the altar, have I whiled away the tedium of a sermon in considering how best I might thread my way up amidst those wooden towers, and climb safely to the topmost pinnacle!

All Barchester went to hear Mr. Slope;—either for that or to gaze at the new bishop. All the best bonnets of the city were there, and moreover all the best glossy clerical hats. Not a stall but had its fitting occupant; for though some of the prebendaries might be away in Italy or elsewhere, their places were filled by brethren who flocked into Barchester on the occasion. The dean was there,—a heavy old man, now too old indeed to attend frequently in his place,—and so was the archdeacon. So also were the chancellor, the treasurer, the precentor, sundry canons and minor canons, and every lay member of the choir, prepared to sing the new bishop in with due melody and harmonious expression of sacred welcome.

The service was certainly very well performed. Such was always the case at Barchester, as the musical education of the choir had been good, and the voices had been carefully selected. The psalms were beautifully chanted; the Te Deum was magnificently sung; and the litany was given in a manner which is still to be found at Barchester, but, if my taste be correct, is to be found nowhere else. The litany in Barchester cathedral has long been the special task to which Mr. Harding's skill and voice have been devoted. Crowded audiences generally make good performers; and though Mr. Harding was not aware of any extraordinary exertion on his part, yet probably he rather exceeded his usual mark. Others were doing their best, and it was natural that he should emulate his brethren. So the service went on, and at last Mr. Slope got into the pulpit.

He chose for his text a verse from the precepts addressed by St. Paul to Timothy, as to the conduct necessary in a spiritual pastor and guide; and it was immediately evident that the good clergy of Barchester were to have a lesson.

"Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." These were the words of his text; and with such a subject in such a place, it may be supposed that such a preacher would be listened to by such an audience. He was listened to with breathless attention, and not without considerable surprise. Whatever opinion of Mr. Slope might have been held in Barchester before he commenced his discourse, none of his hearers, when it was over, could mistake him either for a fool or a coward.

It would not be becoming were I to travesty a sermon, or even to repeat the language of it in the pages of a novel. In

endeavoring to depict the characters of the persons of whom I write, I am to a certain extent forced to speak of sacred things. I trust, however, that I shall not be thought to scoff at the pulpit, though some may imagine that I do not feel all the reverence that is due to the cloth. I may question the infallibility of the teachers, but I hope that I shall not therefore be accused of doubt as to the thing to be taught.

Mr. Slope, in commencing his sermon, showed no slight tact in his ambiguous manner of hinting that, humble as he was himself, he stood there as the mouthpiece of the illustrious divine who sat opposite to him; and having premised so much, he gave forth a very accurate definition of the conduct which that prelate would rejoice to see in the clergymen now brought under his jurisdiction. It is only necessary to say that the peculiar points insisted upon were exactly those which were most distasteful to the clergy of the diocese, and most averse to their practice and opinions; and that all those peculiar habits and privileges which have always been dear to high-church priests, to that party which is now scandalously called the high-and-dry church, were ridiculed, abused, and anathematized. Now, the clergymen of the diocese of Barchester are all of the high-and-dry church.

Having thus, according to his own opinion, explained how a clergyman should show himself approved unto God, as a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, he went on to explain how the word of truth should be divided; and here he took a rather narrow view of the question, and fetched his arguments from afar. His object was to express his abomination of all ceremonious modes of utterance, to cry down any religious feeling which might be excited, not by the sense, but by the sound of words, and in fact to insult cathedral practices. Had St. Paul spoken of rightly pronouncing instead of rightly dividing the word of truth, this part of his sermon would have been more to the purpose; but the preacher's immediate object was to preach Mr. Slope's doctrine, and not St. Paul's, and he contrived to give the necessary twist to the text with some skill.

He could not exactly say, preaching from a cathedral pulpit, that chanting should be abandoned in cathedral services. By such an assertion, he would have overshot his mark and rendered himself absurd,—to the delight of his hearers. He could, however,—and did,—allude with heavy denunciations to the practice of intoning in parish churches, although the practice was

all-but unknown in the diocese; and from thence he came round to the undue preponderance which, he asserted, music had over meaning in the beautiful service which they had just heard. He was aware, he said, that the practices of our ancestors could not be abandoned at a moment's notice; the feelings of the aged would be outraged, and the minds of respectable men would be shocked. There were many, he was aware, of not sufficient calibre of thought to perceive, of not sufficient education to know, that a mode of service which was effective when outward ceremonies were of more moment than inward feelings, had become all-but barbarous at a time when inward conviction was everything, when each word of the minister's lips should fall intelligibly into the listener's heart. Formerly the religion of the multitude had been an affair of the imagination. Now, in these latter days, it had become necessary that a Christian should have a reason for his faith; should not only believe, but digest — not only hear, but understand. The words of our morning service,— how beautiful, how apposite, how intelligible they were, when read with simple and distinct decorum! but how much of the meaning of the words was lost when they were produced with all the meretricious charms of melody! etc., etc.

Here was a sermon to be preached before Mr. Archdeacon Grantly, Mr. Precentor Harding, and the rest of them! before a whole dean and chapter assembled in their own cathedral! before men who had grown old in the exercise of their peculiar services, with a full conviction of their excellence for all intended purposes! This too from such a man, a clerical parvenu, a man without a cure, a mere chaplain, an intruder among them; a fellow raked up, so said Dr. Grantly, from the gutters of Marylebone! They had to sit through it. None of them, not even Dr. Grantly, could close his ears, nor leave the house of God during the hours of service. They were under an obligation of listening, and that too without any immediate power of reply.

There is perhaps no greater hardship at present inflicted on mankind, in civilized and free countries, than the necessity of listening to sermons. No one but a preaching clergyman has, in these realms, the power of compelling an audience to sit silent and be tormented. No one but a preaching clergyman can revel in platitudes, truisms, and untruisms, and yet receive, as his undisputed privilege, the same respectful demeanor as though words of impassioned eloquence or persuasive logic fell from his

lips. Let a professor of law or physic find his place in a lecture-room, and there pour forth jejune words and useless empty phrases, and he will pour them forth to empty benches. Let a barrister attempt to talk without talking well, and he will talk but seldom. A judge's charge need be listened to perforce by none but the jury, prisoner, and jailer. A Member of Parliament can be coughed down or counted out. Town councilors can be tabooed. But no one can rid himself of the preaching clergyman. He is the bore of the age, the old man whom we Sindbads cannot shake off, the nightmare that disturbs our Sunday's rest, the incubus that overloads our religion and makes God's service distasteful. We are not forced into church! No; but we desire more than that. We desire not to be forced to stay away. We desire, nay, we are resolute, to enjoy the comfort of public worship: but we desire also that we may do so without an amount of tedium which ordinary human nature cannot endure with patience; that we may be able to leave the house of God without that anxious longing for escape which is the common consequence of common sermons.

With what complacency will a young parson deduce false conclusions from misunderstood texts, and then threaten us with all the penalties of Hades if we neglect to comply with the injunctions he has given us! Yes, my too self-confident juvenile friend, I do believe in those mysteries which are so common in your mouth; I do believe in the unadulterated Word which you hold there in your hand: but you must pardon me if, in some things, I doubt your interpretation. The Bible is good, the Prayer-Book is good; nay, you yourself would be acceptable, if you would read to me some portion of those time-honored discourses which our great divines have elaborated in the full maturity of their powers. But you must excuse me, my insufficient young lecturer, if I yawn over your imperfect sentences, your repeated phrases, your false pathos, your drawlings and denouncings, your humming and hawing, your oh-ing and ah-ing, your black gloves and your white handkerchief. To me, it all means nothing; and hours are too precious to be so wasted — if one could only avoid it.

And here I must make a protest against the pretense, so often put forward by the working clergy, that they are overburdened by the multitude of sermons to be preached. We are all too fond of our own voices, and a preacher is encouraged in the vanity of making his heard by the privilege of a compelled

audience. His sermon is the pleasant morsel of his life, his delicious moment of self-exaltation. "I have preached nine sermons this week," said a young friend to me the other day, with hand languidly raised to his brow, the picture of an overburdened martyr. "Nine this week, seven last week, four the week before. I have preached twenty-three sermons this month. It is really too much." "Too much indeed," said I, shuddering; "too much for the strength of any one." "Yes," he answered meekly, "indeed it is; I am beginning to feel it painfully." "Would," said I, "you could feel it; would that you could be made to feel it." But he never guessed that my heart was wrung for the poor listeners.

There was, at any rate, no tedium felt in listening to Mr. Slope on the occasion in question. His subject came too home to his audience to be dull; and to tell the truth, Mr. Slope had the gift of using words forcibly. He was heard through his thirty minutes of eloquence with mute attention and open ears; but with angry eyes, which glared round from one enraged parson to another, with wide-spread nostrils from which already burst forth fumes of indignation, and with many shufflings of the feet and uneasy motions of the body, which betokened minds disturbed, and hearts not at peace with all the world.

At last the bishop, who, of all the congregation, had been most surprised, and whose hair almost stood on end with terror, gave the blessing in a manner not at all equal to that in which he had long been practicing it in his own study, and the congregation was free to go their way.

THE BISHOP OF BARCHESTER IS CRUSHED

From 'The Last Chronicle of Barset'

WHO inquires why it is that a little greased flour rubbed in among the hair on a footman's head,—just one dab here and another there,—gives such a tone of high life to the family? And seeing that the thing is so easily done, why do not more people attempt it? The tax on hair-powder is but thirteen shillings a year. It may indeed be that the slightest dab in the world justifies the wearer in demanding hot meat three times a day, and wine at any rate on Sundays. I think, however, that a bishop's wife may enjoy the privilege without such heavy

attendant expense; otherwise the man who opened the bishop's door to Mr. Crawley would hardly have been so ornamented.

The man asked for a card. "My name is Mr. Crawley," said our friend. "The bishop has desired me to come to him at this hour. Will you be pleased to tell him that I am here." The man again asked for a card. "I am not bound to carry with me my name printed on a ticket," said Mr. Crawley. "If you cannot remember it, give me pen and paper, and I will write it." The servant, somewhat awed by the stranger's manner, brought the pen and paper, and Mr. Crawley wrote his name —

"THE REV. JOSIAH CRAWLEY, M. A.,
Perpetual Curate of Hogglestock."

He was then ushered into a waiting-room; but to his disappointment, was not kept there waiting long. Within three minutes he was ushered into the bishop's study, and into the presence of the two great luminaries of the diocese. He was at first somewhat disconcerted by finding Mrs. Proudie in the room. In the imaginary conversation with the bishop which he had been preparing on the road, he had conceived that the bishop would be attended by a chaplain, and he had suited his words to the joint discomfiture of the bishop and of the lower clergyman; but now the line of his battle must be altered. This was no doubt an injury, but he trusted to his courage and readiness to enable him to surmount it. He had left his hat behind him in the waiting-room, but he kept his old short cloak still upon his shoulders; and when he entered the bishop's room his hands and arms were hid beneath it. There was something lowly in this constrained gait. It showed at least that he had no idea of being asked to shake hands with the august persons he might meet. And his head was somewhat bowed, though his great, bald, broad forehead showed itself so prominent, that neither the bishop nor Mrs. Proudie could drop it from their sight during the whole interview. He was a man who when seen could hardly be forgotten. The deep, angry, remonstrant eyes, the shaggy eyebrows, telling tales of frequent anger,—of anger frequent but generally silent,—the repressed indignation of the habitual frown, the long nose and large powerful mouth, the deep furrows on the cheek, and the general look of thought and suffering, all combined to make the appearance of the man remarkable, and to describe to the beholders at once his true character. No one

ever on seeing Mr. Crawley took him to be a happy man, or a weak man, or an ignorant man, or a wise man.

"You are very punctual, Mr. Crawley," said the bishop. Mr. Crawley simply bowed his head, still keeping his hands beneath his cloak. "Will you not take a chair nearer to the fire?" Mr. Crawley had not seated himself, but had placed himself in front of a chair at the extreme end of the room, resolved that he would not use it unless he were duly asked. Now he seated himself,—still at a distance.

"Thank you, my lord," he said: "I am warm with walking, and if you please, will avoid the fire."

"You have not walked, Mr. Crawley?"

"Yes, my lord. I have been walking."

"Not from Hogglestock!"

Now, this was a matter which Mr. Crawley certainly did not mean to discuss with the bishop. It might be well for the bishop to demand his presence in the palace, but it could be no part of the bishop's duty to inquire how he got there. "That, my lord, is a matter of no moment," said he. "I am glad at any rate that I have been enabled to obey your Lordship's order in coming hither on this morning."

Hitherto Mrs. Proudie had not said a word. She stood back in the room, near the fire,—more backward a good deal than she was accustomed to do when clergymen made their ordinary visits. On such occasions she would come forward and shake hands with them graciously,—graciously even if proudly: but she felt that she must do nothing of that kind now; there must be no shaking hands with a man who had stolen a cheque for twenty pounds! It might probably be necessary to keep Mr. Crawley at a distance; and therefore she had remained in the background. But Mr. Crawley seemed to be disposed to keep himself in the background, and therefore she could speak. "I hope your wife and children are well, Mr. Crawley?" she said.

"Thank you, madam, my children are well, and Mrs. Crawley suffers no special ailment at present."

"That is much to be thankful for, Mr. Crawley." Whether he were or were not thankful for such mercies as these, was no business of the bishop or the bishop's wife. That was between him and his God. So he would not even bow to this civility, but sat with his head erect, and with a great frown on his heavy brow.

Then the bishop rose from his chair to speak, intending to take up a position on the rug. But as he did so Mr. Crawley rose also, and the bishop found that he would thus lose his expected vantage. "Will you not be seated, Mr. Crawley?" said the bishop. Mr. Crawley smiled, but stood his ground. Then the bishop returned to his arm-chair, and Mr. Crawley also sat down again. "Mr. Crawley," began the bishop, "this matter which came the other day before the magistrates at Silverbridge has been a most unfortunate affair. It has given me, I can assure you, the most sincere pain."

Mr. Crawley had made up his mind how far the bishop should be allowed to go without a rebuke. He had told himself that it would only be natural, and would not be unbecoming, that the bishop should allude to the meeting of the magistrates and to the alleged theft, and that therefore such allusion should be endured with patient humility. And moreover, the more rope he gave the bishop, the more likely the bishop would be to entangle himself. It certainly was Mr. Crawley's wish that the bishop should entangle himself. He therefore replied very meekly, "It has been most unfortunate, my lord."

"I have felt for Mrs. Crawley very deeply," said Mrs. Proudie. Mr. Crawley had now made up his mind that as long as it was possible he would ignore the presence of Mrs. Proudie altogether; and therefore he made no sign that he heard the latter remark.

"It has been most unfortunate," continued the bishop. "I have never before had a clergyman in my diocese placed in so distressing a position."

"That is a matter of opinion, my lord," said Mr. Crawley, who at that moment thought of a crisis which had come in the life of another clergyman in the diocese of Barchester, with the circumstances of which he had by chance been made acquainted.

"Exactly," said the bishop. "And I am expressing my opinion." Mr. Crawley, who understood fighting, did not think that the time had yet come for striking a blow, so he simply bowed again. "A most unfortunate position, Mr. Crawley," continued the bishop. "Far be it from me to express an opinion upon the matter, which will have to come before a jury of your countrymen. It is enough for me to know that the magistrates assembled at Silverbridge — gentlemen to whom no doubt you must be known, as most of them live in your neighborhood — have heard evidence upon the subject — "

"Most convincing evidence," said Mrs. Proudie, interrupting her husband. Mr. Crawley's black brow became a little blacker as he heard the word, but still he ignored the woman. He not only did not speak, but did not turn his eye upon her.

"They have heard the evidence on the subject," continued the bishop, "and they have thought it proper to refer the decision as to your innocence or your guilt to a jury of your countrymen."

"And they were right," said Mr. Crawley.

"Very possibly. I don't deny it. Probably," said the bishop, whose eloquence was somewhat disturbed by Mr. Crawley's ready acquiescence.

"Of course they were right," said Mrs. Proudie.

"At any rate it is so," said the bishop. "You are in the position of a man amenable to the criminal laws of the land."

"There are no criminal laws, my lord," said Mr. Crawley; "but to such laws as there are, we are all amenable,—your Lordship and I alike."

"But you are so in a very particular way. I do not wish to remind you what might be your condition now, but for the interposition of private friends."

"I should be in the condition of a man not guilty before the law,—guiltless, as far as the law goes,—but kept in durance, not for faults of his own, but because otherwise, by reason of *laches* in the police, his presence at the assizes might not be insured. In such a position a man's reputation is made to hang for a while on the trust which some friends or neighbors may have in it. I do not say that the test is a good one."

"You would have been put in prison, Mr. Crawley, because the magistrates were of the opinion that you had taken Mr. Soames's cheque," said Mrs. Proudie. On this occasion he did look at her. He turned one glance upon her from under his eyebrows, but he did not speak.

"With all that I have nothing to do," said the bishop.

"Nothing whatever, my lord," said Mr. Crawley.

"But, bishop, I think that you have," said Mrs. Proudie. "The judgment formed by the magistrates as to the conduct of one of your clergymen makes it imperative upon you to act in the matter."

"Yes, my dear, yes; I am coming to that. What Mrs. Proudie says is perfectly true. I have been constrained most unwillingly to take action in this matter. It is undoubtedly the fact that you

must at the next assizes surrender yourself at the court-house yonder, to be tried for this offense against the laws."

"That is true. If I be alive, my lord, and have strength sufficient, I shall be there."

"You must be there," said Mrs. Proudie. "The police will look to that, Mr. Crawley." She was becoming very angry in that the man would not answer her a word. On this occasion again he did not even look at her.

"Yes; you will be there," said the bishop. "Now that is, to say the least of it, an unseemly position for a beneficed clergyman."

"You said before, my lord, that it was an unfortunate position; and the word, methinks, was better chosen."

"It is very unseemly, very unseemly indeed," said Mrs. Proudie; "nothing could possibly be more unseemly. The bishop might very properly have used a much stronger word."

"Under these circumstances," continued the bishop, "looking to the welfare of your parish, to the welfare of the diocese, and allow me to say, Mr. Crawley, to the welfare of yourself also—"

"And especially to the souls of the people," said Mrs. Proudie.

The bishop shook his head. It is hard to be impressively eloquent when one is interrupted at every best turned period, even by a supporting voice. "Yes;—and looking of course to the religious interests of your people, Mr. Crawley, I came to the conclusion that it would be expedient that you should cease your ministrations for a while." The bishop paused, and Mr. Crawley bowed his head. "I therefore sent over to you a gentleman with whom I am well acquainted—Mr. Thumble—with a letter from myself, in which I endeavored to impress upon you, without the use of any severe language, what my convictions were."

"Severe words are often the best mercy," said Mrs. Proudie. Mr. Crawley had raised his hand, with his finger out, preparatory to answering the bishop. But as Mrs. Proudie had spoken he dropped his finger and was silent.

"Mr. Thumble brought me back your written reply," continued the bishop, "by which I was grieved to find that you were not willing to submit yourself to my counsel in the matter."

"I was most unwilling, my lord. Submission to authority is at times a duty;—and at times opposition to authority is a duty also."

"Opposition to just authority cannot be a duty, Mr. Crawley."

"Opposition to usurped authority is an imperative duty," said Mr. Crawley.

"And who is to be the judge?" demanded Mrs. Proudie. Then there was silence for a while; when, as Mr. Crawley made no reply, the lady repeated her question. "Will you be pleased to answer my question, sir? Who, in such a case, is to be the judge?" But Mr. Crawley did not please to answer. "The man is obstinate," said Mrs. Proudie.

"I had better proceed," said the bishop. "Mr. Thumble brought me back your reply, which grieved me greatly."

"It was contumacious and indecent," said Mrs. Proudie.

The bishop again shook his head, and looked so unutterably miserable that a smile came across Mr. Crawley's face. After all, others besides himself had their troubles and trials. Mrs. Proudie saw and understood the smile, and became more angry than ever. She drew her chair close to the table, and began to fidget with her fingers among the papers. She had never before encountered a clergyman so contumacious, so indecent, so unreverend,—so upsetting. She had had to do with men difficult to manage,—the archdeacon, for instance; but the archdeacon had never been so impertinent to her as this man. She had quarreled once openly with a chaplain of her husband's, a clergyman whom she herself had introduced to her husband, and who had treated her very badly,—but not so badly, not with such unscrupulous violence, as she was now encountering from this ill-clothed beggarly man, this perpetual curate, with his dirty broken boots, this already half-convicted thief! Such was her idea of Mr. Crawley's conduct to her, while she was fingering the papers, simply because Mr. Crawley would not speak to her.

"I forget where I was," said the bishop. "Oh, Mr. Thumble came back, and I received your letter;—of course I received it. And I was surprised to learn from that, that in spite of what had occurred at Silverbridge, you were still anxious to continue the usual Sunday ministrations in your church."

"I was determined that I would do my duty at Hogglestock as long as I might be left there to do it," said Mr. Crawley.

"Duty!" said Mrs. Proudie.

"Just a moment, my dear," said the bishop. "When Sunday came, I had no alternative but to send Mr. Thumble over again to Hogglestock. It occurred to us—to me and Mrs. Proudie—"

"I will tell Mr. Crawley just now what has occurred to me," said Mrs. Proudie.

"Yes;—just so. And I am sure that he will take it in good part. It occurred to me, Mr. Crawley, that your first letter might have been written in haste."

"It was written in haste, my lord: your messenger was waiting."

"Yes;—just so. Well, so I sent him again, hoping that he might be accepted as a messenger of peace. It was a most disagreeable mission for any gentleman, Mr. Crawley."

"Most disagreeable, my lord."

"And you refused him permission to obey the instructions which I had given him! You would not let him read from your desk, or preach from your pulpit."

"Had I been Mr. Thumble," said Mrs. Proudie, "I would have read from that desk and I would have preached from that pulpit."

Mr. Crawley waited a moment, thinking that the bishop might perhaps speak again; but as he did not, but sat expectant, as though he had finished his discourse and now expected a reply, Mr. Crawley got up from his seat and drew near to the table. "My lord," he began, "it has all been just as you have said. I did answer your first letter in haste."

"The more shame for you," said Mrs. Proudie.

"And therefore, for aught I know, my letter to your Lordship may be so worded as to need some apology."

"Of course it needs an apology," said Mrs. Proudie.

"But for the matter of it, my lord, no apology can be made, nor is any needed. I did refuse to your messenger permission to perform the services of my church, and if you send twenty more, I shall refuse them all,—till the time may come when it will be your Lordship's duty, in accordance with the laws of the Church, as borne out and backed by the laws of the land, to provide during my constrained absence for the spiritual wants of those poor people at Hogglestock."

"Poor people, indeed," said Mrs. Proudie. "Poor wretches!"

"And my lord, it may be that it shall soon be your Lordship's duty to take due and legal steps for depriving me of my benefice at Hogglestock;—nay, probably for silencing me altogether as to the exercise of my sacred profession!"

"Of course it will, sir. Your gown will be taken from you," said Mrs. Proudie. The bishop was looking with all his eyes up

at the great forehead and great eyebrows of the man, and was so fascinated by the power that was exercised over him by the other man's strength that he hardly now noticed his wife.

"It may well be so," continued Mr. Crawley. "The circumstances are strong against me; and though your Lordship has altogether misunderstood the nature of the duty performed by the magistrates in sending my case for trial,—although, as it seems to me, you have come to conclusions in this matter in ignorance of the very theory of our laws,—"

"Sir!" said Mrs. Proudie.

"Yet I can foresee the probability that a jury may discover me to have been guilty of theft."

"Of course the jury will do so," said Mrs. Proudie.

"Should such verdict be given, then, my lord, your interference will be legal, proper, and necessary. And you will find that, even if it be within my power to oppose obstacles to your Lordship's authority, I will oppose no such obstacle. There is, I believe, no appeal in criminal cases."

"None at all," said Mrs. Proudie. "There is no appeal against your bishop. You should have learned that before."

"But till that time shall come, my lord, I shall hold my own at Hogglestock as you hold your own here at Barchester. Nor have you more power to turn me out of my pulpit by your mere voice, than I have to turn you out of your throne by mine. If you doubt me, my lord, your Lordship's ecclesiastical court is open to you. Try it there."

"You defy us, then?" said Mrs. Proudie.

"My lord, I grant your authority as bishop to be great, but even a bishop can only act as the law allows him."

"God forbid that I should do more," said the bishop.

"Sir, you will find that your wicked threats will fall back upon your own head," said Mrs. Proudie.

"Peace, woman," Mr. Crawley said, addressing her at last. The bishop jumped out of his chair at hearing the wife of his bosom called a woman. But he jumped rather in admiration than in anger. He had already begun to perceive that Mr. Crawley was a man who had better be left to take care of the souls at Hogglestock, at any rate till the trial should come on.

"Woman!" said Mrs. Proudie, rising to her feet as though she really intended some personal encounter.

"Madam," said Mr. Crawley, "you should not interfere in these matters. You simply debase your husband's high office.

The distaff were more fitting for you. My lord, good morning." And before either of them could speak again, he was out of the room, and through the hall, and beyond the gate, and standing beneath the towers of the cathedral. Yes, he had, he thought, crushed the bishop. He had succeeded in crumpling the bishop up within the clutch of his fist.

He started in a spirit of triumph to walk back on his road towards Hogglestock. He did not think of the long distance before him for the first hour of his journey. He had had his victory, and the remembrance of that braced his nerves and gave elasticity to his sinews; and he went stalking along the road with rapid strides, muttering to himself from time to time as he went along some word about Mrs. Proudie and her distaff. Mr. Thumble would not, he thought, come to him again,—not, at any rate, till the assizes were drawing near. And he had resolved what he would do then. When the day of his trial was near, he would himself write to the bishop, and beg that provision might be made for his church, in the event of the verdict going against him. His friend Dean Arabin was to be home before that time, and the idea had occurred to him of asking the dean to see to this. But the other would be the more independent course, and the better. And there was a matter as to which he was not altogether well pleased with the dean, although he was so conscious of his own peculiarities as to know that he could hardly trust himself for a judgment. But at any rate, he would apply to the bishop—to the bishop whom he had just left prostrate in his palace—when the time of his trial should be close at hand.

Full of such thoughts as these, he went along almost gayly, nor felt the fatigue of the road till he had covered the first five miles out of Barchester. It was nearly four o'clock, and the thick gloom of the winter evening was making itself felt. And then he began to be fatigued. He had not as yet eaten since he had left his home in the morning; and he now pulled a crust out of his pocket and leaned against a gate as he crunched it. There were still ten miles before him, and he knew that such an addition to the work he had already done would task him very severely. Farmer Mangle had told him that he would not leave Framley Mill till five, and he had got time to reach Framley Mill by that time. But he had said that he would not return to Framley Mill, and he remembered his suspicion that his wife and Farmer Mangle between them had cozened him. No: he would persevere and walk,—walk, though he should drop upon the

road. He was now nearer fifty than forty years of age, and hardships as well as time had told upon him. He knew that though his strength was good for the commencement of a hard day's work, it would not hold out for him as it used to do. He knew that the last four miles in the dark night would be very sad with him. But still he persevered; endeavoring, as he went, to cherish himself with the remembrance of his triumph.

He passed the turning going down to Framley with courage; but when he came to the further turning, by which the cart would return from Framley to the Hogglestock road, he looked wistfully down the road for Farmer Mangle. But Farmer Mangle was still at the mill, waiting in expectation that Mr. Crawley might come to him. But the poor traveler paused here barely for a minute, and then went on; stumbling through the mud, striking his ill-covered feet against the rough stones in the dark, sweating in his weakness, almost tottering at times, and calculating whether his remaining strength would serve to carry him home. He had almost forgotten the bishop and his wife before at last he grasped the wicket gate leading to his own door.

"O mamma, here is papa!"

"But where is the cart? I did not hear the wheels," said Mrs. Crawley.

"O mamma, I think papa is ill." Then the wife took her drooping husband by both arms and strove to look him in the face.

"He has walked all the way, and he is ill," said Jane.

"No, my dear, I am very tired, but not ill. Let me sit down, and give me some bread and tea, and I shall recover myself." Then Mrs. Crawley, from some secret hoard, got him a small modicum of spirits, and gave him meat and tea; and he was docile, and obeying her behests, allowed himself to be taken to his bed.

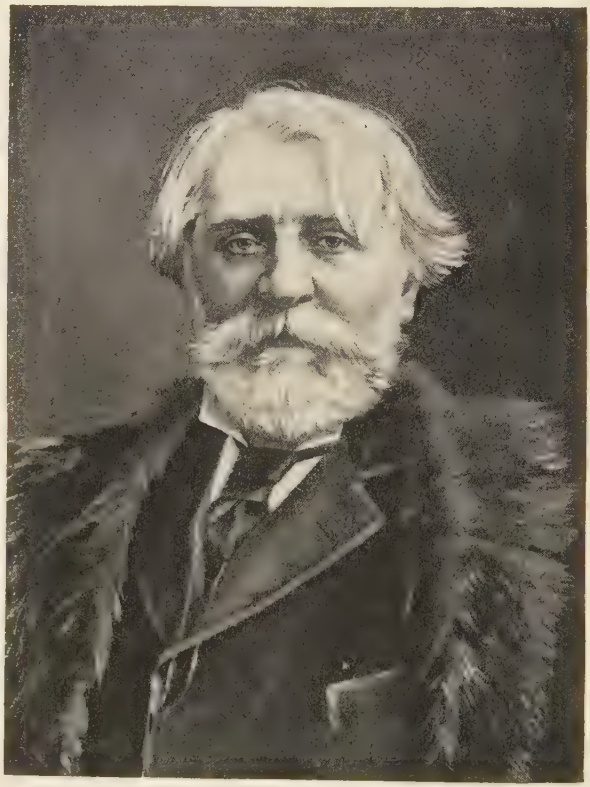
"I do not think the bishop will send for me again," he said, as she tucked the clothes around him.

THE MORAL RESPONSIBILITY OF THE NOVELIST

From the 'Autobiography'

A vast proportion of the teaching of the day — greater, probably, than many of us have acknowledged to ourselves — comes from novels which are in the hands of all readers. It is from them that girls learn what is expected from them, and what they are to expect, when lovers come; and also from them that young men unconsciously learn what are, or should be, or may be, the charms of love,— though I fancy that few young men will think so little of their natural instincts and powers as to believe that I am right in saying so. Many other lessons also are taught. In these times, when the desire to be honest is pressed so hard, is so violently assaulted by the ambition to be great; in which riches are the easiest road to greatness; when the temptations to which men are subjected dull their eyes to the perfected iniquities of others; when it is so hard for a man to decide vigorously that the pitch which so many are handling will defile him if it be touched,— men's conduct will be actuated much by that which is from day to day depicted to them as leading to glorious or inglorious results. . . . The young man who in a novel becomes a hero, perhaps a Member of Parliament, and almost a prime minister, by trickery, falsehood, and flash cleverness, will have many followers, whose attempts to rise in the world ought to lie heavily on the conscience of the novelists who create fictitious Cagliostros. . . .

Thinking of all this, as a novelist surely must do,— as I certainly have done through my whole career,— it becomes to him a matter of deep conscience how he shall handle those characters by whose words and doings he hopes to interest his readers. . . . The writer of stories must please, or he will be nothing. And he must teach, whether he wish to teach or no. How shall he teach lessons of virtue, and at the same time make himself a delight to his readers? The novelist, if he have a conscience, must preach his sermons with the same purpose as the clergyman, and must have his own system of ethics. If he can do this efficiently, if he can make virtue alluring and vice ugly, while he charms his readers instead of wearying them, then I think Mr. Carlyle need not call him distressed, nor talk of that long ear of fiction, nor question whether he be or not the most foolish of existing mortals.



TURGÉNIEFF.

IVAN TURGENEFF

(1818–1883)

BY HENRY JAMES

THERE is perhaps no novelist of alien race who more naturally than Ivan Turgeneff inherits a niche in a Library for English readers; and this not because of any advance or concession that in his peculiar artistic independence he ever made, or could dream of making, such readers, but because it was one of the effects of his peculiar genius to give him, even in his lifetime, a special place in the regard of foreign publics. His position is in this respect singular; for it is his Russian savor that as much as anything has helped generally to domesticate him.

Born in 1818, at Orel in the heart of Russia, and dying in 1883, at Bougival near Paris, he had spent in Germany and France the latter half of his life; and had incurred in his own country in some degree the reprobation that is apt to attach to the absent,—the penalty they pay for such extension or such beguilement as they may have happened to find over the border. He belonged to the class of large rural proprietors of land and of serfs; and with his ample patrimony, offered one of the few examples of literary labor achieved in high independence of the question of gain,—a character that he shares with his illustrious contemporary Tolstoy, who is of a type in other respects so different. It may give us an idea of his primary situation to imagine some large Virginian or Carolinian slaveholder, during the first half of the century, inclining to "Northern" views; and becoming (though not predominantly under pressure of these, but rather by the operation of an exquisite genius) the great American novelist—one of the great novelists of the world. Born under a social and political order sternly repressive, all Turgeneff's deep instincts, all his moral passion, placed him on the liberal side; with the consequence that early in life, after a period spent at a German university, he found himself, through the accident of a trifling public utterance, under such suspicion in high places as to be sentenced to a term of tempered exile,—confinement to his own estate. It was partly under these circumstances perhaps that he gathered material for the work from the appearance of which his reputation dates,—'A Sportsman's Sketches,' published in two volumes in 1852. This admirable collection of impressions of homely country life, as the old state of servitude had made it, is often spoken of as having borne to the great decree

of Alexander II. the relation borne by Mrs. Beecher Stowe's famous novel to the emancipation of the Southern slaves. Incontestably, at any rate, Turgeneff's rustic studies sounded, like 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' a particular hour: with the difference, however, of not having at the time produced an agitation,—of having rather presented the case with an art too insidious for instant recognition, an art that stirred the depths more than the surface.

The author was designated promptly enough, at any rate, for such influence as might best be exercised at a distance: he traveled, he lived abroad; early in the sixties he was settled in Germany; he acquired property at Baden-Baden, and spent there the last years of the prosperous period—in the history of the place—of which the Franco-Prussian War was to mark the violent term. He cast in his lot after that event mainly with the victims of the lost cause; setting up a fresh home in Paris,—near which city he had, on the Seine, a charming alternate residence,—and passing in it, and in the country, save for brief revisitations, the remainder of his days. His friendships, his attachments, in the world of art and of letters, were numerous and distinguished; he never married; he produced, as the years went on, without precipitation or frequency; and these were the years during which his reputation gradually established itself as, according to the phrase, European,—a phrase denoting in this case, perhaps, a public more alert in the United States even than elsewhere.

Tolstoy, his junior by ten years, had meanwhile come to fruition; though, as in fact happened, it was not till after Turgeneff's death that the greater fame of 'War and Peace' and of 'Anna Karénina' began to be blown about the world. One of the last acts of the elder writer, performed on his death-bed, was to address to the other (from whom for a considerable term he had been estranged by circumstances needless to reproduce) an appeal to return to the exercise of the genius that Tolstoy had already so lamentably, so monstrously forsworn. «I am on my death-bed; there is no possibility of my recovery. I write you expressly to tell you how happy I have been to be your contemporary, and to utter my last, my urgent prayer. Come back, my friend, to your literary labors. That gift came to you from the source from which all comes to us. Ah, how happy I should be could I think you would listen to my entreaty! My friend, great writer of our Russian land, respond to it, obey it!» These words, among the most touching surely ever addressed by one great spirit to another, throw an indirect light—perhaps I may even say a direct one—upon the nature and quality of Turgeneff's artistic temperament; so much so that I regret being without opportunity, in this place, to gather such aid for a portrait of him as might be supplied by following out the unlikeness between the pair.

It would be too easy to say that Tolstoy was, from the Russian point of view, for home consumption, and Turgeneff for foreign: 'War and Peace' has probably had more readers in Europe and America than 'A House of Gentlefolk' or 'On the Eve' or 'Smoke,'—a circumstance less detrimental than it may appear to my claim of our having, in the Western world, supremely adopted the author of the latter works. Turgeneff is in a peculiar degree what I may call the novelists' novelist,—an artistic influence extraordinarily valuable and ineradicably established. The perusal of Tolstoy—a wonderful mass of life—is an immense event, a kind of splendid accident, for each of us: his name represents nevertheless no such eternal spell of method, no such quiet irresistibility of presentation, as shines, close to us and lighting our possible steps, in that of his precursor. Tolstoy is a reflector as vast as a natural lake; a monster harnessed to his great subject—all human life!—as an elephant might be harnessed, for purposes of traction, not to a carriage, but to a coach-house. His own case is prodigious, but his example for others dire: disciples not elephantine he can only mislead and betray.

One by one, for thirty years, with a firm, deliberate hand, with intervals and patiences and waits, Turgeneff pricked in his sharp outlines. His great external mark is probably his concision: an ideal he never threw over,—it shines most perhaps even when he is least brief,—and that he often applied with a rare felicity. He has masterpieces of a few pages; his perfect things are sometimes his least prolonged. He abounds in short tales, episodes clipped as by the scissors of Atropos; but for a direct translation of the whole we have still to wait,—depending meanwhile upon the French and German versions, which have been, instead of the original text (thanks to the paucity among us of readers of Russian), the source of several published in English. For the novels and 'A Sportsman's Sketches' we depend upon the nine volumes (1897) of Mrs. Garnett. We touch here upon the remarkable side, to our vision, of the writer's fortune, —the anomaly of his having constrained to intimacy even those who are shut out from the enjoyment of his medium, for whom that question is positively prevented from existing. Putting aside extrinsic intimations, it is impossible to read him without the conviction of his being, in the vividness of his own tongue, of the strong type of those made to bring home to us the happy truth of the unity, in a generous talent, of material and form,—of their being inevitable faces of the same medal; the type of those, in a word, whose example deals death to the perpetual clumsy assumption that subject and style are—æsthetically speaking, or in the living work—different and separable things. We are conscious, reading him in a language not his own, of not being reached by his personal tone, his individual accent.

It is a testimony therefore to the intensity of his presence, that so much of his particular charm does reach us; that the mask turned to us has, even without his expression, still so much beauty. It is the beauty (since we must try to formulate) of the finest presentation of the familiar. His vision is of the world of character and feeling, the world of the relations life throws up at every hour and on every spot; he deals little, on the whole, in the miracles of chance,—the hours and spots over the edge of time and space; his air is that of the great central region of passion and motive, of the usual, the inevitable, the intimate—the intimate for weal or woe. No theme that he ever chooses but strikes us as full; yet with all have we the sense that their animation comes from within, and is not pinned to their backs like the pricking objects used of old in the horse-races of the Roman carnival, to make the animals run. Without a patch of "plot" to draw blood, the story he mainly tells us, the situation he mainly gives, runs as if for dear life. His first book was practically full evidence of what, if we have to specify, is finest in him,—the effect, for the commonest truth, of an exquisite envelope of poetry. In this medium of feeling,—full, as it were, of all the echoes and shocks of the universal danger and need,—everything in him goes on; the sense of fate and folly and pity and wonder and beauty. The tenderness, the humor, the variety of 'A Sportsman's Sketches' revealed on the spot an observer with a rare imagination. These faculties had attached themselves, together, to small things and to great: to the misery, the simplicity, the piety, the patience, of the unemancipated peasant; to all the natural wonderful life of earth and air and winter and summer and field and forest; to queer apparitions of country neighbors, of strange local eccentrics; to old-world practices and superstitions; to secrets gathered and types disinterred and impressions absorbed in the long, close contacts with man and nature involved in the passionate pursuit of game. Magnificent in stature and original vigor, Turgeneff, with his love of the chase, or rather perhaps of the inspiration he found in it, would have been the model of the mighty hunter, had not such an image been a little at variance with his natural mildness, the softness that often accompanies the sense of an extraordinary reach of limb and play of muscle. He was in person the model rather of the strong man at rest: massive and towering, with the voice of innocence and the smile almost of childhood. What seemed still more of a contradiction to so much of him, however, was that his work was all delicacy and fancy, penetration and compression.

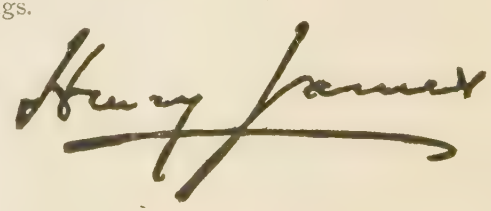
If I add, in their order of succession, 'Rudin,' 'Fathers and Children,' 'Spring Floods,' and 'Virgin Soil,' to the three novels I have (also in their relation of time) named above, I shall have indicated the larger blocks of the compact monument, with a base resting

deep and interstices well filled, into which that work disposes itself. The list of his minor productions is too long to draw out: I can only mention, as a few of the most striking — 'A Correspondence,' 'The Wayside Inn,' 'The Brigadier,' 'The Dog,' 'The Jew,' 'Visions,' 'Mumu,' 'Three Meetings,' 'A First Love,' 'The Forsaken,' 'Assia,' 'The Journal of a Superfluous Man,' 'The Story of Lieutenant Yergunov,' 'A King Lear of the Steppe.' The first place among his novels would be difficult to assign: general opinion probably hesitates between 'A House of Gentlefolk' and 'Fathers and Children.' My own predilection is great for the exquisite 'On the Eve'; though I admit that in such a company it draws no supremacy from being exquisite. What is less contestable is that 'Virgin Soil' — published shortly before his death, and the longest of his fictions — has, although full of beauty, a minor perfection.

Character, character expressed and exposed, is in all these things what we inveterately find. Turgeneff's sense of it was the great light that artistically guided him; the simplest account of him is to say that the mere play of it constitutes in every case his sufficient drama. No one has had a closer vision, or a hand at once more ironic and more tender, for the individual figure. He sees it with its minutest signs and tricks, — all its heredity of idiosyncrasies, all its particulars of weakness and strength, of ugliness and beauty, of oddity and charm; and yet it is of his essence that he sees it in the general flood of life, steeped in its relations and contacts, struggling or submerged, a hurried particle in the stream. This gives him, with his quiet method, his extraordinary breadth; dissociates his rare power to particularize from dryness or hardness, from any peril of caricature. He understands so much that we almost wonder he can express anything; and his expression is indeed wholly in absolute projection, in illustration, in giving of everything the unexplained and irresponsible specimen. He is of a spirit so human that we almost wonder at his control of his matter; of a pity so deep and so general that we almost wonder at his curiosity. The element of poetry in him is constant, and yet reality stares through it without the loss of a wrinkle. No one has more of that sign of the born novelist which resides in a respect unconditioned for the freedom and vitality, the absoluteness when summoned, of the creatures he invokes; or is more superior to the strange and second-rate policy of explaining or presenting them by reprobation or apology, — of taking the short cuts and anticipating the emotions and judgments about them that should be left, at the best, to the perhaps not most intelligent reader. And yet his system, as it may summarily be called, of the mere particularized report, has a lucidity beyond the virtue of the cruder moralist.

If character, as I say, is what he gives us at every turn, I should speedily add that he offers it not in the least as a synonym, in our Western sense, of resolution and prosperity. It wears the form of the almost helpless detachment of the short-sighted individual soul; and the perfection of his exhibition of it is in truth too often but the intensity of what, for success, it just does not produce. What works in him most is the question of the will; and the most constant induction he suggests, bears upon the sad figure that principle seems mainly to make among his countrymen. He had seen — he suggests to us — its collapse in a thousand quarters; and the most general tragedy, to his view, is that of its desperate adventures and disasters, its inevitable abdication and defeat. But if the men, for the most part, let it go, it takes refuge in the other sex; many of the representatives of which, in his pages, are supremely strong — in wonderful addition, in various cases, to being otherwise admirable. This is true of such a number — the younger women, the girls, the «heroines» in especial — that they form in themselves, on the ground of moral beauty, of the finest distinction of soul, one of the most striking groups the modern novel has given us. They are heroines to the letter, and of a heroism obscure and undecorated: it is almost they alone who have the energy to determine and to act. Elena, Lisa, Tatyana, Gemma, Marianna — we can write their names and call up their images, but I lack space to take them in turn. It is by a succession of the finest and tenderest touches that they live; and this, in all Turgeneff's work, is the process by which he persuades and succeeds.

It was his own view of his main danger that he sacrificed too much to detail; was wanting in composition, in the gift that conduces to unity of impression. But no novelist is closer and more cumulative; in none does distinction spring from a quality of truth more independent of everything but the subject, but the idea itself. This idea, this subject, moreover, — a spark kindled by the innermost friction of things, — is always as interesting as an unopened telegram. The genial freedom — with its exquisite delicacy — of his approach to this «innermost» world, the world of our finer consciousness, has in short a side that I can only describe and commemorate as nobly disinterested; a side that makes too many of his rivals appear to hold us in comparison by violent means, and introduce us in comparison to vulgar things.



THE DEATH OF BAZAROV

From 'Fathers and Children'

BAZAROV'S old parents were all the more overjoyed by their son's arrival, as it was quite unexpected. Arina Vlasyevna was greatly excited, and kept running backwards and forwards in the house, so that Vassily Ivanovitch compared her to a "hen partridge"; the short tail of her abbreviated jacket did in fact, give her something of a bird-like appearance. He himself merely growled, and gnawed the amber mouth-piece of his pipe; or clutching his neck with his fingers, turned his head round, as though he were trying whether it were properly screwed on; then all at once he opened his wide mouth and went off into a perfectly noiseless chuckle.

"I've come to you for six whole weeks, governor," Bazarov said to him. "I want to work, so please don't hinder me now."

"You shall forget my face completely, if you call that hindering you!" answered Vassily Ivanovitch.

He kept his promise. After installing his son as before in his study, he almost hid himself away from him, and he kept his wife from all superfluous demonstrations of tenderness. "On Enyusha's first visit, my dear soul," he said to her, "we bothered him a little; we must be wiser this time." Arina Vlasyevna agreed with her husband; but that was small compensation, since she saw her son only at meals, and was now absolutely afraid to address him. "Enyushenka—" she would say sometimes; and before he had time to look round, she was nervously fingering the tassels of her reticule, and faltering, "Never mind, never mind, I only—" and afterwards she would go to Vassily Ivanovitch, and, her cheek in her hand, would consult him: "If you could only find out, darling, which Enyusha would like for dinner to-day,—cabbage broth or beet-root soup?"—"But why didn't you ask him yourself?"—"Oh, he will get sick of me!"

Bazarov, however, soon ceased to shut himself up: the fever of work fell away, and was replaced by dreary boredom or vague restlessness. A strange weariness began to show itself in all his movements; even his walk, firm, bold, and strenuous, was changed. He gave up walking in solitude, and began to seek society; he drank tea in the drawing-room, strolled about the kitchen-garden with Vassily Ivanovitch, and smoked with him in silence; once even asked after Father Alexey. Vassily Ivanovitch at first rejoiced at this change, but his joy was not long-lived. "Enyusha's

breaking my heart," he complained in secret to his wife: "it's not that he's discontented or angry — that would be nothing; he's sad, he's sorrowful — that's what's so terrible. He's always silent. If he'd only abuse us! — He's growing thin, he's lost his color." "Mercy on us, mercy on us!" whispered the old woman: "I would put an amulet on his neck, but of course he won't allow it."

Vassily Ivanovitch several times attempted in the most circumspect manner to question Bazarov about his work, about his health, and about Arkady. But Bazarov's replies were reluctant and casual; and once, noticing that his father was trying gradually to lead up to something in conversation, he said to him in a tone of vexation, "Why do you always seem to be walking round me on tiptoe? That way's worse than the old one." "There, there, I meant nothing!" poor Vassily Ivanovitch answered hurriedly. So his diplomatic hints remained fruitless. He hoped to awaken his son's sympathy one day by beginning, apropos of the approaching emancipation of the peasantry, to talk about progress; but the latter responded indifferently, "Yesterday I was walking under the fence, and I heard the peasant boys here bawling a street song instead of some old ballad. That's what progress is."

Sometimes Bazarov went into the village, and in his usual bantering tone entered into conversation with some peasant. "Come," he would say to him, "expound your views on life to me, brother: you see, they say all the strength and future of Russia lies in your hands; a new epoch in history will be started by you — you give us our real language and our laws."

The peasant either made no reply, or articulated a few words of this sort: "Well, we'll try — because, you see, to be sure — "

"You explain to me what your *mir* is," Bazarov interrupted; "and is it the same *mir* that is said to rest on three fishes?"

"That, little father, is the earth that rests on three fishes," the peasant would declare soothingly, in a kind of patriarchal, simple-hearted sing-song: "and over against ours — that is to say, the *mir* — we know there's the master's will; wherefore you are our fathers. And the stricter the master's rule, the better for the peasant."

After listening to such a reply one day, Bazarov shrugged his shoulders contemptuously and turned away, while the peasant sauntered slowly homewards.

"What was he talking about?" inquired another peasant of middle age and surly aspect, who at a distance from the door

of his hut had been following his conversation with Bazarov. "Arrears, eh?"

"Arrears? no indeed, mate!" answered the first peasant, and now there was no trace of patriarchal sing-song in his voice; on the contrary, there was a certain scornful gruffness to be heard in it: "oh, he clacked away about something or other: wanted to stretch his tongue a bit. Of course, he's a gentleman: what does he understand?"

"What should he understand!" answered the other peasant, and jerking back their caps and pushing down their belts, they proceeded to deliberate upon their work and their wants. Alas! Bazarov, shrugging his shoulders contemptuously,—Bazarov, who knew how to talk to peasants (as he had boasted in his dispute with Pavel Petrovitch),—did not in his self-confidence even suspect that in their eyes he was all the while something of the nature of a buffooning clown.

He found employment for himself at last, however. One day Vassily Ivanovitch bound up a peasant's wounded leg before him, but the old man's hands trembled, and he could not manage the bandages; his son helped him, and from time to time began to take a share in his practice,—though at the same time he was constantly sneering both at the remedies he himself advised, and at his father who hastened to make use of them. But Bazarov's jeers did not in the least perturb Vassily Ivanovitch; they were positively a comfort to him. Holding his greasy dressing-gown across his stomach with two fingers, and smoking his pipe, he used to listen with enjoyment to Bazarov; and the more malicious his sallies, the more good-humoredly did his delighted father chuckle, showing every one of his black teeth. He used even to repeat these sometimes flat or pointless retorts; and would, for instance, for several days constantly, without rhyme or reason, reiterate, "Not a matter of the first importance!" simply because his son, on hearing he was going to matins, had made use of that expression. "Thank God! he has got over his melancholy!" he whispered to his wife: "how he gave it to me to-day! It was splendid!" Moreover, the idea of having such an assistant excited him to ecstasy, filled him with pride. "Yes, yes," he would say to some peasant woman, in a man's cloak and a cap shaped like a horn, as he handed her a bottle of Goulard's extract or a box of white ointment, "you ought to be thanking God, my good woman, every minute that my son is staying with me: you

will be treated now by the most scientific, most modern method. Do you know what that means? The Emperor of the French, Napoleon, even, has no better doctor." And the peasant woman, who had come to complain that she felt so sort of queer all over (the exact meaning of these words she was not able, however, herself to explain), merely bowed low and rummaged in her bosom, where four eggs lay tied up in the corner of a towel.

Bazarov once even pulled out a tooth for a passing peddler of cloth; and though this tooth was an average specimen, Vassily Ivanovitch preserved it as a curiosity, and incessantly repeated, as he showed it to Father Alexey, "Just look, what a fang! The force Yevgeny has! The peddler seemed to leap into the air. If it had been an oak, he'd have rooted it up!"

"Most promising!" Father Alexey would comment at last; not knowing what answer to make, and how to get rid of the ecstatic old man.

One day a peasant from a neighboring village brought his brother to Vassily Ivanovitch, ill with typhus. The unhappy man, lying flat on a truss of straw, was dying: his body was covered with dark patches; he had long ago lost consciousness. Vassily Ivanovitch expressed his regret that no one had taken steps to procure medical aid sooner, and declared there was no hope. And in fact the peasant did not get his brother home again: he died in the cart.

Three days later Bazarov came into his father's room and asked him if he had any caustic.

"Yes: what do you want it for?"

"I must have some — to burn a cut."

"For whom?"

"For myself."

"What, yourself? Why is that? What sort of a cut? Where is it?"

"Look here, on my finger. I went to-day to the village, you know, where they brought that peasant with typhus fever. They were just going to open the body, for some reason or other, and I've had no practice of that sort for a long while."

"Well?"

"Well, so I asked the district doctor about it; and so I dissected it."

Vassily Ivanovitch all at once turned quite white; and, without uttering a word, rushed to his study, from which he returned at

once with a bit of caustic in his hand. Bazarov was about to take it and go away.

"For mercy's sake," said Vassily Ivanovitch, "let me do it myself."

Bazarov smiled. "What a devoted practitioner!"

"Don't laugh, please. Show me your finger. The cut is not a large one. Do I hurt?"

"Press harder; don't be afraid."

Vassily Ivanovitch stopped. "What do you think, Yevgeny;—wouldn't it be better to burn it with hot iron?"

"That ought to have been done sooner: the caustic even is useless, really, now. If I've taken the infection, it's too late now."

"How! too late—" Vassily Ivanovitch could scarcely articulate the words.

"I should think so! It's more than four hours ago."

Vassily Ivanovitch burnt the cut a little more. "But had the district doctor no caustic?"

"No."

"How was that? Good heavens! A doctor not have such an indispensable thing as that!"

"You should have seen his lancets," observed Bazarov as he walked away.

Up till late that evening, and all the following day, Vassily Ivanovitch kept catching at every possible excuse to go into his son's room; and though far from referring to the cut,—he even tried to talk about the most irrelevant subjects,—he looked so persistently into his face, and watched him in such trepidation, that Bazarov lost patience and threatened to go away. Vassily Ivanovitch gave him a promise not to bother him; the more readily as Arina Vlasyevna, from whom of course he kept it all secret, was beginning to worry him as to why he did not sleep, and what had come over him. For two whole days he held himself in, though he did not at all like the look of his son, whom he kept watching stealthily; but on the third day, at dinner, he could bear it no longer. Bazarov sat with downcast looks, and had not touched a single dish.

"Why don't you eat, Yevgeny?" he inquired, putting on an expression of the most perfect carelessness. "The food, I think, is very nicely cooked."

"I don't want anything, so I don't eat."

"Have you no appetite? And your head—" he added timidly—"does it ache?"

"Yes. Of course it aches."

Arina Vlasyevna sat up and was all alert.

"Don't be angry, please, Yevgeny," continued Vassily Ivanovitch: "won't you let me feel your pulse?"

Bazarov got up. "I can tell you without feeling my pulse: I'm feverish."

"Has there been any shivering?"

"Yes, there has been shivering too. I'll go and lie down, and you can send me some lime-flower tea. I must have caught cold."

"To be sure, I heard you coughing last night," observed Arina Vlasyevna.

"I've caught cold," repeated Bazarov; and he went away.

Arina Vlasyevna busied herself about the preparation of the decoction of lime-flowers, while Vassily Ivanovitch went into the next room and clutched at his hair in silent desperation.

Bazarov did not get up again that day, and passed the whole night in heavy, half-unconscious torpor. At one o'clock in the morning, opening his eyes with an effort, he saw by the light of a lamp his father's pale face bending over him, and told him to go away. The old man begged his pardon, but he quickly came back on tiptoe; and half hidden by the cupboard door, he gazed persistently at his son. Arina Vlasyevna did not go to bed either; and leaving the study door just open a very little, she kept coming up to it to listen "how Enyusha was breathing," and to look at Vassily Ivanovitch. She could see nothing but his motionless bent back, but even that afforded her some faint consolation. In the morning Bazarov tried to get up: he was seized with giddiness, his nose began to bleed; he lay down again. Vassily Ivanovitch waited on him in silence; Arina Vlasyevna went in to him and asked him how he was feeling. He answered, "Better," and turned to the wall. Vassily Ivanovitch gesticulated at his wife with both hands; she bit her lips so as not to cry, and went away. The whole house seemed suddenly darkened; every one looked gloomy; there was a strange hush; a shrill cock was carried away from the yard to the village, unable to comprehend why he should be treated so. Bazarov still lay turned to the wall. Vassily Ivanovitch tried to address him with various questions; but they fatigued Bazarov, and the old man sank into his

arm-chair, motionless, only cracking his finger-joints now and then. He went for a few minutes into the garden; stood there like a statue, as though overwhelmed with unutterable bewilderment (the expression of amazement never left his face all through); and went back again to his son, trying to avoid his wife's questions. She caught him by the arm at last, and passionately,—almost menacingly,—said, "What is wrong with him?" Then he came to himself, and forced himself to smile at her in reply; but to his own horror, instead of a smile, he found himself taken somehow by a fit of laughter. He had sent at daybreak for a doctor. He thought it necessary to inform his son of this, for fear he should be angry. Bazarov suddenly turned over on the sofa, bent a fixed dull look on his father, and asked for drink.

Vassily Ivanovitch gave him some water, and as he did so felt his forehead. It seemed on fire.

"Governor," began Bazarov, in a slow, drowsy voice, "I'm in a bad way: I've got the infection, and in a few days you'll have to bury me."

Vassily Ivanovitch staggered back, as though some one had aimed a blow at his legs.

"Yevgeny!" he faltered, "what do you mean? God have mercy on you! You've caught cold!"

"Hush!" Bazarov interposed deliberately. "A doctor can't be allowed to talk like that. There's every symptom of infection: you know yourself."

"Where are the symptoms—of infection, Yevgeny? Good heavens!"

"What's this?" said Bazarov; and pulling up his shirt-sleeve, he showed his father the ominous red patches coming out on his arm.

Vassily Ivanovitch was shaking and chill with terror.

"Supposing," he said at last, "even supposing—if even there's something like—infection—"

"Pyæmia," put in his son.

"Well, well—something of the epidemic—"

"Pyæmia," Bazarov repeated sharply and distinctly; "have you forgotten your text-books?"

"Well, well—as you like. Anyway, we will cure you!"

"Come, that's humbug. But that's not the point. I didn't expect to die so soon; it's a most unpleasant incident, to tell the truth. You and mother ought to make the most of your strong

religious belief; now's the time to put it to the test." He drank off a little water. "I want to ask you about one thing — while my head is still under my control. To-morrow or next day my brain, you know, will send in its resignation. I'm not quite certain even now whether I'm expressing myself clearly. While I've been lying here, I've kept fancying red dogs were running round me, while you were making them point at me, as if I were a woodcock. Just as if I were drunk. Do you understand me all right?"

"I assure you, Yevgeny, you are talking perfectly correctly."

"All the better. You told me you'd sent for the doctor. You did that to comfort yourself; — comfort me too: send a messenger — "

"To Arkady Nikolaitch?" put in the old man.

"Who's Arkady Nikolaitch?" said Bazarov, as though in doubt. "Oh, yes! that chicken! No, let him alone: he's turned jackdaw now. Don't be surprised: that's not delirium yet. You send a messenger to Madame Odintsov, Anna Sergyevna; she's a lady with an estate. Do you know?" (Vassily Ivanovitch nodded.) "Yevgeny Bazarov, say, sends his greetings, and sends word he is dying. Will you do that?"

"Yes, I will do it. But is it a possible thing for you to die, Yevgeny? Think only! Where would divine justice be after that?"

"I know nothing about that; only you send the messenger."

"I'll send this minute, and I'll write a letter myself."

"No, why? Say I sent greetings; nothing more is necessary. And now I'll go back to my dogs. Strange! I want to fix my thoughts on death, and nothing comes of it. I see a kind of blur — and nothing more."

He turned painfully back to the wall again; while Vassily Ivanovitch went out of the study, and struggling as far as his wife's bedroom, simply dropped down on to his knees before the holy pictures.

"Pray, Arina, pray for us!" he moaned: "our son is dying."

The doctor — the same district doctor who had had no caustic — arrived; and after looking at the patient, advised them to persevere with a cooling treatment, and at that point said a few words of the chance of recovery.

"Have you ever chanced to see people in my state *not* set off for Elysium?" asked Bazarov; and suddenly snatching the leg of a heavy table that stood near his sofa, he swung it round,

and pushed it away. "There's strength, there's strength," he murmured;—"everything's here still, and I must die! An old man at least has time to be weaned from life, but I— Well, go and try to disprove death. Death will disprove you, and that's all! Who's crying there?" he added, after a short pause. "Mother? Poor thing! Whom will she feed now with her exquisite beet-root soup? You, Vassily Ivanovitch, whimpering too, I do believe! Why, if Christianity's no help to you, be a philosopher, a Stoic, or what not! Why, didn't you boast you were a philosopher?"

"Me a philosopher!" wailed Vassily Ivanovitch, while the tears fairly streamed down his cheeks.

Bazarov got worse every hour; the progress of the disease was rapid, as is usually the way in cases of surgical poisoning. He still had not lost consciousness, and understood what was said to him; he was still struggling. "I don't want to lose my wits," he muttered, clenching his fists: "what rot it all is!" And at once he would say, "Come, take ten from eight, what remains?" Vassily Ivanovitch wandered about like one possessed; proposed first one remedy, then another; and ended by doing nothing but cover up his son's feet. "Try cold pack—emetic—mustard plasters on the stomach—bleeding," he would murmur with an effort. The doctor, whom he had entreated to remain, agreed with him; ordered the patient lemonade to drink; and for himself asked for a pipe, and something "warming and strengthening,"—that is to say, brandy. Arina Vlasyevna sat on a low stool near the door, and only went out from time to time to pray. A few days before, a looking-glass had slipped out of her hands and been broken, and this she had always considered an omen of evil; even Anfisushka could say nothing to her. Timofeitch had gone off to Mądame Odintsov's.

That night passed badly for Bazarov. He was in the agonies of high fever. Towards morning he was a little easier. He asked for Arina Vlasyevna to comb his hair, kissed her hand, and swallowed two gulps of tea. Vassily Ivanovitch revived a little.

"Thank God!" he kept declaring; "the crisis is coming, the crisis is at hand!"

"There, to think now," murmured Bazarov, "what a word can do! He's found it; he's said 'crisis,' and is comforted. It's an astounding thing how man believes in words. If he's told he's a fool, for instance, though he's not thrashed, he'll be

wretched; call him a clever fellow, and he'll be delighted if you go off without paying him."

This little speech of Bazarov's, recalling his old retorts, moved Vassily Ivanovitch greatly.

"Bravo! well said, very good!" he cried, making as though he were clapping his hands.

Bazarov smiled mournfully.

"So what do you think," he said: "is the crisis over, or coming?"

"You are better, that's what I see; that's what rejoices me," answered Vassily Ivanovitch.

"Well, that's good: rejoicings never come amiss. And to her, do you remember? did you send?"

"To be sure I did."

The change for the better did not last long. The disease resumed its onslaughts. Vassily Ivanovitch was sitting by Bazarov. It seemed as though the old man were tormented by some special anguish. He was several times on the point of speaking — and could not.

"Yevgeny!" he brought out at last; "my son, my one dear son!"

This unfamiliar mode of address produced an effect on Bazarov. He turned his head a little, and obviously trying to fight against the load of oblivion weighing upon him, he articulated, "What is it, father?"

"Yevgeny," Vassily Ivanovitch went on, and he fell on his knees before Bazarov, though the latter had closed his eyes and could not see him. "Yevgeny, you are better now: please God, you will get well; but make use of this time,— comfort your mother and me, perform the duty of a Christian! What it means for me to say this to you — it's awful; but still more awful — for ever and ever, Yevgeny — think a little, what — "

The old man's voice broke; and a strange look passed over his son's face, though he still lay with closed eyes.

"I won't refuse, if that can be any comfort to you," he brought out at last; "but it seems to me there's no need to be in a hurry. You say yourself I am better."

"Oh, yes, Yevgeny, better certainly; but who knows? it is all in God's hands, and in doing the duty — "

"No, I will wait a bit," broke in Bazarov. "I agree with you that the crisis has come. And if we're mistaken, well! they give the sacrament to men who're unconscious, you know."

"Yevgeny, I beg—"

"I'll wait a little. And now I want to go to sleep. Don't disturb me." And he laid his head back on the pillow.

The old man rose from his knees, sat down in the arm-chair, and clutching his beard, began biting his own fingers.

The sound of a light carriage on springs—that sound which is peculiarly impressive in the wilds of the country—suddenly struck upon his hearing. Nearer and nearer rolled the light wheels; now even the neighing of the horses could be heard. Vassily Ivanovitch jumped up and ran to the little window. There drove into the court-yard of his little house a carriage with seats for two, with four horses harnessed abreast. Without stopping to consider what it could mean, with a rush of a sort of senseless joy, he ran out on to the steps. A groom in livery was opening the carriage doors; a lady in a black veil and a black mantle was getting out of it.

"I am Madame Odintsov," she said. "Yevgeny Vassilyitch is still living? You are his father? I have a doctor with me."

"Benefactress!" cried Vassily Ivanovitch; and snatching her hand, he pressed it convulsively to his lips; while the doctor brought by Anna Sergyevna, a little man in spectacles, of German physiognomy, stepped very deliberately out of the carriage. "Still living, my Yevgeny is living, and now he will be saved! Wife! wife! An angel from heaven has come to us."

"What does it mean, good Lord!" faltered the old woman, running out of the drawing-room; and comprehending nothing, she fell on the spot at Anna Sergyevna's feet, in the passage, and began kissing her garments like a madwoman.

"What are you doing!" protested Anna Sergyevna; but Arina Vlasyevna did not heed her, while Vassily Ivanovitch could only repeat, "An angel! an angel!"

"Wo ist der Kranke? [where is the patient?]" said the doctor at last, with some impatience.

Vassily Ivanovitch recovered himself. "Here, here;—follow me, würdigster Herr Collega," he added through old associations.

"Ah!" articulated the German, grinning sourly.

Vassily Ivanovitch led him into the study. "The doctor from Anna Sergyevna Odintsov," he said, bending down quite to his son's ear, "and she herself is here."

Bazarov suddenly opened his eyes. "What did you say?"

"I say that Anna Sergyevna is here; and has brought this gentleman, a doctor, to you."

Bazarov moved his eyes about him. "She is here? I want to see her."

"You shall see her, Yevgeny; but first we must have a little talk with the doctor. I will tell him the whole history of your illness, since Sidor Sidoritch" (this was the name of the district doctor) "has gone; and we will have a little consultation."

Bazarov glanced at the German. "Well, talk away quickly, only not in Latin: you see, I know the meaning of *jam moritur*."

"Der Herr scheint des Deutschen mächtig zu sein," began the new follower of Æsculapius, turning to Vassily Ivanovitch.

"Ich — gabe — We had better speak Russian," said the old man.

"Ah, ah! so that's how it is. To be sure — " And the consultation began.

Half an hour later, Anna Sergyevna, conducted by Vassily Ivanovitch, came into the study. The doctor had had time to whisper to her that it was hopeless even to think of the patient's recovery.

She looked at Bazarov — and stood still in the doorway; so greatly was she impressed by the inflamed and at the same time deathly face, with its dim eyes fastened upon her. She felt simply dismayed, with a sort of cold and suffocating dismay: the thought that she would not have felt like that if she had really loved him flashed instantaneously through her brain.

"Thanks," he said painfully: "I did not expect this. It's a deed of mercy. So we have seen each other again, as you promised."

"Anna Sergyevna has been so kind," began Vassily Ivanovitch.

"Father, leave us alone. Anna Sergyevna, you will allow it, I fancy, now?"

With a motion of his head, he indicated his prostrate helpless frame.

Vassily Ivanovitch went out.

"Well, thanks," repeated Bazarov. "This is royally done. Monarchs, they say, visit the dying too."

"Yevgeny Vassilyitch, I hope — "

"Ah, Anna Sergyevna, let us speak the truth. It's all over with me. I'm under the wheel. So it turns out that it was useless to think of the future. Death's an old joke, but it comes fresh to every one. So far I'm not afraid — but there, senselessness is coming, and then it's all up!" he waved his hand feebly. "Well, what had I to say to you? I loved you! There was no

sense in that even before, and less than ever now. Love is a form, and my own form is already breaking up. Better say how lovely you are! And now here you stand, so beautiful—" Anna Sergyevna gave an involuntary shudder. "Never mind, don't be uneasy. Sit down there. Don't come close to me: you know my illness is catching."

Anna Sergyevna swiftly crossed the room, and sat down in the arm-chair near the sofa on which Bazarov was lying.

"Noble-hearted!" he whispered. "Oh, how near, and how young, and fresh, and pure—in this loathsome room! Well, good-by! live long,—that's the best of all,—and make the most of it while there is time. You see what a hideous spectacle: the worm half crushed, but writhing still. And you see, I thought too, I'd break down so many things: I wouldn't die—why should I!—there were problems to solve, and I was a giant! And now all the problem for the giant is, how to die decently—though that makes no difference to any one either. Never mind: I'm not going to turn tail."

Bazarov was silent, and began feeling with his hand for the glass. Anna Sergyevna gave him some drink: not taking off her glove, and drawing her breath timorously.

"You will forget me," he began again: "the dead's no companion for the living. My father will tell you what a man Russia is losing. That's nonsense, but don't contradict the old man. Whatever toy will comfort the child—you know. And be kind to mother. People like them aren't to be found in your great world if you look by daylight with a candle. I was needed by Russia. No, it's clear, I wasn't needed. And who is needed? The shoemaker's needed, the tailor's needed, the butcher—gives us meat—the butcher—wait a little, I'm getting mixed. There's a forest here—"

Bazarov put his hand to his brow.

Anna Sergyevna bent down to him. "Yevgeny Vassilyitch, I am here—"

He at once took his hand away, and raised himself.

"Good-bye," he said with sudden force, and his eyes gleamed with their last light. "Good-bye. Listen—you know I didn't kiss you then. Breathe on the dying lamp, and let it go out."

Anna Sergyevna put her lips to his forehead.

"Enough!" he murmured, and dropped back on to the pillow. "Now—darkness—"

Anna Sergyevna went softly out. "Well?" Vassily Ivanovitch asked her in a whisper.

"He has fallen asleep," she answered, scarce audibly. Bazarov was not fated to awaken. Towards evening he sank into complete unconsciousness, and the following day he died. Father Alexey performed the last rites of religion over him. When they anointed him with the last unction, when the holy oil touched his breast, one eye opened; and it seemed as though at the sight of the priest in his vestments, the smoking censers, the light before the image, something like a shudder of horror passed over the death-stricken face. When at last he had breathed his last, and there arose a universal lamentation in the house, Vassily Ivanovitch was seized by a sudden frenzy. "I said I should rebel," he shrieked hoarsely, with his face inflamed and distorted, shaking his fist in the air, as though threatening some one; "and I rebel, I rebel!" But Arina Vlasyevna, all in tears, hung upon his neck, and both fell on their faces together. "Side by side," Anfisushka related afterwards in the servants' room, "they drooped their poor heads like lambs at noonday."

But the heat of noonday passes, and evening comes and night; and then too the return to the kindly refuge, where sleep is sweet for the weary and heavy-laden.

LAVRETSKY

From 'A House of Gentlefolk'

And so — eight years have passed by. Once more the breezes of spring breathed brightness and rejoicing from the heavens; once more spring was smiling upon the earth and upon men; once more under her caresses everything was turning to blossom, to love, to song. The town of O—— had undergone little change in the course of these eight years: but Marfa Dmitrievna's house seemed to have grown younger; its freshly painted walls gave a bright welcome, and the panes of its open windows were crimson, shining in the setting sun; from these windows the light merry sound of ringing young voices and continual laughter floated into the street; the whole house seemed astir with life and brimming over with gayety. The lady of the house herself had long been in her tomb; Marya Dmitrievna had

died two years after Lisa took the veil, and Marfa Timofyevna had not long survived her niece; they lay side by side in the cemetery of the town. Nastasya Karpovna too was no more. For several years the faithful old woman had gone every week to say a prayer over her friend's ashes: her time had come, and now her bones too lay in the damp earth. But Marya Dmitrievna's house had not passed into strangers' hands; it had not gone out of her family; the home had not been broken up. Lenotchka, transformed into a slim, beautiful young girl; and her betrothed lover, a fair-haired officer of hussars; Marya Dmitrievna's son, who had just been married in Petersburg and had come with his young wife for the spring to O——; his wife's sister, a schoolgirl of sixteen, with glowing cheeks and bright eyes; Shurotchka, grown up and also pretty,—made up the youthful household, whose laughter and talk set the walls of the Kalitins's house resounding. Everything in the house was changed; everything was in keeping with its new inhabitants. Beardless servant lads, grinning and full of fun, had replaced the sober old servants of former days. Two setter dogs dashed wildly about and gamboled over the sofas, where the fat Roska had at one time waddled in solemn dignity. The stables were filled with slender racers, spirited carriage horses, fiery outriders with plaited manes, and riding-horses from the Don. The breakfast, dinner, and supper hours were all in confusion and disorder; in the words of the neighbors, "unheard-of arrangements" were made.

On the evening of which we are speaking, the inhabitants of the Kalitins's house (the eldest of them, Lenotchka's betrothed, was only twenty-four) were engaged in a game, which, though not of a very complicated nature, was, to judge from their merry laughter, exceedingly entertaining to them,—they were running about the rooms chasing one another; the dogs too were running and barking; and the canaries, hanging in cages above the windows, were straining their throats in rivalry, and adding to the general uproar by the shrill trilling of their piercing notes. At the very height of this deafening merry-making, a mud-bespattered carriage stopped at the gate; and a man of five-and-forty, in a traveling dress, stepped out of it, and stood still in amazement. He stood a little time without stirring, watching the house with attentive eyes; then went through the little gate in the courtyard, and slowly mounted the steps. In the hall he met no one: but the door of a room was suddenly flung open, and out of it

rushed Shurotchka, flushed and hot; and instantly, with a ringing shout, all the young party in pursuit of her. They stopped short at once, and were quiet, at the sight of a stranger; but their clear eyes fixed on him wore the same friendly expression, and their fresh faces were still smiling as Marya Dmitrievna's son went up to the visitor, and asked him cordially what he could do for him.

"I am Lavretsky," replied the visitor.

He was answered by a shout of friendliness; and not because these young people were greatly delighted at the arrival of a distant, almost forgotten, relation, but simply because they were ready to be delighted and make a noise at every opportunity. They surrounded Lavretsky at once; Lenotchka, as an old acquaintance, was the first to call him by his name, and assured him that in a little while she would certainly have recognized him. She presented him to the rest of the party, calling each, even her betrothed, by their pet names. They all trooped through the dining-room into the drawing-room. The walls of both rooms had been repapered; but the furniture remained the same. Lavretsky recognized the piano; even the embroidery frame in the window was just the same, and in the same position, and it seemed with the same unfinished embroidery on it, as eight years ago.

They made him sit down in a comfortable arm-chair; all sat down politely in a circle round him. Questions, exclamations, and anecdotes followed.

"It's a long time since we have seen you," observed Lenotchka simply, "and Varvara Pavlovna we have seen nothing of either."

"Well, no wonder!" her brother hastened to interpose: "I carried you off to Petersburg, and Fedor Ivan'itch has been living all the time in the country."

"Yes, and mamma died soon after then."

"And Marfa Timofyevna," observed Shurotchka.

"And Nastasya Karpovna," added Lenotchka, "and Monsieur Lemm."

"What? is Lemm dead?" inquired Lavretsky.

"Yes," replied young Kalitin, "he left here for Odessa — they say some one enticed him there; and there he died."

"You don't happen to know — did he leave any music?"

"I don't know; not very likely."

All were silent and looked about them. A slight cloud of melancholy flitted over all the young faces.

"But Matross is alive," said Lenotchka suddenly.

"And Gedeonovsky," added her brother.

At Gedeonovsky's name a merry laugh broke out at once.

"Yes, he is alive, and as great a liar as ever," Marya Dmitrievna's son continued; "and only fancy, yesterday this madcap" —pointing to the schoolgirl, his wife's sister— "put some pepper in his snuff-box."

"How he did sneeze!" cried Lenotchka; and again there was a burst of unrestrained laughter.

"We have had news of Lisa lately," observed young Kalitin, —and again a hush fell upon all: "there was good news of her; she is recovering her health a little now."

"She is still in the same convent?" Lavretsky asked, not without some effort.

"Yes, still in the same."

"Does she write to you?"

"No, never; but we get news through other people."

A sudden and profound silence followed. "A good angel is passing by," all were thinking.

"Wouldn't you like to go into the garden?" said Kalitin, turning to Lavretsky: "it is very nice now, though we have let it run wild a little."

Lavretsky went out into the garden, and the first thing that met his eyes was the very garden seat on which he had once spent with Lisa those few blissful moments, never repeated. It had grown black and warped; but he recognized it, and his soul was filled with that emotion unequaled for sweetness and for bitterness,—the emotion of keen sorrow for vanished youth, for the happiness which has once been possessed. He walked along the avenues with the young people: the lime-trees looked hardly older or taller in the eight years, but their shade was thicker; on the other hand, all the bushes had sprung up, the raspberry bushes had grown strong, the hazels were a tangled thicket, and from all sides rose the fresh scent of the trees and grass and lilac.

"This would be a nice place for Puss-in-the-Corner," cried Lenotchka suddenly, as they came upon a small green lawn, surrounded by lime-trees; "and we are just five, too."

"Have you forgotten Fedor Ivan'itch?" replied her brother, "or didn't you count yourself?"

Lenotchka blushed slightly.

"But would Fedor Ivan'itch, at his age—" she began.

"Please play your games," Lavretsky hastened to interpose; "don't pay attention to me. I shall be happier myself when I am sure I am not in your way. And there's no need for you to entertain me: we old fellows have an occupation you know nothing of yet, and which no amusement can replace—our memories."

The young people listened to Lavretsky with polite but rather ironical respect,—as though a teacher were giving them a lesson,—and suddenly they all dispersed and ran to the lawn; four stood near trees, one in the middle, and the game began.

And Lavretsky went back into the house, went into the dining-room, drew near the piano and touched one of the keys; it gave out a faint but clear sound: on that note had begun the inspired melody with which long ago on that same happy night Lemm, the dead Lemm, had thrown him into such transports. Then Lavretsky went into the drawing-room, and for a long time he did not leave it: in that room where he had so often seen Lisa, her image rose most vividly before him; he seemed to feel the traces of her presence round him: but his grief for her was crushing, not easy to bear, it had none of the peace which comes with death. Lisa still lived somewhere, hidden and afar; he thought of her as of the living, but he did not recognize the girl he had once loved in that dim, pale shadow, cloaked in a nun's dress and encircled in misty clouds of incense. Lavretsky would not have recognized himself, could he have looked at himself as mentally he looked at Lisa. In the course of these eight years he had passed that turning-point in life which many never pass, but without which no one can be a good man to the end: he had really ceased to think of his own happiness, of his personal aims. He had grown calm, and—why hide the truth?—he had grown old not only in face and in body, he had grown old in heart. To keep a young heart up to old age, as some say, is not only difficult, but almost ridiculous: he may well be content who has not lost his belief in goodness, his steadfast will, and his zeal for work. Lavretsky had good reason to be content: he had become actually an excellent farmer, he had really learnt to cultivate the land, and his labors were not only for himself,—he had, to the best of his powers, secured on a firm basis the welfare of his peasants.

Lavretsky went out of the house into the garden, and sat down on the familiar garden seat. And on this loved spot, facing

the house where for the last time he had vainly stretched out his hand for the enchanted cup which frothed and sparkled with the golden wine of delight, he, a solitary homeless wanderer, looked back upon his life; while the joyous shouts of the younger generation, who were already filling his place, floated across the garden to him. His heart was sad, but not weighed down nor bitter: much there was to regret, nothing to be ashamed of.

"Play away, be gay, grow strong, vigorous youth!" he thought — and there was no bitterness in his meditations: "your life is before you, and for you life will be easier; you have not, as we had, to find out a path for yourselves, to struggle, to fall, and to rise again in the dark; we had enough to do to last out, — and how many of us did not last out? — but you need only do your duty, work away, and the blessing of an old man be with you. For me, after to-day, after these emotions, there remains to take my leave at last; and though sadly, without envy, without any dark feelings, to say, in sight of the end, in sight of God who awaits me: 'Welcome, lonely old age! burn out, useless life!'"

Lavretsky quietly rose and quietly went away; no one noticed him, no one detained him: the joyous cries sounded more loudly in the garden behind the thick green wall of high lime-trees. He took his seat in the carriage, and bade the coachman drive home, and not hurry the horses.

"And the end?" perhaps the dissatisfied reader will inquire. "What became of Lavretsky afterwards, and of Lisa?" But what is there to tell of people who, though still alive, have withdrawn from the battle-field of life? They say Lavretsky visited that remote convent where Lisa had hidden herself — that he saw her. Crossing over from choir to choir, she walked close past him, moving with the even, hurried, but meek walk of a nun: and she did not glance at him; only the eyelashes on the side towards him quivered a little, only she bent her emaciated face lower, and the fingers of her clasped hands, entwined with her rosary, were pressed still closer to one another. What were they both thinking, what were they feeling? Who can know? who can say? There are such moments in life, there are such feelings. One can but point to them — and pass them by.

THE DISTRICT DOCTOR

From 'A Sportsman's Sketches'

One day in autumn, on my way back from a remote part of the country, I caught cold and fell ill. Fortunately the fever attacked me in the district town, at the inn; I sent for the doctor. In half an hour the district doctor appeared,—a thin, dark-haired man of middle height. He prescribed me the usual sudorific; ordered a mustard plaster to be put on; very deftly slid a five-rouble note up his sleeve, coughing dryly and looking away as he did so: and then was getting up to go home, but somehow fell into talk and remained. I was exhausted with feverishness; I foresaw a sleepless night, and was glad of a little chat with a pleasant companion. Tea was served. My doctor began to converse freely. He was a sensible fellow, and expressed himself with vigor and some humor. Queer things happen in the world: you may live a long while with some people, and be on friendly terms with them, and never once speak openly with them from your soul; with others you have scarcely time to get acquainted, and all at once you are pouring out to him—or he to you—all your secrets, as though you were at confession. I don't know how I gained the confidence of my new friend: anyway, with nothing to lead up to it, he told me a rather curious incident; and here I will report his tale for the information of the indulgent reader. I will try to tell it in the doctor's own words.

"You don't happen to know," he began in a weak and quavering voice (the common result of the use of unmixed Berezov snuff), "you don't happen to know the judge here, Mylov—Pavel Lukitch? You don't know him? Well, it's all the same." (He cleared his throat and rubbed his eyes.) "Well, you see, the thing happened, to tell you exactly without mistake, in Lent, at the very time of the thaws. I was sitting at his house—our judge's, you know—playing preference. Our judge is a good fellow, and fond of playing preference. Suddenly" (the doctor made frequent use of this word "suddenly") "they tell me, 'There's a servant asking for you.' I say, 'What does he want?' They say, 'He has brought a note—it must be from a patient.' 'Give me the note,' I say. So it is from a patient—well and good; you understand—it's our bread and butter.

"But this is how it was: a lady, a widow, writes to me; she says, 'My daughter is dying. Come, for God's sake!' she says; 'and the horses have been sent for you.' Well, that's all right. But she was twenty miles from the town, and it was midnight out of doors, and the roads in such a state — my word! And as she was poor herself, one could not expect more than two silver roubles, and even that problematic; and perhaps it might only be a matter of a roll of linen and a sack of oatmeal in payment. However, duty, you know, before everything: a fellow-creature may be dying. I hand over my cards at once to Kalliopin, the member of the provincial commission, and return home. I look: a wretched little trap was standing at the steps, with peasant's horses, fat — too fat — and their coat as shaggy as felt; and the coachman sitting with his cap off out of respect. Well, I think to myself, 'It's clear, my friend, these patients aren't rolling in riches.' You smile; but I tell you a poor man like me has to take everything into consideration. If the coachman sits like a prince, and doesn't touch his cap, and even sneers at you behind his beard, and flicks his whip — then you may bet on six roubles. But this case, I saw, had a very different air. However, I think there's no help for it: duty before everything. I snatch up the most necessary drugs, and set off.

"Will you believe it — I only just managed to get there at all. The road was infernal: streams, snow, watercourses, and the dike had suddenly burst there — that was the worst of it! However, I arrived at last. It was a little thatched house. There was a light in the windows; that meant they expected me. I was met by an old lady, very venerable, in a cap. 'Save her!' she says: 'she is dying.' I say, 'Pray don't distress yourself: where is the invalid?' — 'Come this way.' — I see a clean little room, a lamp in the corner; on the bed a girl of twenty, unconscious. She was in a burning heat, and breathing heavily; it was fever. There were two other girls, her sisters, scared and in tears. 'Yesterday,' they tell me, 'she was perfectly well and had a good appetite; this morning she complained of her head, and this evening, suddenly, you see, like this.' I say again, 'Pray don't be uneasy;' it's a doctor's duty, you know; — and I went up to her and bled her, told them to put on a mustard plaster, and prescribed a mixture. Meantime I looked at her; I looked at her, you know — there, by God! I had never seen such a face! She was a beauty, in a word! I felt quite shaken with pity.

Such lovely features; such eyes! But thank God! she became easier; she fell into a perspiration, seemed to come to her senses, looked round, smiled, and passed her hand over her face. Her sisters bent over her. They ask, 'How are you?' 'All right,' she says, and turns away. I looked at her; she had fallen asleep. 'Well,' I say, 'now the patient should be left alone.' So we all went out on tiptoe; only a maid remained, in case she was wanted.

In the parlor there was a samovar standing on the table, and a bottle of rum; in our profession one can't get on without it. They gave me tea; asked me to stop the night. I consented: where could I go, indeed, at that time of night? The old lady kept groaning. 'What is it?' I say: 'she will live; don't worry yourself: you had better take a little rest yourself; it is about two o'clock.'—'But will you send to wake me if anything happens?'—'Yes, yes.'—The old lady went away, and the girls too went to their own room; they made up a bed for me in the parlor. Well, I went to bed—but I could not get to sleep, for a wonder! for in reality I was very tired. I could not get my patient out of my head. At last I could not put up with it any longer: I got up suddenly; I think to myself, 'I will go and see how the patient is getting on.' Her bedroom was next to the parlor. Well, I got up, and gently opened the door; how my heart beat! I looked in: the servant was asleep, her mouth wide open, and even snoring, the wretch! but the patient lay with her face towards me, and her arms flung wide apart, poor girl! I went up to her, when suddenly she opened her eyes and stared at me: 'Who is it? who is it?' I was in confusion. 'Don't be alarmed, madam,' I say: 'I am the doctor; I have come to see how you feel.'—'You the doctor?'—'Yes, the doctor; your mother sent for me from the town: we have bled you, madam; now pray go to sleep, and in a day or two, please God, we will set you on your feet again.'—'Ah, yes, yes, doctor, don't let me die—please, please.'—'Why do you talk like that? God bless you!' She is in a fever again, I think to myself; I felt her pulse: yes, she was feverish. She looked at me, and then took me by the hand: 'I will tell you why I don't want to die; I will tell you. Now we are alone; and only, please don't you—not to any one. Listen.' I bent down; she moved her lips quite to my ear; she touched my cheek with her hair—I confess my head went round—and began to whisper. I could make out nothing

of it. Ah, she was delirious! She whispered and whispered, but so quickly, and as if it were not in Russian; at last she finished, and shivering dropped her head on the pillow, and threatened me with her finger: 'Remember, doctor, to no one.' I calmed her somehow, gave her something to drink, waked the servant, and went away."

At this point the doctor again took snuff with exasperated energy, and for a moment seemed stupefied by its effects.

"However," he continued, "the next day, contrary to my expectations, the patient was no better. I thought and thought, and suddenly decided to remain there, even though my other patients were expecting me. And you know one can't afford to disregard that: one's practice suffers if one does. But in the first place, the patient was really in danger; and secondly, to tell the truth, I felt strongly drawn to her. Besides, I liked the whole family. Though they were really badly off, they were singularly — I may say cultivated people. Their father had been a learned man, an author: he died of course in poverty, but he had managed before he died to give his children an excellent education; he left a lot of books too. Either because I looked after the invalid very carefully, or for some other reason — anyway, I can venture to say all the household loved me as if I were one of the family.

"Meantime the roads were in a worse state than ever: all communications, so to say, were cut off completely; even medicine could with difficulty be got from the town. The sick girl was not getting better. Day after day, and day after day — but — here — " (The doctor made a brief pause.) "I declare I don't know how to tell you." (He again took snuff, coughed, and swallowed a little tea.) "I will tell you without beating about the bush. My patient — how should I say? Well, she had fallen in love with me — or no, it was not that she was in love — however — really, how should one say?" (The doctor looked down and grew red.) "No," he went on quickly: "in love, indeed! A man should not overestimate himself. She was an educated girl, clever and well-read; and I had even forgotten my Latin, one may say, completely. As to appearance" (the doctor looked himself over with a smile), "I am nothing to boast of there either. But God Almighty did not make me a fool: I don't take black for white; I know a thing or two; I could see very clearly, for instance, that Alexandra Andreëvna (that was her name) did not feel love for me, but had a friendly — so to say — inclination —

a respect or something for me. Though she herself perhaps mistook this sentiment, anyway this was her attitude: you may form your own judgment of it. But," added the doctor, who had brought out all these disconnected sentences without taking breath, and with obvious embarrassment, "I seem to be wandering rather — you won't understand anything like this. There, with your leave, I will relate it all in order."

He drank off a glass of tea, and began in a calmer voice.

"Well, then. My patient kept getting worse and worse. You are not a doctor, my good sir: you cannot understand what passes in a poor fellow's heart, especially at first, when he begins to suspect that the disease is getting the upper hand of him. What becomes of his belief in himself? You suddenly grow so timid: it's indescribable. You fancy then that you have forgotten everything you knew, and that the patient has no faith in you, and that other people begin to notice how distracted you are, and tell you the symptoms with reluctance; that they are looking at you suspiciously, whispering. Ah! it's horrid! There must be a remedy, you think, for this disease, if one could find it. Isn't this it? You try — no, that's not it! You don't allow the medicine the necessary time to do good. You clutch at one thing, then at another. Sometimes you take up a book of medical prescriptions — here it is, you think! Sometimes, by Jove, you pick one out by chance, thinking to leave it to fate. But meantime a fellow-creature's dying, and another doctor would have saved him. 'We must have a consultation,' you say: 'I will not take the responsibility on myself.' And what a fool you look at such times! Well, in time you learn to bear it: it's nothing to you. A man has died — but it's not your fault: you treated him by the rules.

"But what's still more torture to you is to see blind faith in you, and to feel yourself that you are not able to be of use. Well, it was just this blind faith that the whole of Alexandra Andreëvna's family had in me; they had forgotten to think that their daughter was in danger. I, too, on my side assure them that it's nothing; but meantime my heart sinks into my boots. To add to our troubles, the roads were in such a state that the coachman was gone for whole days together to get medicine. And I never left the patient's room; I could not tear myself away: I tell her amusing stories, you know, and play cards with her. I watch by her side at night. The old mother thanks me

with tears in her eyes: but I think to myself, 'I don't deserve your gratitude.' I frankly confess to you — there is no object in concealing it now — I was in love with my patient. And Alexandra Andreëvna had grown fond of me; sometimes she would not let any one be in her room but me. She began to talk to me, to ask me questions: where I had studied, how I lived, who are my people, whom I go to see. I feel that she ought not to talk; but forbid her to — forbid her resolutely, you know — I could not. Sometimes I held my head in my hands, and asked myself, 'What are you doing, villain?' And she would take my hand and hold it, give me a long, long look, and turn away, sigh, and say, 'How good you are!' Her hands were so feverish, her eyes so large and languid. 'Yes,' she says, 'you are a good, kind man; you are not like our neighbors. No, you are not like that. Why did I not know you till now!' 'Alexandra Andreëvna, calm yourself,' I say. 'I feel — believe me, I don't know how I have gained — but there, calm yourself. All will be right; you will be well again.'

"And meanwhile I must tell you," continued the doctor, bending forward and raising his eyebrows, "that they associated very little with the neighbors, because the smaller people were not on their level, and pride hindered them from being friendly with the rich. I tell you, they were an exceptionally cultivated family; so you know it was gratifying for me. She would only take her medicine from my hands; she would lift herself up, poor girl, with my aid, take it, and gaze at me. My heart felt as if it were bursting. And meanwhile she was growing worse and worse, worse and worse, all the time: she will die, I think to myself; she must die. Believe me, I would sooner have gone to the grave myself: and here were her mother and sisters watching me, looking into my eyes; and their faith in me was wearing away. — 'Well, how is she?' — 'Oh, all right, all right!' — All right, indeed! My mind was failing me.

"Well, I was sitting one night alone again by my patient. The maid was sitting there too, and snoring away in full swing: I can't find fault with the poor girl, though, — she was worn out too. Alexandra Andreëvna had felt very unwell all the evening; she was very feverish. Until midnight she kept tossing about: at last she seemed to fall asleep; at least she lay still without stirring. The lamp was burning in the corner before the holy image. I sat there, you know, with my head bent; I even dozed

a little. Suddenly it seemed as though some one touched me in the side; I turned round. Good God! Alexandra Andreëvna was gazing with intent eyes at me, her lips parted, her cheeks seemed burning.—'What is it?'—'Doctor, shall I die?'—'Merciful Heavens!'—'No, doctor, no: please don't tell me I shall live—don't say so. If you knew—listen! for God's sake don't conceal my real position,' and her breath came so fast. 'If I can know for certain that I must die, then I will tell you all—all!'—'Alexandra Andreëvna, I beg!'—'Listen: I have not been asleep at all. I have been looking at you a long while. For God's sake!—I believe in you; you are a good man, an honest man; I entreat you by all that is sacred in the world—tell me the truth! If you knew how important it is for me. Doctor, for God's sake tell me. Am I in danger?'—'What can I tell you, Alexandra Andreëvna, pray?'—'For God's sake, I beseech you!'—'I can't disguise from you,' I say, 'Alexandra Andreëvna, you are certainly in danger; but God is merciful.'—'I shall die, I shall die.' And it seemed as though she were pleased, her face grew so bright; I was alarmed.—'Don't be afraid, don't be afraid! I am not frightened of death at all.' She suddenly sat up and leaned on her elbow. 'Now, yes, now I can tell you that I thank you with my whole heart—that you are kind and good—that I love you!' I stare at her like one possessed; it was terrible for me, you know.—'Do you hear, I love you!'—'Alexandra Andreëvna, how have I deserved—' 'No, no, you don't—you don't understand me.' And suddenly she stretched out her arms, and taking my head in her hands, she kissed it.

"Believe me, I almost screamed aloud. I threw myself on my knees, and buried my head in the pillow. She did not speak; her fingers trembled in my hair; I listen; she is weeping. I began to soothe her, to assure her;—I really don't know what I did say to her. 'You will wake up the girl,' I say to her: 'Alexandra Andreëvna, I thank you— Believe me— Calm yourself.' 'Enough, enough!' she persisted: 'never mind all of them; let them awake, then; let them come in—it does not matter: I am dying, you see. And what do you fear? why are you afraid? Lift up your head.—Or perhaps you don't love me; perhaps I am wrong. In that case, forgive me.'—'Alexandra Andreëvna, what are you saying! I love you, Alexandra Andreëvna.' She looked straight into my eyes, and opened her arms wide. 'Then take me in your arms.' I tell you frankly, I don't know how it

was I did not go mad that night. I feel that my patient is killing herself; I see that she is not fully herself; I understand, too, that if she did not consider herself on the point of death she would never have thought of me: and indeed, say what you will, it's hard to die at twenty without having known love; this was what was torturing her; this was why, in despair, she caught at me — do you understand now? But she held me in her arms, and would not let me go. 'Have pity on me, Alexandra Andreëvna, and have pity on yourself,' I say. 'Why,' she says, 'what is there to think of? You know I must die.' This she repeated incessantly. 'If I knew that I should return to life, and be a proper young lady again, I should be ashamed — of course, ashamed; but why now?' — 'But who has said you will die?' — 'Oh, no, leave off! you will not deceive me; you don't know how to lie — look at your face.' — 'You shall live, Alexandra Andreëvna: I will cure you; we will ask your mother's blessing — we will be united — we will be happy.' — 'No, no, I have your word, — I must die: you have promised me — you have told me.'

"It was cruel for me — cruel for many reasons. And see what trifling things can do sometimes; it seems nothing at all, but it's painful. It occurred to her to ask me what is my name; not my surname, but my first name. I must needs be so unlucky as to be called Trifon. Yes indeed — Trifon Ivan'itch. Every one in the house called me doctor. However, there's no help for it. I say, 'Trifon, madam.' She frowned, shook her head, and muttered something in French — ah, something unpleasant, of course! And then she laughed — disagreeably too. Well, I spent the whole night with her in this way. Before morning I went away, feeling as though I were mad. When I went again into her room it was daytime, after morning tea. Good God! I could scarcely recognize her; people are laid in their grave looking better than that. I swear to you, on my honor, I don't understand — I absolutely don't understand — now, how I lived through that experience. Three days and nights my patient still lingered on. And what nights! What things she said to me! And on the last night — only imagine to yourself — I was sitting near her, and kept praying to God for one thing only: 'Take her,' I said, 'quickly, and me with her.'

"Suddenly the old mother comes unexpectedly into the room. I had already the evening before told her — the mother — there

was little hope, and it would be well to send for a priest. When the sick girl saw her mother she said: 'It's very well you have come: look at us, we love one another; we have given each other our word.' 'What does she say, doctor? what does she say?' I turned livid. 'She is wandering,' I say: 'the fever.' But she—'Hush, hush; you told me something quite different just now, and have taken my ring. Why do you pretend? My mother is good—she will forgive—she will understand—and I am dying. I have no need to tell lies; give me your hand.' I jumped up and ran out of the room. The old lady, of course, guessed how it was.

"I will not, however, weary you any longer; and to me too, of course, it's painful to recall all this. My patient passed away the next day. God rest her soul!" the doctor added, speaking quickly and with a sigh. "Before her death she asked her family to go out and leave me alone with her."

"'Forgive me,' she said: 'I am perhaps to blame towards you— My illness— But believe me, I have loved no one more than you: do not forget me—keep my ring.'"

The doctor turned away; I took his hand.

"Ah!" he said, "let us talk of something else;—or would you care to play preference for a small stake? It is not for people like me to give way to exalted emotions. There's only one thing for me to think of: how to keep the children from crying and the wife from scolding. Since then, you know, I have had time to enter into lawful wedlock, as they say.—Oh! I took a merchant's daughter—seven thousand for her dowry. Her name's Akulina: it goes well with Trifon. She is an ill-tempered woman, I must tell you, but luckily she's asleep all day.—Well, shall it be preference?"

We sat down to preference for halfpenny points. Trifon Ivan'itch won two roubles and a half from me, and went home late, well pleased with his success.